THE LITERARY DIGEST

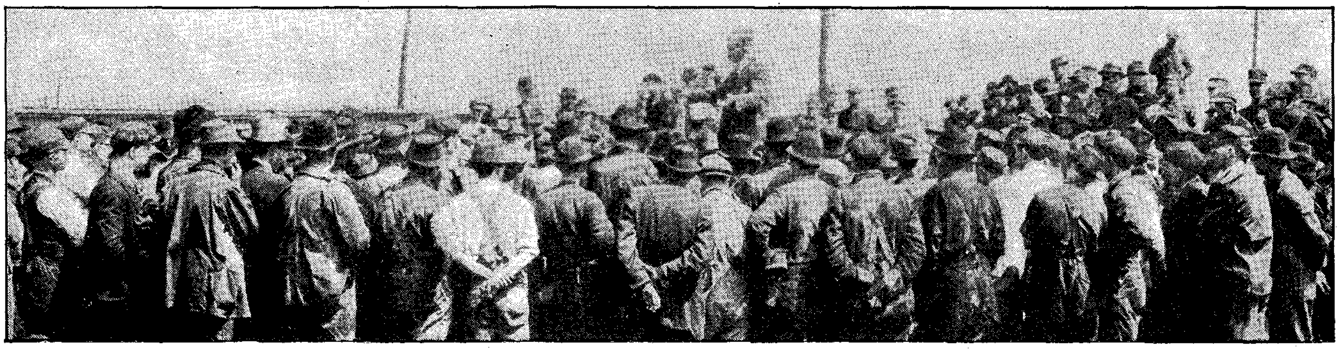
PUBLIC OPINION (New York) combined with THE LITERARY DIGEST

Published by Funk & Wagnalls Company (Adam W. Wagnalls, Pres.; Wilfred J. Funk, Vice-Pres.; Robert J. Cuddihy, Treas.; William Neisel, Sec'y) 354-360 Fourth Ave., New York

Vol. LXXVII, No. 10 New York, June 9, 1923 Whole Number 1729

TOPICS - OF - THE - DAY

(Title registered in U S Patent Office for use in this publication and on moving picture films)



SOME OF THE 300,000 STEEL WORKERS WHO STRUCK AGAINST THE TWELVE-HOUR DAY IN 1919

DEATH STRUGGLES OF THE TWELVE-HOUR DAY

THE VERY SAME DOCUMENT that convinces Samuel Gompers that "the twelve-hour day is an institution which the steel industry never intends to give up" conveys a directly opposite meaning to such authoritative organs of that industry as *The Iron Age*, of New York, and *The Iron Trade Review*, of Cleveland. As the latter journal sees it, "the universal eight-hour day in the iron and steel industry has been brought closer than ever before" by the tentative report delivered by Elbert H. Gary to the annual meeting of the American Iron and Steel Institute on May 25; and *The Iron Age*, after expressing the same opinion, adds: "There is reason to believe that further progress will be shown when the final results of the special committee's investigations come to be written." "The twelve-hour day is passing; it is not a permanent institution," says the New York *Times:* and *The Tribune* agrees that the public "will not consent to a long postponement of the eight-hour day."

Yet the main contentions of the present report are: That the twelve-hour day is not injurious to the workers; that the men themselves prefer the twelve-hour shifts because of the additional pay; that the eight-hour shift would increase the cost of production 15 per cent.; and that it would necessitate the employment of 60,000 more men, a course which the present labor shortage makes impossible. The special committee of steel men responsible for these findings was appointed a year ago, at President Harding's suggestion, to investigate the feasibility of the total elimination of the twelve-hour day. At that time Mr. Gary said: "Let us commence this investigation with a determination to find ways and means of getting rid of the twelve-hour day. There is real reason to hope that we shall be able to do so." His report of last month, which, he explained, was "not final," was unanimously adopted. It reads in part as follows:

"Apparently the underlying reason for the agitation which resulted in the appointment of this committee was based on a sentiment (not created or indorsed by the workmen themselves) that the twelve-hour day was an unreasonable hardship upon the employees who were connected with it; that it was physically injurious to a large percentage of the employees, and that it interfered with the family associations essential to the welfare of the children; that for these reasons it was, in a sense, opposed to the public interest.

"Whatever will be said against the twelve-hour day in the steel industry, investigation has convinced this committee that the same has not of itself been an injury to the employees, physically, mentally or morally. Whether or not in the large majority of cases twelve-hour men devote less time to their families than the employees working less hours is perhaps questionable.

"A large part of the manufacturing of iron and steel is necessarily continuous. Therefore, practically, there must be two shifts of twelve hours or three shifts of eight hours. The workmen, as a rule, prefer the longer hours because it permits larger compensation per day.

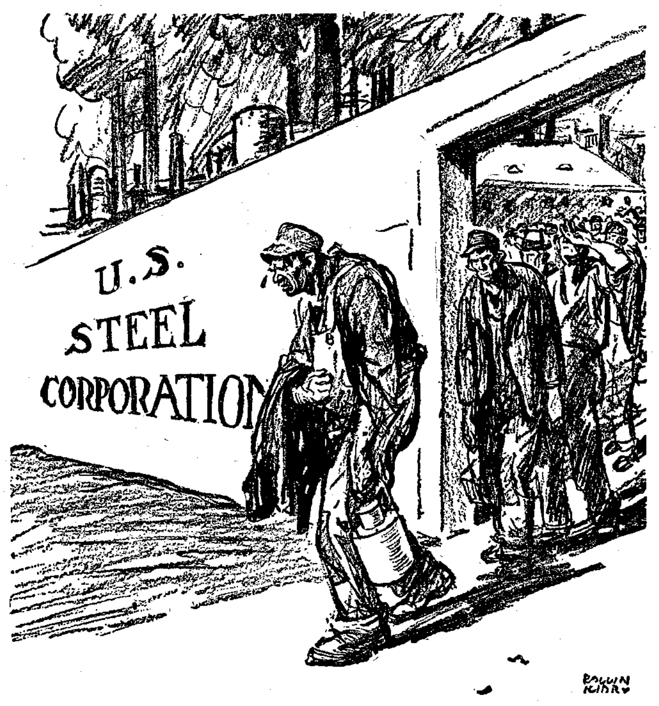
"It is asserted with confidence that there is less physical work, as a total per day, and less fatigue from the work of the twelve-hour day in the steel industry than pertains to the large majority of the eight-hour men. This is because in the former case there are more rest periods during the twelve hours on duty.

"In the opinion of the members of the committee there is no concern of importance connected with the iron and steel industry in the United States that would urge or willingly permit employees to exert themselves to a point where they would be injured physically, mentally or morally. Desire and effort to improve the conditions and promote the welfare of employees in the iron and steel industry of this country has been a cardinal principle with the employers for many years past. We think this will not be contradicted by fair-minded, unprejudiced, well-informed persons.

"But in the consideration of this subject there are many questions of high importance, not involving moral or social features. They are economic; they affect the pecuniary interests of the great public, which includes, but is not confined to, employers and employees. At the present time the United States and all other nations are especially interested in large production, whether it is on the farms, in the mines or in the manufactories. The largest reasonable production is necessary to bring about a restoration to stability, progress and prosperity; and large production at low cost, for sale at fair prices, the entire world is more dependent upon at the present time than ever before.

"Our investigation shows that if the twelve-hour day in the iron and steel industry should be abandoned at present it would increase the cost of production on the average about 15 per cent., and there would be needed at least 60,000 additional employees.

If labor were sufficiently plentiful to permit the change it would be necessary to add to the selling prices certainly as much as the increase in cost. But it would be impossible, under the existing conditions, to obtain a sufficient number of men to operate the plants on a three-shift basis up to a capacity which would supply the present necessities of the purchasing public. There are not now, under a two-shift practise at the furnaces, enough men to meet the demand for iron and steel.



"THE WORKMEN PREFER THE LONGER HOURS"—GARY

—Kirby in the New York *World*.

"The responsibility for the numbers of employees is partly with the American Congress, because affected by immigration.

"Therefore, under the present conditions, in view of the best interests of both employees and employers, and of the general public, the members of the committee can not at this time report in favor of the total abolition of the twelve-hour day.

"There was a persistent and successful effort during the time labor was more plentiful to reduce the numbers of men employed twelve hours a day. Altho the percentages fluctuated, depending upon circumstances, the percentage was gradually reduced, as stated publicly.

"If labor should become sufficient to permit it, the members of this committee would favor entirely abolishing the twelve-hour day, provided the purchasing public would be satisfied with selling prices that justified it, and provided, further, that the employees would consent, and that industry generally, including the farmers, would approve."

The conclusions, remarks *The Iron Trade Review,* "are those logically to be expected from large executives charged with pressing responsibilities of production and service." The steel companies, declares *The Iron Age,* are sincere in their intention to abolish the twelve-hour shift when certain practical difficulties are removed; and it continues:

"As an earnest of their purpose to do away with the twelve-hour turn, some of the steel companies introduced three shifts in 1921, and others in 1922, when labor was more plentiful than it is to-day. The result, as the report says, was a gradual reduction in the number of men working the long turn.

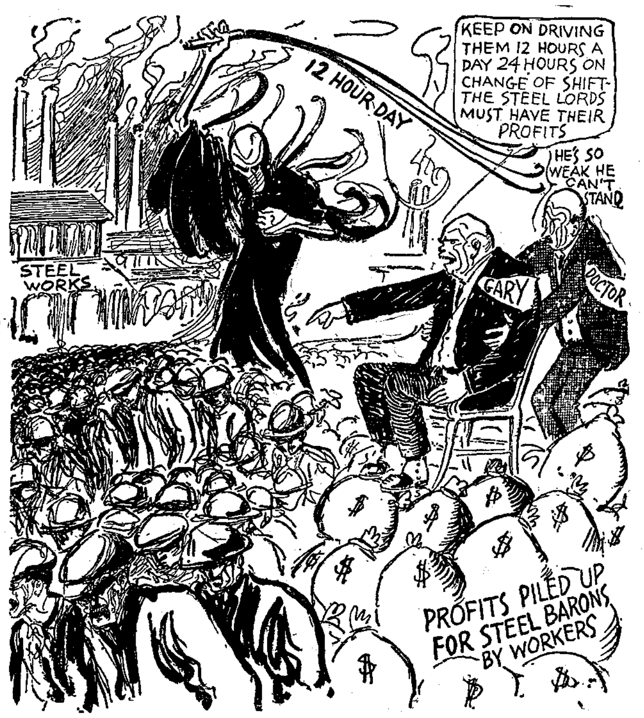
"At no time in the history of the American steel industry has so small a percentage of the workers been employed on long turns as is the case to-day. Contrary to the impression given to newspaper readers, that the twelve-hour turn is the usual practise, the report of last week shows that only about one-fifth of the total number work on the two-shift system. That is, if 60,000 additional workers would be needed under three shifts, the twelve-hour workers number about 120,000."

"No man is working twelve hours a day in the steel industry except by his own choice," declares the Chicago *Journal of Commerce,* which admits, however, that "it probably would be well for the industry if the twelve-hour shift were abolished as soon as labor conditions permit." "Public sentiment will undoubtedly in time force eight hours in the steel industry," says the Pittsburgh *Labor World,* which thinks, nevertheless, that the public demand for this change is largely "hysterical and sentimental." This independent paper, which has no official connection with any recognized body of organized labor, goes on to say;

"It is much to be doubted whether twelve-hour men are actually engaged in physical exertion more than from five to seven hours. During the intervals between heats they often sleep, play cards, read, talk, and when they live close by they often go to their homes, returning at casting time. This is more particularly true of employees at blast furnaces.

"The twelve-hour day campaign has been made a shibboleth for agitation by blatherskites. We have never heard of any concerted effort on the part of furnace and steel mill-workers to abolish the twelve-hour turn, and certainly the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers has never made any determined outcry or stand on this question."

But despite these defenders of Mr. Gary's report, the overwhelming weight of public opinion seems to be against the twelve-hour day, which is condemned by the press, organized labor, social service experts and the churches. President Harding, Washington dispatches say, is frankly disappointed by the failure of the special committee to recommend immediate action. He has declared that "the old order of the twelve-hour day must give way to a better and wiser form of organization of the productive forces of the nation, so that proper family life and citizenship may be enjoyed suitably by all of our people." The American Federated Engineering Societies, after two years of investigation, recently reported that the eight-hour shift in the steel industry was economically feasible and desirable. The change, they estimated, might cost as much as 15 per cent., and perhaps no more than 3 per cent. Some plants, they found, actually saved money by shortening the working day. The


KEEP ON DRIVING THEM 12 HOURS A DAY 24 HOURS ON CHANGE OF SHIFT- THE STEEL LORDS MUST HAVE THEIR PROFITS
12 HOUR DAY
HE'S SO WEAK HE CAN'T STAND
STEEL WORKS
GARY
DOCTOR
PROFITS PILED UP FOR STEEL BARONS BY WORKERS

A SOCIALIST THRUST

E. A. Gary, while making a speech demanding a 12-hour day for the steel workers, collapsed. The exertion was believed to have been too much for his strength.—News Item.

—Walker in the New York *Call.*

New York *Times* reminds us that in the "Pittsburgh Survey," undertaken under the auspices of the Russell Sage Foundation, John A. Fitch said:

> "As long as the twelve-hour day prevails, attempts to improve health conditions in the mills will be largely nullified. . . . When the mills are running full the men are chronically tired. The upsetting of all the natural customs of life every second week when the men change to the night shift is in itself inimical to health. It takes until the end of the week, the men say, to grow sufficiently accustomed to the change to be able to sleep more than four or five hours during the day. And then they change back. The alteration of day and night shifts every fortnight is desired by the men; it gives each man twenty-six weeks a year of day employment. But the seven-day week and the twelve-hour shifts accentuate the evils inherent in all night work."

The special committee's report on the twelve-hour day draws the following comment from Heber Blankenhorn, formerly secretary to the Commission of Inquiry, Interchurch World Movement. We quote from the New York *Herald:*

> "Mr. Gary's statement refusing to abolish the twelve-hour day in the steel-mills is quite what was expected. Why should the steel trust give up the twelve-hour day? There's money in it, the mills are running full, with orders six months ahead; the churches have quit agitating; Congress is not in session; President Harding, who asked that the evil be abolished, is going to Alaska, and steel-mill labor remains disorganized, deflated and leaderless.
>
> "In May, 1921, the President had the steel owners at the White House, where they promised him a committee to consider the 'practicability' of eliminating the twelve-hour day. Now, when the goose hangs high, the farce ends; the 'committee reports adversely,' and the industry, which in Britain, France, Germany and every other civilized country runs on the three-shift eight-hour day, can not run so in America."

Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, is quoted in the New York *Globe* as saying:

> "According to the report submitted by Gary to the American Iron and Steel Institute, he bases his refusal to abolish the twelve-hour day on three propositions, as follows:
>
> "1. That the agitation for reduced hours does not come from the workers themselves.
>
> "2. That it would increase prices 15 per cent.
>
> "3. That there is not sufficient labor to supply three shifts.
>
> "As for the first proposition, it has not been so long ago that in the neighborhood of 300,000 employees in the steel industry ceased work to secure better conditions, and their main contention was for the eight-hour day.
>
> "According to the second proposition, the economic conditions of the employees in the steel industry must be sacrificed in the interest of prices and profits. Not a thought of the souls of men, only the profits that can be wrung out of the overworked and underpaid employees.
>
> "As to the third, that is a platitude that should shame even its authors. If the United States Steel Corporation and the other steel industries would pay sufficient wages they could secure all the workers they needed."

What the report makes clear, says *The Survey* (New York), "is that the burden of bringing the steel industry in line with standards of world-wide acceptation and up to the level of European nations rests solely upon the public and upon labor. The public can perform its duty only through the medium of law; labor only through another strike." The Allentown *Pennsylvania Labor Herald* cites a report of the Children's Bureau of the Department of Labor, which shows a much higher infant mortality rate among the children of steel-workers in Gary, Indiana, than for the general registration area. And in *Labor* (Washington), official organ of the sixteen railroad labor organizations, we read:

> "It is evident that Gary's plea is an argument for breaking down the restrictive immigration laws so the steel industry may have hordes of cheap alien laborers at its gates bidding against each other for a job."

COLLAPSE OF DE VALERA'S REVOLT

THE FEVER IN IRELAND'S BLOOD is cooling, and a new and happier era for the southern part of that country is presaged, the majority of American editors agree, by the recent "order of the day" of De Valera and his chief-of-staff declaring guerrilla warfare against the Free State Government at an end. This laying down of arms the Springfield *Republican* considers "the best news that has come out of Ireland for many a weary day." The two documents, addrest to the remainder of the Republican Army, were captured and made public by the present Government, and there is no doubt in the minds of Dublin correspondents of American newspapers that they mark the official end of the insurrection. Whether Republican prisoners of war will be released, and whether a new party, Republican in sentiment if not in name, will be formed before the October elections, however, are at present matters of conjecture. "What really matters is that the De Valera rebellion has collapsed," observes the New York *World*. Its Dublin correspondent, however, sees in the De Valera "order," a "loophole through which any irregular can creep back for his gun."

De Valera, it will be recalled, offered an armistice to the Free State Government early in May, in return for certain concessions to his followers. This was curtly rejected, and many American editors felt then that the Republican leader was at the end of his tether. There was little surprize, therefore, when the later documents were intercepted and published by the Free State Government. In his "order of the day" De Valera said:

> "The republic can no longer be sustained successfully by your arms. Further sacrifices on your part would now be in vain. The continuance of the struggle in arms is unwise in the national interest. . . . Your efforts and the sacrifices of your dead in this forlorn hope will surely bear fruit. You have saved the nation's honor and left the road open to independence. . . . The sufferings which you must now face unarmed you will bear in a manner worthy of men ready to give their lives for the cause."

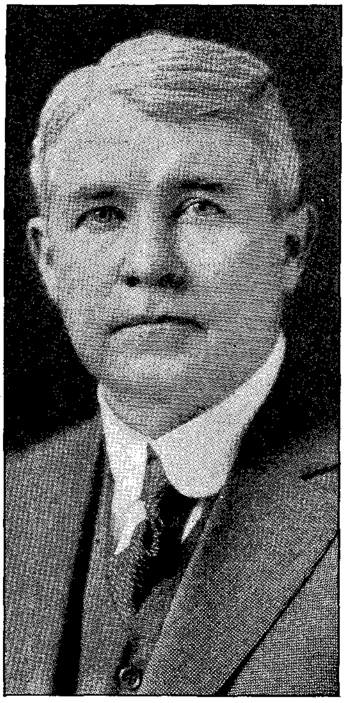
"Shorn of all its characteristic rhetoric, this is a bleak confession that the De Valera Republicans have found resistance to the Free State Government futile," declares the New York *Evening Mail*. Moreover, believes the Brooklyn *Eagle*, "a manlier man than De Valera, who is not believed to have risked his own skin at any period of the struggle, would have addrest such a communication to the Free State Government, which then could have responded by an offer of amnesty. But no response to an intercepted order can be made." "The new State," explains the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, "has taken the sound position that there can be no truce with murder, no agreement with arson, and no covenant with blind destruction."

"Once political disturbances are disposed of, the native wealth of Ireland and the industrious nature of the Irish people will quickly make that country a 'sound proposition' in the financial world," believes the Baltimore *Sun*. Already, we are told, the Free State is negotiating a $25,000,000 loan with American bankers. And this fact, points out the New York *Tribune*, makes the Free State's economic situation of direct interest to the United States. Furthermore, Mark Sullivan, *The Tribune's* Washington correspondent, after a study of conditions in Ireland, cables from the other side that, despite the destruction resulting from civil war in Southern Ireland, the outlook is encouraging. According to this keen observer:

> "Ireland has turned squarely and safely toward stability. Almost overnight the heart went out of the fighting. The people wanted their railroads running and their markets back. In the towns the laborers with families got tired of idleness and wanted an end to the paralysis that fighting had brought upon trade.
>
> "Many who shared this psychological experience believe, and still believe, that De Valera and his faction were in the right. Nevertheless, for the present they are through with fighting about it."

THE REPUBLICAN RUMPUS

PRAISE OF THE KAISER and denunciation of the Allied leaders as a "gang of devilish conspirators" once played a part in keeping John T. Adams from being Chairman of the Republican National Committee. Now that he is Chairman, his utterances back in 1914 are again recalled by editors of both parties when his Committee sends to the press, and then is compelled by the State Department to withdraw, a statement charging the chief Allied Powers with "pettifogging," "hypocrisy," and "crooked" dealing in connection with the expenses of our Rhine Army of Occupation, asserting that the United States might give up trying to get back any of the cost of her Army of Occupation, and that the European Allies were "determined to 'bilk' the United States out of this money by hook or crook." But it happened that on the very same day that these charges were printed newspapers also carried the news that the United States and the Allies had come to a mutually satisfactory agreement on our Rhine claims. Two influential Eastern Republican dailies at once demanded the resignation of Chairman Adams, while another declared that he represents his party more truly than did President Harding and Secretary of State Hughes. Washington correspondents tell of powerful Republican opposition to the Administration's foreign policies, while Democratic editors and political leaders make the most of what they consider a very pretty rumpus in the Republican ranks. We are reminded by the correspondent of the New York *Times* at Washington that the Harding Administration's "proposal for joining the World Court continues to meet with the uncompromising opposition of the National, Senatorial and Congressional committees." The statement on Europe's hypocrisy, says the New York *Evening Post's* Washington correspondent, is simply "another example of the sniping from within his own lines which is incessantly harassing the Secretary of State." While the offensive statement was withdrawn, "it has had publicity enough to do possible harm to party prospects for the near future," thinks the Boston *Post* (Dem.). "However it may be patched up temporarily," insists the Omaha *World-Herald* (Ind.), this difference of opinion means in the end "war within the party." And, cheerfully observes the Memphis *Commercial-Appeal* (Dem.), "prospects of a repetition of political happenings of 1912 are not causing the Democrats any worry."



Photograph by Moffet, Chicago

A CAUSE OF FRICTION

John T. Adams, Chairman of the Republican National Committee, who differs with President Harding about the World Court.

"No President in this generation has ever been attacked so openly and so brutally by the Chairman of his own national committee," says the New York *World* (Dem.), which believes that the men with whom Mr. Harding was once closely associated "have determined to break him" and to that end are capitalizing "every bit of hatred and prejudice and fear in respect to the rest of the world."

The wish may be father to the thought, when Democrats talk of trouble and discord in the Republican ranks, but a Republican paper like the Chicago *Evening Post* avers that "the Administration has been subtly undermined and discredited by an indirect attack upon its World Court program, treacherously directed from within the party breastworks." In the New York *Tribune* (Rep.) Mr. Carter Field writes from Washington to say that the President's friends are telling him that unless something is done speedily "to kindle backfires from the various States," he will find a Senate next December "which will be more unfriendly to the World Court than the last Senate was to the League of Nations." If it is true that Senator Wadsworth really has come out against this World Court then, continues this correspondent, "the President has no member of his party in the Foreign Relations Committee who is in favor of America joining the present Court of International Justice." And not long ago another *Tribune* correspondent, Mr. Mark Sullivan, said: "If cooperation with Europe was solely a doctrine of the Democratic party, or of the Communist party, the official literature of the Republican National Committee could hardly be more savage against everything that seems to promote it." The attack on England and France issued from the office of Chairman Adams is "a direct attack on the policies of President Harding," declares *The Tribune* editorially. "It is false to the history of the Republican party, to its platform, and to its great men." In the opinion of this leading Republican daily—an opinion, by the way, fully and completely shared by the Republican *Inquirer* of Philadelphia—

Photograph by Keystone View Co.

A REMOVER OF FRICTION

Eliot Wadsworth, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, who helped arrange our Rhine Army claims with the Allies.

> "Mr. Adams should tender his resignation to the National Committee forthwith. If he does not resign, the Committee should assemble and demand his resignation. If the Committee does not act, President Harding, as the leader of the party, is entitled to demand action. We can not recall in party history such a gross affront to a Republican Administration by the party's national organization. The situation is grotesque and must be ended."

But there are Republicans who watch the Rhine and the rest of Europe through the eyes of Mr. Adams rather than those of President Harding. It seems to the New York *Herald* (Ind. Rep.) that the National Committee is in closer touch with the voters and knows their real feelings better than the President. So when Chairman Adams comes out "so decisively against our involvement in European political entanglements," it means, we read in *The Herald*, "he is convinced that the great body of Republican voters are not with the President in his appeal to put America into the League Court." As Mr. Munsey's paper concludes:

> "Chairman Adams has taken a bold stand against the President. If he has the following and the backing to hold out against the Administration forces, and does hold out, nothing

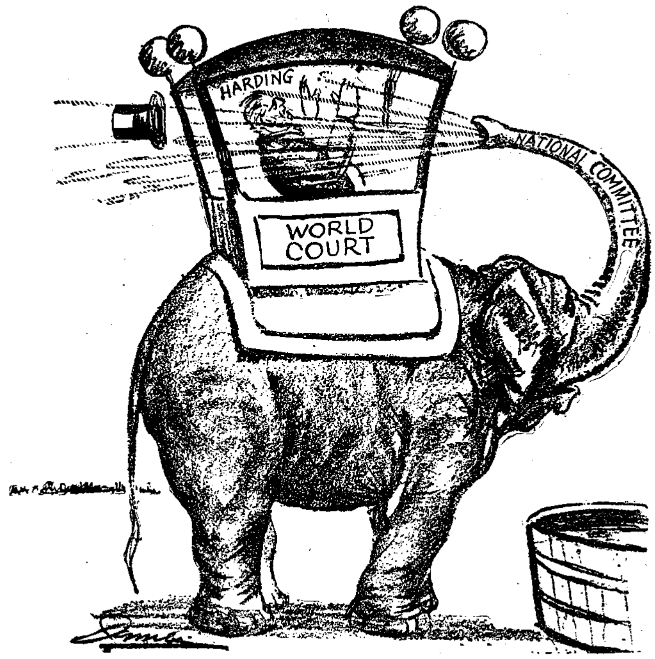
> can save a break in the ranks of the Republican party if the President insists on and stakes everything on his contention for American adhesion to the League Court.
>
> "Through Chairman Adams the Republican party has spoken."

While President Harding has made no recent statement of his foreign policies, his Memorial Day speech seems to have an indirect bearing on the controversy. He said:

> "I believe it a God-given duty to give of our influence to establish the ways of peace throughout the world. We can not guarantee, but we can promote, the peaceful adjustment of disputes; we can aid in the establishment of the agencies of peace; we can be influential in committing the world to the triumphs of peace and make hateful to humankind the spoils of war."

The day before, Chairman Adams had issued a statement declaring that critics of the publicity matter withdrawn at the request of the State Department were "earnest advocates of the effort to drag the United States into the League of Nations." He added that the party organization still stands with the "sixteen million voters who in the 1920 election voted against the League of Nations and European political entanglements. All Republicans may rest assured that the Republican National organization will remain true to this policy, and that it will continue to review and discuss political problems from the standpoint of 'America First.'"

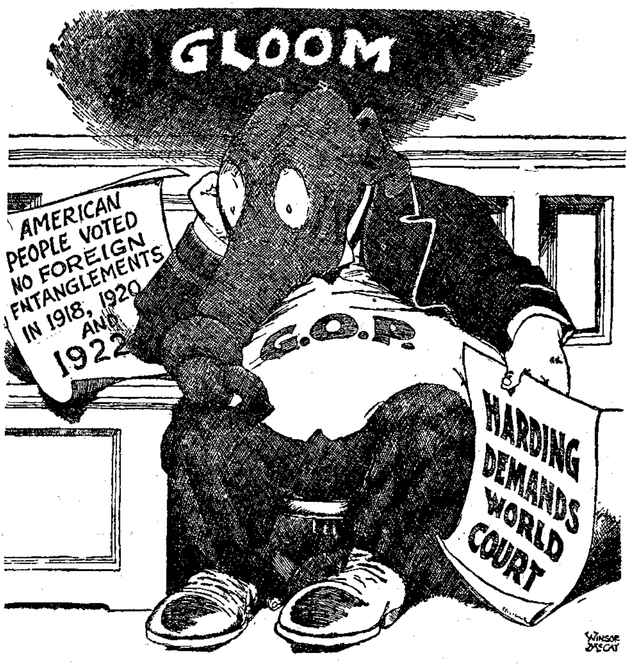
This brings us back to the famous piece of suppress publicity. Secretary Hughes, according to the correspondents, had asked newspaper men to refrain from discussing the Rhine claims during the progress of the somewhat delicate negotiations in Paris. The Republican National Committee regularly sends out press matter to be used without credit by Republican papers. On May 24 it sent to its papers the following notice: "At the request of the State Department the article appearing in the current Committee publicity service relative to the settlement of the American Army of Occupation claims is hereby withdrawn." The following sentences quoted by the New York *Times* would seem to be a fair sample of the statement sent out:



MUDDY WATER

—James in the St. Louis *Star*.

> "At present the prospects are that the United States will abandon all effort to obtain any reimbursement of the $250,000,000 she paid out to keep an army on the Rhine. It is perfectly apparent to every one concerned that England and her European allies are determined to 'bilk' the United States out of this money by hook or crook.
>
> "In plain words the whole matter is a crooked deal. . . .
>
> "It is typical of the attitude of England and European Powers toward this country in all matters. They are out to 'job' the United States at every possible turn.
>
> "It demolishes Lord Cecil's pretensions that European nations desire to deal in a spirit of fair play with America and would not resort to any pettifogging in their associations with this country. It confirms what has long been known by those familiar with the attitude of European Powers toward America, namely, that if this country goes into any sort of league with European Powers they will immediately take every advantage of it to the injury and the expense of the United States."


GLOOM
AMERICAN PEOPLE VOTED NO FOREIGN ENTANGLEMENTS IN 1918, 1920 AND 1922
G.O.P.
HARDING DEMANDS WORLD COURT
WINSOR McCAY

Copyrighted, 1923, by the Star Company

"WHAT TO DO—WHAT TO DO!"

—McCay in the New York *American*.

"It is a pity that self-appointed, unofficial Foreign Office of the United States, the staff of the Republican National Committee, could not wait a week to throw its fit," remarks the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, independent, but leaning toward the Republican side of the fence on mixed issues. "While the Committee still was frothing at the mouth an agreement was reached whereby we are to be paid in twelve yearly instalments." As the Newark *News* (Ind.) puts it, "instead of 'bilking' and 'jobbing' us at every turn, as the National Committee declared in its ill-mannered publicity sheet, the Allies undertake to collect this money for us from Germany."

The arrangement which was signed on May 25 after long negotiation is briefly that the cost of our Army on the Rhine, $250,000,000, is to be paid in twelve equal annual instalments without interest. The first four years these instalments are to be the first charge on all reparations payments made by Germany up to twenty-five per cent. of such payments, the current cost of Allied occupation having priority; for the last eight years the instalments due the United States are first charge on all cash payments from Germany, with priority over Allied occupation costs.

Our press in general congratulate the Government upon this settlement. Several editors find significance in the fact that, as the Newark *News* puts it, "we now have a recognized stake in the Versailles Treaty which we spurned, and in the Allied efforts to effect a reparations settlement with Germany."

Kadel & Herbert Photograph

THE KING KLEAGLE, AT A MIDNIGHT GATHERING NEAR EASTPORT, LONG ISLAND, ADMINISTERS THE OATH

To some 700 new members. At a similar gathering at Buffalo, says a Buffalo *Express* reporter, an affirmative answer was required to the following questions: "Are your motives of joining the Klan the high one of service? Are you a white Protestant Gentile? Do you believe in Christianity? Do you owe any allegiance foreign to the United States? Do you esteem the United States above any Government, political or ecclesiastic? Do you believe in the enforcement of law and order by proper and justifiable means and authority? Do you swear to practise klannishness toward your brothers? Do you believe in the supremacy of the white race? Do you promise to obey the constitution of the Klan?"

THE KLAN DEFIES A STATE

GOVERNOR SMITH'S POLITICAL LIFE, it seems, hangs by one thread after another. First he was threatened with political extinction if he signed—or did not sign—the bill repealing the Mullan-Gage Prohibition Enforcement Law. Now the State leaders of the Ku Klux Klan declare that when the Governor signed on May 23 a bill which practically outlaws the Klan in New York State, "he signed his own political death warrant so far as his aspirations for the Presidency are concerned." This law, apparently the first real effort in any State to arrest the activities of the Klan, was openly flouted from one end of the State to the other almost before the Governor's signature was dry (but ten days before the law went into effect) in gatherings of the Invisible Empire numbering from a mere hundred to some 8,000. Furthermore, various leaders of the Klan openly announced at meetings to which New York City newspaper reporters had been invited, that the Klan of New York State would defy the new law, which they claim is "discriminatory and unconstitutional." The Buffalo *News*, on the other hand, believes the new law will mean "the end of the Klan in New York State." "The Grand Koinmen know that the organization will be weakened, if not destroyed, by the Walker law," agrees the Syracuse *Post-Standard*. There may be defiance of a sort, "but that is to be expected from an organization which sets itself above the law," remarks the Utica *Press*.

The law which thus causes the State and the Klan to lock horns was sponsored by the New York *World* and State Senator Walker. As the new law stands, every organization in the State, with the exception of fraternal, benevolent, and some labor groups, must file with the Secretary of State a sworn copy of its constitution, oath of membership, by-laws and regulations, together with a roster of its members, a list of its officers, and the address of its headquarters. The organization is further forbidden to circulate anonymous letters or printed matter, but must have its name and address on its official stationery. Officials of the order who had not met these requirements by June 2, ten days after Governor Smith affixt his signature to the bill, automatically became liable to a sentence of imprisonment for not more than one year, or a fine of from $1,000 to $10,000, or both fine and imprisonment.

One section of the Walker Law, it is said, will prevent the Klan of New York State from backing candidates for important State offices and affecting the results of an election. Thus the Klan, it is said, compelled to operate in the open, will be unable to accomplish as much, if the new law is enforced, as it accomplished in recent Oregon and Texas elections. Says Governor Smith of this phase of the law:

> "A distinct benefit to the State itself will undoubtedly flow from this provision. The people of this State have a right to know when any corporation passes resolutions of any kind that provide for concerted action either to promote or defeat legislation, Federal, State or municipal. They should also know when resolutions are passed calling for the support or the defeat of any candidate for public office."

It is agreed that the obvious aim of the Klan's opponents in New York State is to make public the names of its officials and members. When Klan membership rolls were published in Chicago, "there was a great scattering for cover," recalls the Philadelphia *Evening Public Ledger*, "and there would be an even greater scattering if the rosters of the Klan were published in New York." "Once it is known exactly who they are, they will be careful to behave themselves," believes the New York *Tribune*. As we read in the neighboring *Times:*

> "Secret societies are many, but in none other is the fact of membership kept secret, because it does not need to be. Only a society whose ends are criminal is obliged to conceal the identity of those who belong to it. Every other secret society decorates its members with pins or other evidences of affiliation, and these are proudly worn. The Ku Klux Klan simply can not do this, because its purposes, like its deeds, are evil."

"Organized professedly to support law and order, the Klan asserts its right to challenge government and order that they might make it secure," notes the New York *Globe*. And this, maintains *The Globe*, "is lawlessness salted with hypocrisy." The officials of the order, the New York *World* adds, are, in effect, "trying to put the law of the Klan above the law of the land." Continues this paper, which has been active in the fight against the Klan as a national organization:

> "This challenge to authority is direct and unmistakable. Nothing is left to be implied or inferred. It is an assertion of the right of groups of citizens secretly to organize and to work their will in any way they choose within and against the general social and political organism of which they are a part. One side must yield; and for the State to abdicate its constitutional power is unthinkable."

In the announced opinion of one Ku Klux official, however, "the

Walker law is the best thing that has ever happened for the Klan," for, a New York *Tribune* writer reports him as saying, "we are taking in members faster than ever before." That the new law will be extremely difficult to enforce, particularly in rural communities where the Invisible Empire is powerful, is conceded even by the supporters of the measure, we are told in another *Tribune* article. The Atlanta headquarters of the Klan, moreover, is said to welcome a "showdown" in the courts. According to the King Kleagle of New York State, the New York *Herald* reports, there are already 3,000,000 members of the Klan in the United States, and the order is growing rapidly. He is quoted by *The Herald* as saying further that—

> "The Walker law is plainly unconstitutional, picking out, as it does, the Ku Klux Klan and not making its provisions applicable to the Knights of Columbus and similar organizations. It is class legislation, and will not be obeyed by the Ku Klux Klan, but will be contested in the courts, if necessary to the Supreme Court of the United States."

A New York *Herald* reporter who attended one of the recent "klonklaves" held in defiance of the Walker law, tells us that the officials in charge of the meeting "seemed to be anxious that the reporters take away with them these sentiments":

> "That the law requires that the Klan, as well as other secret societies, file the membership at Albany, and prescribes a punishment for neglect to do so.
>
> "That the various exalted cyclopses and their clerical forces are unknown by the public and, therefore, can not be sought out and levied upon for their records.
>
> "That while such defiance of law may be somewhat inconsistent with the profest patriotism of the Klan, the K. K. K. oath binds every knight to be loyal to that oath and his fellow citizens of the Invisible Empire and, therefore, the Klan feels justified in defying the Walker law.
>
> "That the Americanism of the K. K. K. is ideal and as such must be adhered to and forced into general recognition just as Benito Mussolini's Fascisti grew to be the Italian law by destroying opposition rule.
>
> "That the first real test of klannishness has been forced upon the Klan by the Klan's enemies, and that the Klan will not back down.
>
> "That in the coming fight the Klan expects to be denounced as law-defying and inconsistent, but that the ends sought justify the means adopted."

ANOTHER ATTACK ON THE RAILROADS

"LO, THE POOR RAILROADS!" pityingly exclaimed one of the Washington correspondents not long ago, as he noted the railroads facing these four things: "A rate-reducing electorate; an efficiency-investigating, economy-demanding Government; a railroad-stock-scorning financial public, and a management-criticizing and management-grasping employed staff." And then to these must be added the political campaign of the Progressives. For, as the Richmond *News Leader* observes, no doubt now remains "that the offensive of the Republican Progressive group in Congress is to be directed against the railroads." On the last Friday in May the transportation committee of the Progressive group in Congress met in Chicago with Senator La Follette as chairman to try to bring about lower railroad valuation and rates and to listen to speeches in favor of government ownership of railroads. While much of the valuation talk is somewhat technical, its significance lies in the fact that as the railroads are allowed a certain rate of profit on the basis of the Interstate Commerce Commission's valuation, the lower the valuation, the lower the profits. And the difference in two valuation figures now offered, it is asserted, may make a difference of a billion and a half in what things cost us. Now such a Progressively inclined daily as the Des Moines *Register* thinks the Chicago conference is a good thing for the railroads because it will "serve to focus attention on what the railroads themselves ought to be doing for their own good, in the way of consolidating and rearranging capitalization." The very most that can be said for the La Follette program, in the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot's* opinion, is that "it can do no harm." Indeed, to *The Wall Street Journal* the developments at Chicago seem a piece of "amazing good luck" for the railroads: Mayor Hylan's speech on government ownership, according to this conservative organ of Wall Street finance, "reduced the whole performance to the level of a mass meeting of political malcontents." And so, "as an exhibition of the strength and character of the so-called radical element in Congress the conference should prove extremely valuable."

But this political massing against the railroads seems more formidable to other observers. *The Coast Banker* (San Francisco) recalls that one task of the farm bloc in the next Congress is to compel the railroads to reduce rates. And it adds:

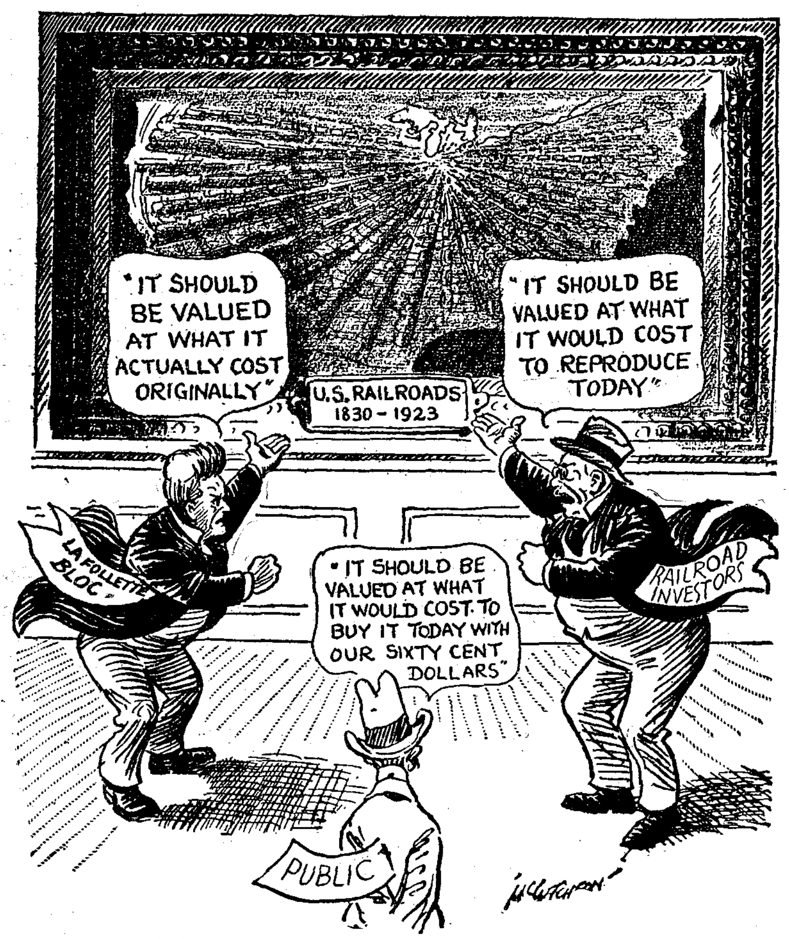
Kadel & Herbert Photograph

"TO VIOLATE THIS OATH MEANS DISGRACE, DISHONOR, AND DEATH!"

Thus old and new members of a Long Island (New York) Klan repeated after the King Kleagle the penalty for violation of the oath which prohibits revealing the names of fellow-members. Because of this oath, Klan leaders declare, they will defy the New York State law requiring the Klan to file its roster with the Secretary of State.

"Whenever the railroads show signs of being a profitable investment, a drive to reduce rates is inaugurated. During the next year the railroads probably will enjoy a fair amount of prosperity and this will strengthen the sword arm of the farm bloc as it wields its snickersnee on rates."

"The future of American railroads is being far more seriously threatened than is generally realized," contends the New York *Journal of Commerce*, pointing out that after only about three years of trial, "a period marked by almost every sort of adverse circumstance, and despite unexpectedly good results in many directions, politicians, egged on by shippers, particularly of agricultural products, are now setting out to undo much if not most of the progress" represented by the Transportation Act of 1920. Turning to the meeting of the Progressives at Chicago, *The Journal of Commerce* asks, "what are the doctrines that these profits of popular rights would have us adopt?"


"IT SHOULD BE VALUED AT WHAT IT ACTUALLY COST ORIGINALLY"
U.S. RAILROADS 1830 - 1923
"IT SHOULD BE VALUED AT WHAT IT WOULD COST TO REPRODUCE TODAY"
LA FOLLETTE BLOC
RAILROAD INVESTORS
"IT SHOULD BE VALUED AT WHAT IT WOULD COST TO BUY IT TODAY WITH OUR SIXTY CENT DOLLARS"
PUBLIC
McCutcheon

Copyrighted, 1923, by the Chicago "Tribune"

VALUING AN OLD MASTERPIECE

—McCutcheon in the Chicago *Tribune.*

"First and most prominently is the question of valuations. There is an apparent unanimity of opinion among those assembled that the tentative valuation of the property held and used by the roads in public service is placed at a figure about twice too high. If instead of something less than $20,000,000,000 the investments of the roads were to be considered as worth only $10,000,000,000 then it would be possible, they say, to reduce rates by a large amount and still permit a reasonable return for those who held the then much depreciated securities.

"A decade or two ago it became popular to hold that if the true value of the property of the railroads were to be scientifically determined and the outstanding capitalization of the companies made to conform to this valuation or, in other words, if the water were squeezed out of railroad securities, most of our transportation problems would more or less automatically vanish. Since that time many millions have been spent in endeavor to compile these facts that Senator La Follette and his followers thought they wanted.

"Complete and final figures are still wanting, but tentative results have shown clearly enough that, much to the surprize of the radicals, the roads of the country as a whole are under-capitalized rather than the reverse. That being the case, Mr. La Follette and his confreres are no longer so much interested in science as they once profest to be."

Arguing against the La Follette ideas, the editor of *The Railway Age* is quoted in *The Wall Street Journal* as saying:

"The most drastic reduction in valuation which has been proposed would not save the public—with present operating expenses—more than 6 per cent. in form of reduced rates. The reduction in freight rates which has been made since January 1, 1922, already averages 13 per cent. on the basis of present business and is saving the public $730,000,000 annually.

"Those attacking the valuation of railways as a means of getting large rate cuts are entirely on the wrong track. It is now taking 78 cents out of every dollar the railways earn to pay expenses. Absolutely, any further reduction in rates must come out of an operating expense reduction."

But the Progressives hold, as Mr. Donald R Richberg outlines their views, that a valuation of $23,000,000,000, which now seems likely, is $10,000,000,000 too much, and will result in an annual increase of $550,000,000 in passenger and freight rates which, reflected in price, would mean a total cost to the people of not less than $1,500,000,000. As *Labor* (Washington, D. C.), the official Washington weekly newspaper of sixteen railroad labor organizations, sums up this side of the argument:

"1. If the railroad claims are allowed, the Interstate Commerce Commission will shortly fix a valuation upon the American transportation system of not less than $25,000,000,000.

"2. This valuation will be practically twice the market value of all the stocks and bonds of all the railroads in the United States as determined by the current quotations on the New York Stock Exchange

"3. If the $25,000,000,000 valuation is allowed it will be impossible for the railroads to earn the standard dividends allowed by the Cummins-Esch Bill unless freight and passenger rates are increased or the wages of employees decreased.

"4. The $25,000,000,000 valuation includes between $6,000,000,000 and $10,000,000,000 of 'unearned increment' in land values. That means instead of allowing the roads what they paid for the lands, the commission will grant them a valuation based on the value of adjacent lands."

It will be years before the question of valuation is settled, agree several newspaper writers. The Interstate Commerce Commission, which has tentatively valued the roads at $18,900,000,000 for rate-making purposes, has done a prodigious amount of work without much more than making a start in the task of valuation.

But while valuation is the apparent chief concern of the Progressives, the Chicago *Tribune* thinks that their real and ultimate aim is Government ownership and operation. At Chicago, Mayor Hylan of New York City made a long speech in which he declared that "public ownership and operation of the railroads appears to be the only way out of the present situation." William Jennings Bryan said that while he personally prefers private ownership, he fears "the country will be forced to give in to government ownership because private ownership will not endure." Senator Couzens, who had much experience with transportation as Mayor of Detroit, is similarly quoted as saying that "it looks to me as tho government ownership was the only solution." On the other hand William G. McAdoo, who headed the first American experiment in government railroad operation, feels "that private capital is entitled to still another chance, and we should not turn to government ownership until with careful and competent Federal regulation and supervision it is certain that private ownership can not accomplish the desired results."

TO PUNCTURE BUILDING PRICES

A SILENT, BUT NONE THE LESS EMPHATIC protest against the high cost of building construction is noted by editors throughout the country, but it has remained for New York mortgage and insurance companies to throw down the gauntlet to three factors in the "seemingly unwarranted inflation" of building costs—"speculative" builders, building tradesmen, and the manufacturer of and dealer in building materials. Where the adversary of old might have shut off the wind of his opponent, however, these large lenders of money for building purposes have shut off the supply of funds. "And what amounts to a boycott against construction in New York may become a national boycott," remarks the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot.* "The present prices for materials and labor seem to point to just such a reaction." The reason given by the New York concerns for virtually suspending loans for building purposes, however, is that the supplies of labor and building materials make it impossible for builders to say when they can complete buildings, or how much the job will cost. And the person they are after, they admit, is the "speculative builder, a new type of profiteer."

"The sorriest phase of it all," in the opinion of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger,* "is that the country needs all the building that can possibly be done for years, for ever since 1914, the country has been underbuilding." According to figures compiled by *Building Age* (New York), after an exhaustive survey, based upon data submitted by 290 Chambers of Commerce, there was a shortage in building of $8,000,000,000 in 1921—the accumulation of the war-time and post-war years. "Moreover, probably not more than $3,000,000,000 has been wiped out up to the present." And, adds *Building Age,* "we need that much yearly, at present costs." The $8,000,000,000 shortage mentioned by this construction authority is divided as follows:

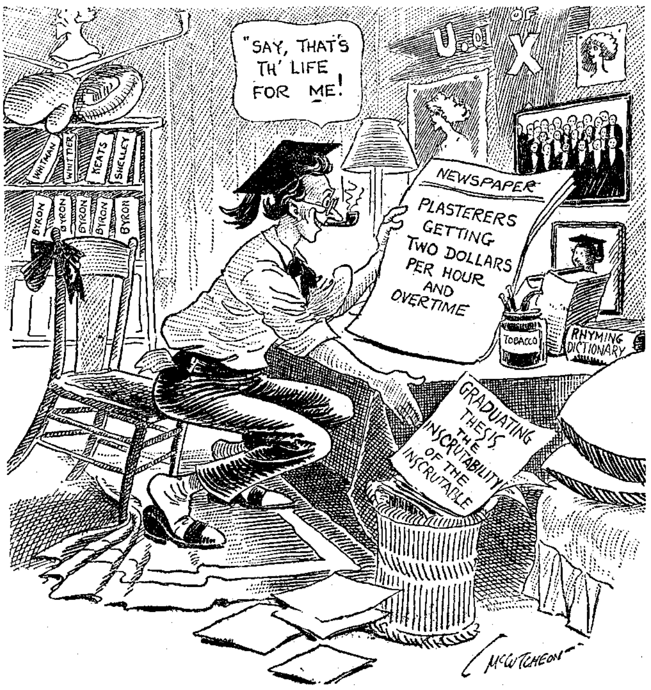
Cities Over 25,000 Population	
Houses: 319,528 needed	$2,025,501,000
Apartment houses: 2,582 needed	64,296,000
Schools: 457 needed	74,491,000
Office buildings: 200 needed	52,851,400
Miscellaneous buildings, such as hospitals, hotels, garages, factories, etc.: 628 needed	71,867,692
Cities Under 25,000 Population	
Houses: 822,905 needed	3,352,588,500
Apartment houses: 18,967 needed	644,878,000
Schools: 4,917 needed	698,214,000
Office buildings: 4,412 needed	480,908,000
Miscellaneous buildings, such as hospitals, hotels, garages, factories, etc.: 12,645 needed	619,389,840
Total expenditure to relieve present shortage	$8,084,985,432

Recently, it will be recalled, construction interests in New York concluded that the only way to reduce costs was to curtail building. Accordingly some $200,000,000 of construction was postponed. While this program of curtailment was assuming such unheard-of proportions, approximately 20 per cent. of the city's bricklayers decided to strike. In other words, remarks the New York *Globe,* "the employees saw an excellent opportunity to fix a high wage scale for several years to come, and the employers saw an opportunity to resist the making of concessions they might later regret."

Among the employers, notes the Cleveland *Plain Dealer,* there is a disposition to place the responsibility for the present building situation in New York upon labor, "which is receiving the highest wages in history." So high are the wages of building artizans, in fact, that a Virginia farmer has translated the cost of construction, at present wages, into food at the price the farmer gets. And these figures are "startling" to the New York *Herald.* According to *The Herald's* correspondent:

> "It takes 63½ dozen, or 762, eggs to pay a plasterer for one day of eight hours work.
>
> "It takes 17½ bushels of corn, or a year's receipts from half an acre, to pay a bricklayer one day.
>
> "It takes twenty-three chickens weighing three pounds each to pay a painter for one day's work in New York.
>
> "It takes forty-two pounds of butter, or the day's output from fourteen cows, to pay a plumber $14 a day.
>
> "It takes a hog weighing 175 pounds, representing eight months feeding and care, to pay a carpenter for one day's work."

Let us take the case of the bricklayers who are on strike. Their action followed disagreement whether a new wage contract should be for two years at $12 per day or for three years at $10—and a bonus of approximately $2 per day until the end of this year—according to the New York *Evening Post.* And this paper considers the latter a reasonable offer, particularly in view of a decrease of nearly 30 points in the cost of living since 1920, when the $10 wage was established. "If the bricklayers get their demands, other trades will 'jack up' the cost of construction at least 20 per cent.," predicts the Boston *Post.* And, it adds, "the people who build their homes, and the investors who put up office buildings, not the contractor, are the ones who pay these costs." As we read in the New York *Herald:*


"SAY, THAT'S TH' LIFE FOR ME!"
U. of X
WHITMAN
WHITTIER
KEATS
SHELLEY
BYRON
BYRON
BYRON
BYRON
BYRON
NEWSPAPER
PLASTERERS GETTING TWO DOLLARS PER HOUR AND OVERTIME
TOBACCO
RHYMING DICTIONARY
GRADUATING THESIS THE INSCRUTABILITY OF THE INSCRUTABLE
McCUTCHEON

Copyrighted, 1923, by the Chicago "Tribune"

COLLEGE ITEM

J. Waldemere Jones, '23, who expected to follow the profession of poetry, has decided to take up plastering as a career.

—McCutcheon in the Chicago *Tribune.*

> "Building completed now will represent peak cost. The capital invested in it will be charged for years ahead with an abnormal rent burden. This burden will compel owners to take heavy losses if construction prices recede. It will also be a factor in postponing a reduction of costs and rents from the abnormal level of the boom period.
>
> "The unions may really believe that they are doing good for labor. But what they have done is hitting the pockets of labor. And when we say labor, we mean the 43,000,000 men and women of the United States who work for a living. Their food, their rents, their clothing are all made dearer."

"But if we are going to denounce the bricklayers for charging all the traffic will bear, we must denounce their employers, who in their turn have been charging the owners of new buildings as much as they thought the owners would pay," maintains the Philadelphia *Public Ledger.* Moreover, adds the Jersey City *Journal,* "no sympathy will be extended to building material manufacturers, who have been engaged too long in holding up the public." "If rents in New York were not excessive, bricklayers, painters, carpenters, masons, and plasterers would not be demanding increased wages," believes the South Bend *Tribune.* To this, declares the Brooklyn *Citizen*, should be added the fact that bricklayers, owing to rain, failure to deliver materials, and other causes, are not employed more than 150 days in the year. And plasterers, we are told, are employed less than 200 days, "therefore it is not surprizing to find wages in this class of labor soaring."

When all is said and done, however, concludes the Oshkosh *Northwestern*, it can not be denied that "workers' wages and prices for building materials have been boosted to excessive levels." But, thinks this Wisconsin daily:

> "There still is a chance to relieve the situation, by reducing construction costs in a way that will satisfy investors and induce them to go on with their plans. It is to be hoped this will be done, for if building activities come to a standstill, it can not fail to slow down prosperity, and perhaps turn the tide in the other direction."

HUGE IMPORTS DESPITE THE TARIFF WALL

THE AMAZING PART of the temporary trade balance phenomenon discust in last week's issue, as the Democratic Pittsburgh *Sun* sees it, is not that we are importing some 17 per cent. more goods than we are exporting, but that we are doing it "in the face of the highest tariff rates in history." Only a few months ago, this paper recalls, we were told that a high tariff was needed to protect us against the "dumping" of foreign goods on these shores. "Well," observes *The Sun*, "we have our high tariff—and goods are coming in at a greater rate than ever before." Accompanying this brickbat with a bouquet, this Democratic paper goes on to admit that "we were also told that increased imports would depress American industry and throw workers out of employment. Nevertheless, we have increased imports—and 'Help Wanted' signs are posted at every factory door."

No little stir was caused in business circles by the recent announcement from Washington that in the month of March imports exceeded exports by some $60,000,000, and that the April margin was $41,000,000. The New York *Journal of Commerce*, a business daily, interprets this as "the end of the era of war commerce." To the Democratic Brooklyn *Citizen*, however, the fact that the foreign trade balance has turned against the United States "is a healthy sign, and shows again the fallacy of the arguments of those who declared that the Fordney-McCumber tariff would bar imports."

Glancing first over Republican and independent Republican papers, we find the great majority of them firm in the belief that the framers of the present tariff law are now witnessing, in America's adverse trade balance, the justification of their labors. As the Manchester *Union* (Ind. Rep.) puts it: "This condition of our commerce ought to set at rest the repeated statements of enemies of the Fordney-McCumber tariff law that this law would seriously interfere with, if not almost disrupt, commerce with the rest of the world." The Buffalo *Express* and the Charleston (W. Va.) *Mail*, both independent Republican papers, also see in the foreign trade situation a vindication of the tariff law. "For a country that has surrounded itself with an 'insurmountable' tariff wall, this one is receiving an extraordinary amount of goods from others," notes the Republican Pittsburgh *Gazette Times.* As we read in the independent Republican Washington *Post:*

> "For the first time since 1914 our imports are in excess of exports. Here is a situation with most significant factors. Was not the Fordney-McCumber tariff to strangle foreign commerce by shutting out imports and thereby making it impossible for foreigners to buy American goods? The opponents of the Harding Administration harped upon this argument in every key, yet the bureau in charge of commerce statistics reports that unprecedented imports of raw materials have been made under the new tariff.
>
> "Once again, by the cold facts of commercial transactions actually recorded, the wisdom of the protective tariff policy is demonstrated. The United States is the largest single market in the world. When its people are placed in proper relation to the rest of the world, the American market becomes a voracious consumer of raw materials not available at home. It will have these materials, no matter what the cost; hence a high tariff is no barrier to foreign raw materials when the right conditions prevail.
>
> "Once the American market, the largest in the world, is possest by Americans as against the outside world, conditions are created in which the United States becomes both a producer and a consumer on a tremendous scale. Its demands in some directions are greater than its supply; hence the importation of raw materials. Its needs are so great and so urgent that prices go up and producers find it more profitable to sell at home than to export their goods. Yet, in spite of high prices, the American consumer is well off, because he is a producer first, at high wages. He can afford to buy, because what he has to sell is quickly marketable at a good profit.
>
> "Foreign manufactured goods are not imported at a rapidly increasing rate, as raw materials are. It is well that they should not flood this market. If they can not meet American prices they should be kept out. American workers in mills and factories need not fear reduction of wages to the European level, because the tariff protects them. The tariff law has been adjusted in such fashion as to make it impossible for Europe and Asia to dump cheap-labor goods into the American market and thus close domestic factories and mills."

"Free trade" and "low tariff" sentiment, maintains the Albany Knickerbocker *Press* (Ind. Rep.), "is almost solely the output of those who make their living by importing foreign goods. They do not employ many workmen. But American workers and American farmers are advocates of a protection policy. And they do not mind large imports, as long as duties sufficient to equalize the cost of production here and abroad are paid."

But the Democratic, and a share of the Independent, version is that the present high level of prices now prevailing is largely due to the Fordney-McCumber tariff, and that the increase in prices is part of the toll the American public is paying for protection. This is the view of the Democratic New York *World*, and the Newark *News*, Indianapolis *News*, and Detroit *News*, all independent newspapers, agree with *The World.* "The tariff was erected to provide superprotection to various American industries, and this intention is doubtless realized in the new altitude in price levels," remarks the Detroit paper. "The people fail to realize," avers the Newark *News*, "that for every dollar of customs duties, they are paying two or more in increased prices." Take sugar, for instance, we are advised by the Indianapolis paper; "one-fifth of the present cost of this necessity is due directly to the tariff." As the Richmond *Times-Dispatch* (Dem.) explains in detail:

> "Commodities produced by cheap labor in foreign countries will seek a market in this country despite heavy customs taxes, but at the same time the restrictions thus imposed limit their purchasing power in our market. Incidentally, the heavier receipts of custom taxes must be paid by American consumers, together with the higher cost prices involved in the process of pyramiding as these taxes are passed on from exporter to jobber, from jobber to wholesaler, from wholesaler to retailer, and from retailer to consumer in a market which has been monopolized.
>
> "While this is true as to the higher prices American consumers have to pay for everything they use, American producers find that the lessened demand for their commodities abroad leaves them at the mercy of home buyers in a glutted domestic market."

Moreover, adds the New York *World:*

> "We shall see more of this before we see less of it. The great net result of the Fordney-McCumber tariff, so far at least, is something as good for our European debtors as if they had had the making of it themselves. But it is proving very costly for the American people."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

(*An extension of this department appears weekly on the screen as "Fun from the Press"*)

Some of those sugar speculators ought to be refined and then pulverized.—*Boston Traveler.*

Just suppose the French should attempt to pay Germany in kind.—*Jackson County Journal.*

European travel will broaden 250,000 of our tourists this summer. It will also flatten them.—*Life.*

McAdoo Pushes Ford.—Headline. Many another man has done the same.—*Little Rock* (*Arkansas*) *Gazette.*

Each nation, it appears, trusts in God. Now all that is needed is for them to trust in one another.—*Tacoma Ledger.*

The sugar boycott is good for reducing, whether it reduces the price or not.—*Dallas News.*

If Luther Burbank had lived in a lawn-mower country, he would long ago have perfected a dwarf grass.—*Boston Herald.*

A puncture is a little hole found in motor-car tires at long distances from phones or garages.—*Burlington Junction Post.*

Senator Moses, calling at the White House, complained of a sore throat. The President had already heard about his head.—*Norfolk Virginian Pilot.*

The Sioux Indians claim that the United States owes them the neat sum of $750,000,000. Let us hope they won't occupy the Pittsburgh coal-mining district.—*Tacoma Ledger.*

The banditry situation in China seems to be so bad that it may be our national duty under our heavy responsibility of moral leadership to go over and take charge of the provinces where the good oil-wells are.—*Columbus Ohio State Journal.*

Mr. Foster is in favor of "direct action." Do not deceive yourself by thinking that this means work.—*Minneapolis Journal.*

Just as we were thinking of recognizing Mexico, she starts shipping garlic into this country.—*Columbia Record.*

The man who says that boys and girls are worse than they used to be, either knows none or knew none.—*Boston Herald.*

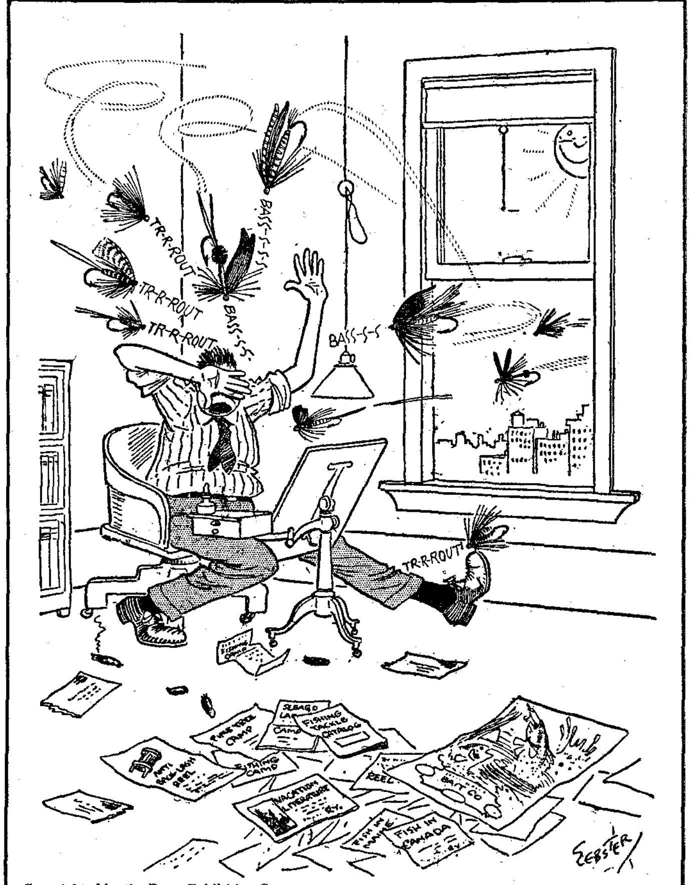
The Ruhr occupation can't really destroy a civilization that survived the devastation of industrial France.—*Elizabeth Journal.*

Kansas City laundrymen are not enthusiastic over the movement to abolish the smoke nuisance in that city.—*Vancouver Province.*

The difference between the price of products at the farm and in the city indicates that the railroads are making expenses now.—*Erie Times.*

If a Chinaman gets his Government into trouble in order to get a job, he is a bandit. Over here we call them politicians.—*Associated Editors* (*Chicago*).

Scientists have found a petrified man who has sat with his feet elevated for thousands of years. Probably a primitive job-holder.—*Pittsburgh Dispatch.*



Copyrighted by the Press Publishing Company

FLY SEASON

—Webster in the New York *Evening World.*

Germany owes us $1,479,064,313.92. We may get the 92 cents.—*Tampa Tribune.*

Having seized her dye works, France may now see the color of Germany's money.—*Vancouver Province.*

Bryan has been defeated again. No wonder he can't see anything in evolution.—*New York Evening Post.*

A true conservative is one who can't see any difference between radicalism and an idea.—*Baltimore Sun.*

Borah declares that the League has failed to usher in peace; but then, so has Borah.—*Jackson County Journal.*

New York wants a modernized Bible. One, we suppose, that will make it easy for the rich to enter heaven.—*Greenville Piedmont.*

A preacher urges that we get back to the standards of the Puritan fathers. The witches had better look out.—*Pittsburgh Gazette Times.*

The next war is to be fought in the air. That will enable most of the European statesmen to witness it at close hand.—*New York Tribune.*

The Turks are playing in hard luck. The Army hasn't been paid for months, and there are few American tourists there to capture.—*Baltimore Sun.*

If the Chinese bandits had only thought of letting movie people in on this show they wouldn't have to ask for ransoms.—*New Orleans Times-Picayune.*

William G. McAdoo is reported to take himself seriously as a harmonizer in the Democratic party. However, it is not thought that he will try to harmonize his father-in-law and Jim Reed.—*Detroit Free Press.*

That Turkish concession to Americans must be all right. The public hasn't been offered stock in the wells.—*Lincoln Star.*

Chemical experts in Washington say that poison gas will cure tuberculosis. So will decapitation.—*Nashville Southern Lumberman.*

For reparations we should demand that Chinese "chop suey" houses be forced to put handles on the tea cups.—*Wall Street Journal.*

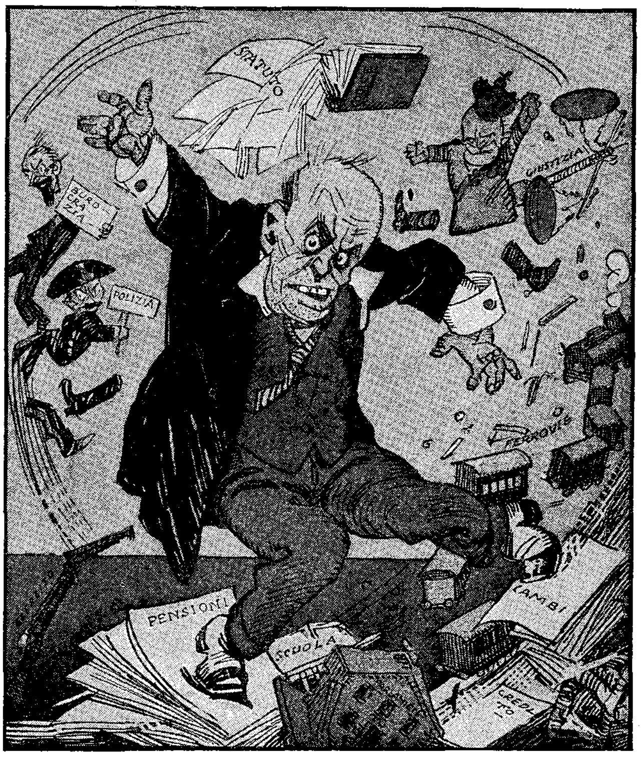
Wolves are on the increase in Russia. We thought the Bolsheviks had abolished competition.—*Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger.*

If a doctor is honest, he won't prescribe too much hootch; and if he's a crook, mere laws won't cramp his style.—*Long Island City Star.*

Depending on diplomacy for peace reminds us of the man who wears a hat until he becomes bald and then wears a hat to hide his baldness.—*Baltimore Evening Sun.*

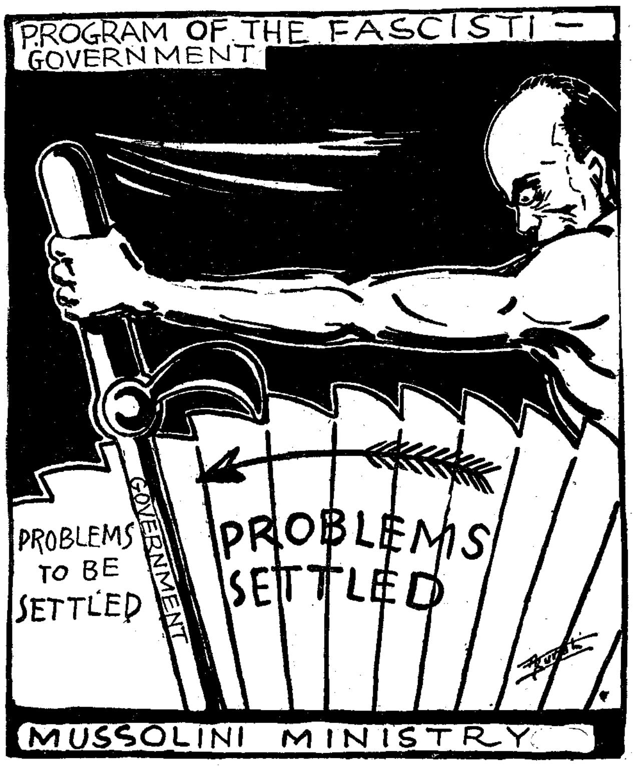
"Bill" Bryan is going to make it his business to fight the theory of evolution. He may prove that monkeys didn't make men of themselves, but he can not prove that some men don't make monkeys of themselves.—*Springfield* (*Illinois*) *State Register.*

FOREIGN - COMMENT



MUSSOLINI'S WAY OF RECONSTRUCTION

—*L'Asino* (Rome).



NO TURNING BACK FOR HIM!

—*Il 420* (Florence).

CONFLICTING ITALIAN VIEWS OF THE FASCIST GOVERNMENT

MUSSOLINI'S ROAD TO IMPERIAL ITALY

"WE SHALL EVER MARCH ONWARD, toward that Imperial Italy which is our dream and our faith," said Premier Mussolini at the conclusion of his speech on the Capitoline, during the celebrations of the birthday of Rome, and the rallying call inspires some British correspondents at Rome to note the "remarkable rise and spread of Imperialism," which they say was unknown in modern Italy till 1911, the year of the Libyan War, and was confined to a few intellectuals until the birth of Fascism in 1919. Now it is in the air, we are told, and "one day it may become a reality." A Rome correspondent of the London *Morning Post* thinks that British politicians who have visited Italy have completely overlooked this aspect of Fascism, and he adds:

> "They regard it from its internal side, as a movement successfully directed against Communism; they scarcely are aware of its external, and no less important, tendency toward Roman, or Italian, Imperialism. Yet to people living here and following closely the Fascist policy, especially since the amalgamation of the more intellectual Nationalists with the Fascisti, this latter development is obvious."

We read further in the *Morning Post* that Premier Mussolini's lieutenant, the newly created Senator Corradini, who was one of the founders of Nationalism in 1911, and is "probably the brains of that party," published an important book in the same year, entitled "L'Ora di Tripoli," in which he spoke of "the necessity which Italy has of preserving and increasing her position on the Mediterranean against the Powers which dominate over the same sea." Then he made the prophesy, we are told, which is already partly fulfilled after barely twelve years, that "twenty years hence all Italy will be imperialist, and Italian Nationalism should then begin an extremely revolutionary action, even against persons and things which can not at present be named." The *Morning Post's* correspondent goes on to relate:

> "Meanwhile, ancient Rome has become the fashion. The Fascisti take their name from the Roman *fasces*, which will appear on the new coins of two *lire;* they salute in the Roman fashion by stretching out the right arm; their organization in 'centuries' is also Roman. The Roman eagle has had a large family, if we may judge from the frequent appearance of that famous bird in manifestoes and on allegorical designs.
>
> "There is, indeed, much the same ancient Roman revival as there was in the time of Rienzi. It is, indeed, impossible not to read the pages, in which Gibbon has graphically described the career of the 'Last of the Tribunes,' without thinking of Signor Mussolini. The same rapid improvement in administration, similar grandiose ideas, the same keen eye for that love of the spectacular so dear to the Italian people characterize both men, the 'Tribune' of the Fourteenth and the dictator of the Twentieth Centuries. Even the popular titles assigned to them are similar. Thus, the inscription affixt to the new entrance to 'the Senatorial halls' on the Capitoline by the reopened door of Sixtus IV describes Benito Mussolini as 'the restorer of the Italian Fortunes,' just as Rienzi was called 'deliverer of Rome, defender of Italy.'
>
> "But the Romagnole of to-day is a stronger man than the Roman of Petrarch's time, just as the Italy of to-day is far bigger. She has long ago realized the dream of Rienzi—Unity—and has more lately 'closed the Alps against the Barbarians of the North.' It looks, now, as if she were thinking of Napoleon's prophecy, that, when once united, she would seek to establish an Empire in the Mediterranean. Senator Corradini tells us that Imperialism is a law of Nature. Anyhow, the Roman Empire is beginning

to have for the modern Italians the same fascination which the Byzantine has long had for the modern Greeks."

At the back of Mussolini's mind, writes a special correspondent in Italy of the London *Daily Telegraph*, there is the idea that England and France have "let Italy down in Paris, and have denied her the place in the sun which she deserves," and he proceeds:

> "Italy's foreign policy will all turn upon the question of emigration. If arrangements can not be made with civilized countries to take the excess of the peninsular population, outlets will have to be discovered in less civilized or barbarous territories. Italy can export her excess of population in the guise of permanent settlers, temporary labor, and soldiers as well. This point should be remembered.
>
> "Mussolini has to be especially careful in the development of his plans for foreign policy, because in the Consultá he has found the most highly organized and compact body of bureaucracy whose influence has to be modified by gradual measures. Even now, in spite of the presence of Mussolini himself and of his staff of Fascist aides-de-camp, Signor Contarini, the Secretary-General, continues to wield the influence which he had acquired under numerous preceding Ministers.
>
> "I have said already that Mussolini should not be judged by his foreign policy. Not only is he unprepared for foreign politics, but—and this is more important—his domestic policy prevents him from developing considerable activity abroad. To understand this one must go back to the essential principle of the whole Mussolinian policy.
>
> "Mussolini is firmly convinced that justice has not been done to Italy's sacrifices during the war, and that until now she has been prevented from exploiting the fruits of victory. The new period of Italy's existence begins with the war, when forces were unchained which nearly brought the country to its death, but which will also carry it to the pinnacle of glory. For Mussolini, modern Italian history begins with and has its source in the war.
>
> "His foreign policy is necessarily subordinated to this ruling idea of Italy waxing fat on the spoils of victory. He has found a country brought low by a pusillanimous, huckstering policy. Before he comes out into the arena of world politics he must rebuild Italy according to his idea. Until this reconstruction is well on the way Italy's foreign policy will necessarily be hesitating. Commitments abroad are the last thing that Mussolini now desires. Yet, when Italy, purified by the Fascist fire, has found herself, when all classes are united in a patriotic desire to secure by increased production the national future, when the Army—and especially the aerial forces—are reorganized on modern lines, then Mussolini thinks he can speak with no uncertain tone."

Confirming the reports that Premier Mussolini has so much to do at home that he can not yet devote his attention to foreign affairs, is the report in Rome dispatches that the Fascists have met their first really serious difficulty in the secession of 40,000 Fascists in Naples and the adjacent districts. According to the Rome correspondent of the New York *Times*, the present crisis had its origin in the early days of Mussolini's success, and it is related that:

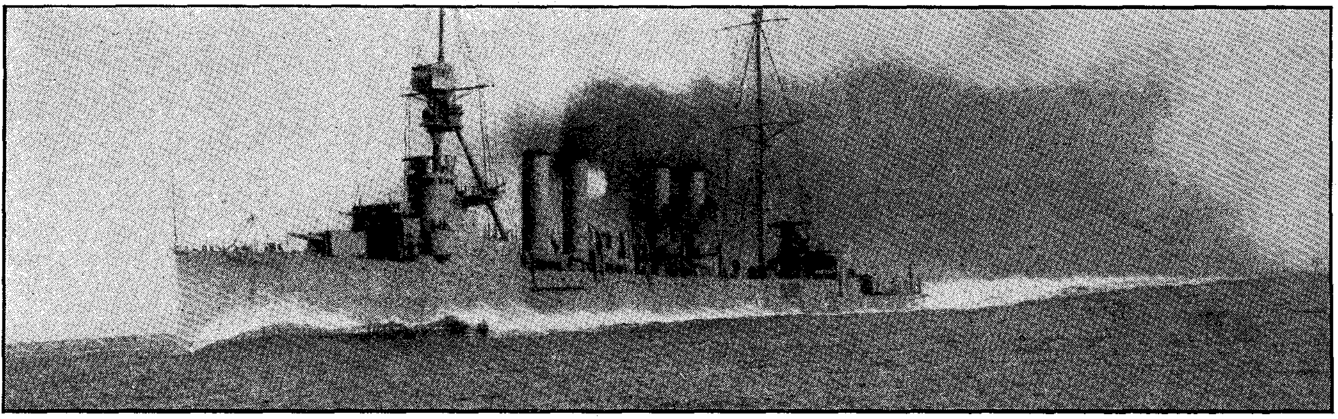
> "As soon as the Fascisti marched on Rome and Mussolini became Premier of Italy thousands of Socialists, Communists and revolutionaries of all kinds, realizing that their game was up, made an effort to enter the ranks of Fascism. Mussolini, however, decided that he had no use in his hour of victory for people who had not been with him in his hour of danger and slammed the doors of Fascism in their faces.
>
> "All those who had been Communists when Communism had the upper hand and wished to become Fascists therefore deserted their respective parties and bodily joined the Nationalists, whose aims and methods were very similar to those of the Fascists. In Southern Italy, however, where Nationalism had never made any headway, the former revolutionaries founded local Nationalist sections composed almost entirely of revolutionaries and run by themselves. In Southern Italy, therefore, Fascism found itself in conflict with Nationalism.
>
> "Later the Fascists and Nationalists joined forces and became a single party. All the Nationalists, after a careful examination of their antecedents, automatically entered the ranks of Fascism. That change proceeded smoothly and without incident in Northern and Central Italy, but not in the south where the Fascists could not bear the thought of having to fraternize with the men against whom they had been fighting for the last three years."

Only about a month before the resignation of the Neapolitans, a split was completed between the Fascists and the Catholic Popular Party, which this informant tells us had "perhaps exercised greater influence in Italian politics than any other until the advent of Mussolini." It is the second group in size in the Chamber, and has been in the position of holding the balance of power. According to Auguste Gauvain, foreign editor of the Paris *Journal des Débats*, the breaking away of the Popular Party and the fusion of the Nationalists with the Fascists are two facts that "precisely define the character of the Mussolini dictatorship." The Nationalists have the same ideas as the Fascists, he tells us, "but they are intellectuals, whereas their fiery rivals are above all things men of action." Certain things that the Fascists have done have been extremely disagreeable to the Nationalist mind, we are told, but as the Fascists have the whiphand it seemed better for them, especially in view of the coming elections. As to the Popular Party, commonly known as the P. P., Mr. Gauvain tells us that its leader, Don Sturzo, has failed in his plan to remain linked with the Fascists, despite his great cleverness. In truth, this French authority writes, "the P. P. is furious at the fact that the Fascists have supplanted them in popular esteem, and they are impatiently waiting for the moment when Mussolini will collapse under the weight of accumulated difficulties and deceptions." An Italian writer, who signs himself "Italicus," remarks in the Paris *L'Europe Nouvelle*, that in witnessing the explosions caused by the domestic policies of the Fascist Government, it is very easy to get a false impression of the situation in Italy and of the Italian mind. After three years of intense political conflict, of strikes, uprisings, in a word, of a life of disorder, anarchy, and civil war, the population of the peninsula is finally enjoying recovered peace. If you ask an Italian about conditions, all he will do is express his happiness that things are again normal in Italy, and this writer quotes this supposititious countryman of his as saying:

> "Ever since Mussolini has been in power, we are sure we can find a street-car to take us to work in the morning and bring us back home at night; that we can get bread at the baker's; that if we wish to set out on a railway journey, or are in the midst of a railway journey, we shall not be held up by wild strikers. We appreciate these conveniences the more because for three long years Italy had to get along without them."

At the same time this Italian authority calls attention to the fact that:

> "More and more the future seems somber to those Italians who stop to think, even and especially among the Italians who esteem and admire Premier Mussolini, and would long keep faith in him. To everybody in Italy, the Fascist régime at present appears even to Fascists themselves as a régime of transition. Anxiety is concentrated on the permanent régime that will follow it. The only French paper that from the very first has recognized what a fight Premier Mussolini had to put up as a partizan of moderation against the extreme Fascists is *L'Europe Nouvelle*. This weekly also was the only French paper that noted the victory of the extremists over the moderation of Premier Mussolini. Finally, it has observed from the very first that in the two possible stands Fascism could take—a stand toward the Left or a stand toward the Right—the tendency toward the Right threatened to be triumphant. . . . Public order is reestablished in general, but not fully assured. Hatreds are in incubation, but dare not be hatched for fear of Fascist punishment. Yet these hatreds only await their moment.
>
> "Italy is back at work and production and exports are increasing. The financial and industrial world extends credit to Fascism. There is obvious evidence of the recovery of the lire.
>
> "The restoration of Italy's finances and the return of economic prosperity are the two tasks that Mr. Mussolini and Fascism must accomplish in short order. A prosperous country can forgive much to a dictatorship, even the loss of its liberty. But it must be prosperous. The great economist, Vilfredo Pareto, a true Philo-Fascist, had not overlooked this fact when he said in a recent interview: 'The future of Fascism lies in the solution of the economic and financial problems of Italy.'"



International photo

"CONSISTENT WITH THE SPIRIT OF THE WASHINGTON NAVAL TREATY"

Such is the comment of some Japanese journals on America's construction program of ten new type cruisers during the current year. This is the U. S. Scout Cruiser *Richmond*, one of the fastest ships of its class, making 35 knots an hour. The *Richmond* is of 90,000 horse-power, 550 feet long and carries 12 six-inch guns.

JAPANESE TESTS OF OUR SINCERITY

AMERICAN PROFESSIONS OF LOVE for the square deal and equal rights to all are familiar to Japanese readers, note various newspapers in that language, but sometimes they find reasons to doubt the sincerity of such claims. One of these journals, the Osaka *Mainichi* hastens to help its colleagues with three tests by which it proposes to find out whether these well-known American protestations "come from the bottom of the heart." The first test, we are told, is the gun-range question; the second, the lawsuit regarding the California land legislation which is now claiming the attention of the United States Supreme Court; and the third test is America's attitude toward the League of Nations. According to the *Mainichi*, American naval officials "hold that the modernization of gun elevations does not violate the letter of the Washington Naval Treaty," and this daily asks:

> "Do they mean that their country can do whatever she pleases so long as it does not contravene the letter of the Treaty, even tho it is manifestly against the underlying spirit of the Treaty? America's modernization of her battle-ships would lead others to do the same, and this would lay America open to the charge that she has opened the way for a fresh naval race."

As to the second test proposed by the *Mainichi*, the California land law, it tells us that the Japanese are waiting with close interest to learn the decision which is to come from the United States Supreme Court. Meanwhile it declares that until the "obvious inequity" of this law is removed "Americans are hardly entitled to claim to be lovers of justice." The third test for America is entry into the League of Nations, on which subject this newspaper avers:

> "America went the length of declaring war against Germany because of the latter's deliberate violation of treaty obligations. It is strange, therefore, that she makes no scruples about disregarding a treaty of her own making. It is selfishness on her part to refuse to bear the responsibility the Peace Treaty imposes upon her, while claiming to share in the benefits it confers. If she really loves justice, she ought to join the League of Nations as quickly as possible. A section of American statesmen are awakening to this necessity, but it remains to be seen whether the nation at large will support the entry."

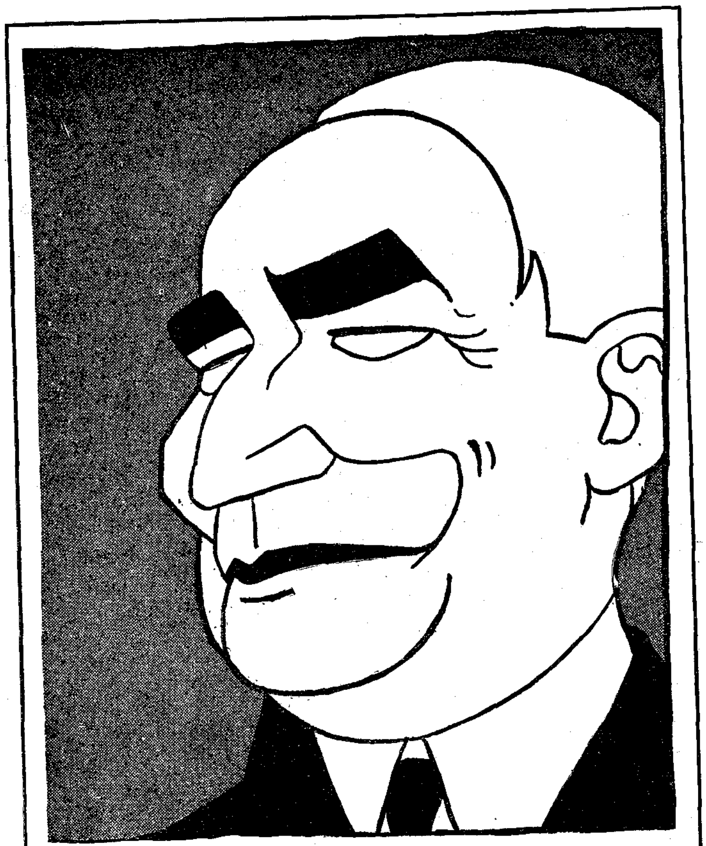
Now in the matter of the Naval Treaty, Uncle Sam finds a stanch defender of his policy in the Tokyo *Jiji*, which says that when it is remembered that misunderstandings between nations, and the exploitation of these misunderstandings by mischief-makers, are important causes of naval rivalry, it is obvious that "special care and circumspection must be exercised in all comments and criticisms of the naval programs of other countries. This Tokyo daily then points out that:

> "America is to complete the construction of ten big cruisers of new type within the present year. Feeling that this program is inadequate for national defense purposes, she is reported to have decided to launch another scheme for the building of auxiliary craft next year. From the information available it seems certain that America proposes to start the construction of 8 big cruisers (one report says 10 cruisers) next year.
>
> "What bearing has such a scheme on the five-five-three naval ratio fixt by the Washington agreement? Is it consistent with the spirit of the Washington decision? In our opinion, the American scheme is quite proper in the light of the naval ratio formally fixt. It might have been more in accord with the spirit of the Washington decision if America had had previous consultations with the other signatories of the Treaty in regard to her new building program, but purely from the point of view of preserving the officially fixt naval ratio we fail to see any impropriety in the American scheme of building 8 or 10 big cruisers.
>
> "In regard to the construction of auxiliary craft no ratio agreement was reached at the Washington Conference, but there is ground for believing that tacit understanding was arrived at between the delegates of Britain, America and Japan that the ratio fixt in respect of the capital ships should be respected in laying down auxiliary craft construction schemes."

Such being the case, the *Jiji* goes on to say, all comments on the American plan "should take this understanding into due consideration." For many years America has neglected the replenishment of her cruisers, as noted by this journal, which reminds us that at the time America laid down her three-year program, she had no first cruisers, and we read:

> "As compared with the cruiser strength of the Japanese Navy, the ratio is reversed, for Japan has a superiority over America by above 70 per cent. in the number of cruisers and 20 per cent. in displacement tonnage. Britain has five times the number of American cruisers and three and a half times the displacement tonnage of the American vessels. Such being the case, it is but proper that America plans to build eight or ten new big cruisers next year. In other words, we can take no reasonable exception to the American construction scheme so long as it does not upset the present cruiser strength of the British and the Japanese Navies.
>
> "The question to be raised is whether this naval program will not be followed by still another building scheme, or how best the proportion of cruiser strength to that of destroyers and submarines can be fixt. As already stated, America is far inferior in cruiser strength, but in destroyers she is far superior even to the British Navy. This relative strength must also be taken into account in considering the American plan for building cruisers. If America's building plans after 1924 are left unknown to the outside world it is inevitable that all sorts of sinister misgivings will be aroused in foreign minds, and such suspicions and misunderstandings may lead to a fresh naval race, for naval competition arises mainly from misgiving. What is most important is that all the Powers concerned should put all their cards on the table and enter into frank consultations."

THE OBREGON-HARDING CONFERENCE IN MEXICAN EYES

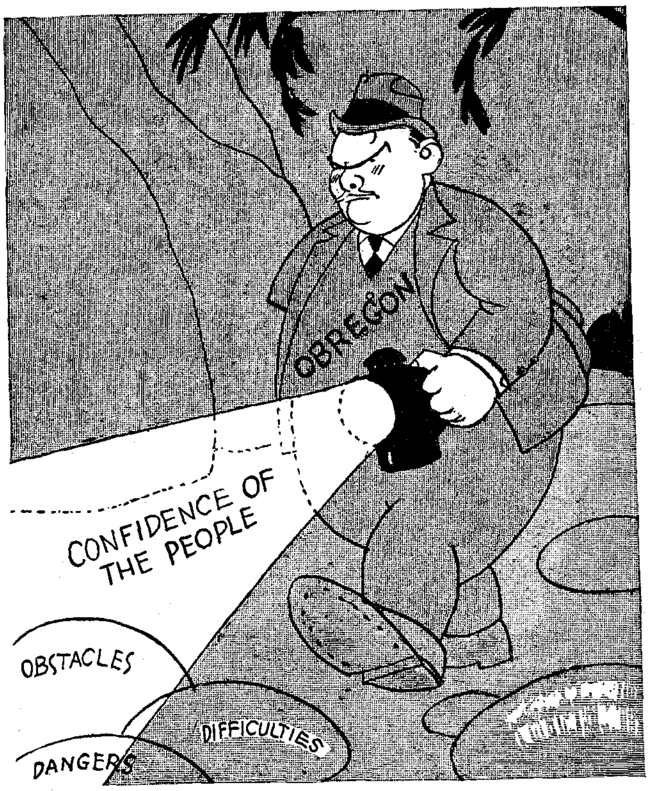


A MEXICAN VIEW OF SMILING MR. HARDING
—*El Mundo* (Mexico City).

WARNINGS AGAINST OPTIMISM about the outcome of the conference of American and Mexican delegates in Mexico City are issued by various Mexican editors, who, nevertheless, express at the same time the warmest wishes that the best hopes of both sides will come true. Too much will be expected from this conference, they maintain, if people overestimate the powers actually vested in the commissioners. Thus *El Mundo* of Mexico City advises us that "public opinion here, as well as in the United States, has been misled into the belief that the commissioners would settle all pending controversies, and recognition come at once." To set opinion right, this daily emphasizes the fact that the commissioners are "the personal representatives of President Harding and President Obregon, and are not ambassadors or plenipotentiaries." Their task is well defined, we are told, and involves exchange of opinion on certain questions with the understanding that their resultant impression will be considered "only as a recommendation" by the two Presidents.

This newspaper tells us also that no particular problem is scheduled for consideration beyond the resumption of diplomatic relations between the two countries and how this can be achieved "with due respect to the principles and rights of the United States and Mexico." We are cautioned finally to this effect: "To take it for granted that the commissioners are empowered to carry on all possible negotiations would be a dangerous mistake; and the secrecy imposed on meetings of such delicate nature must be patiently supported, as any undue haste, or untimely publicity, would only create an unfortunate atmosphere and add difficulties to a problem which, in itself, is difficult." Says the Mexico City *Excelsior*:

"The first step that led us to this meeting was a personal letter from President Obregon to President Harding. This fact, known and accepted by our people, is to be highly praised, but we are now facing a rather difficult situation, as we speculate on the form in which the two Governments will settle their opposite points of view. Diplomacy will vainly try to hide under a golden veil the abyss which has separated us, and on this ground we all know that Washington will not go a step backward.



PRESIDENT OBREGON FOLLOWS THE LIGHT
—*El Mundo* (Mexico City).

"Mexico's problem regarding recognition is clear: adequate guaranties for American rights, and how to harmonize them with our laws. The matter would lead us to an *impasse* if the existing legislation was not differently interpreted or modified. The facts are these: either we maintain our sovereign will and enact whatever laws we prefer, or we obtain recognition by the acceptance of the legal standards internationally used by all nations.

"The task facing the Mexican Administration is difficult, as national susceptibility can again be brought to a high pitch by any demand offensive to our patriotism."

This journal thinks that sovereignty is limited by international respect and reciprocity, but recognizes that "Mexican idiosyncrasy does not see the problem in that light." Yet it avers that a vast majority of the people would welcome a solution that did not seem too much of "an imposition" on their sovereign rights, so it urges that "we must not fear to make any changes in the useless heap of vain words which has built the wall separating us from the rest of the world." *El Democrata* is no less eloquent in its advocacy of a closer understanding with the United States, and it lays emphasis on the great benefits Mexico would derive from a better knowledge of matters in the States through organized travel tours and lectures, for in its belief—

"Mexican excursions to the United States would be still more important than a gathering of commissioners. We have seen only one side of the United States, and in the same way as we gain friends in almost every American tourist or business man which visits us, so our people would benefit by more frequent travel abroad."

Mexican editors cordially welcome the declaration of purpose made by Charles B. Warren, of the American delegates that:

"The Government of the United States nor the people of the United States seek no special advantages in Mexico, no rights which it is not willing to share with others. We have no intention or desire of interfering with the sovereignty of Mexico. We are convinced, however, that certain principles are essential as the basis of economic cooperation between nations."

DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri

ARMAMENT "FOLLY" IN SOUTH AMERICA

THE PRESTIGE OF THE UNITED STATES suffered damage in the recent Pan-American Conference at Santiago de Chile, according to some South American editors, because this country failed to persuade the conferring nations to make real progress in the limitation of naval armaments. On the same count they criticize adversely the governments of various countries on their Continent with equal severity. Brazil is accused of having too ambitious ideas about naval defense and the fact that the United States has lent its Government a Naval Mission lets Brazil in for some sharp rebukes. But Brazil has her own defense, which is presented later in this article. Before the meeting at Santiago, we are reminded, Argentina sought to arrange a tripartite understanding among Argentina, Brazil and Chile; but the project came to naught, it is said, because Brazil took the stand that the topic of naval armament was already on the agenda of the Conference. These South American journals reckon as the only advance made at the Conference, the adoption of the Washington Conference agreement which limits battle-ships to 30,000 tons. There is not much satisfaction to be found in this fact by *La Razon* of Buenos Aires, which remarks:

> "The main reason for South American expectations regarding the recent Santiago parley was the common anxiety to reach an understanding in the race of naval armaments. This rivalry burdens the budgets of nations whose armed forces are mostly engaged in police duty and whose individual rights are not exposed to any real foreign menace.
>
> "Of the three leading South American nations, Brazil was the first to buy a dreadnaught and to plan the organization of a modern Navy. Because of the limited resources of Brazil, however, she was unable to carry out her vast program, altho some strides were made toward the realization of its proposals. Let us mention only the fact that last year two of Brazil's battle-ships were sent to the Brooklyn Navy Yard to be completely refitted and modernized; and that a United States Naval Mission, headed by an American Rear-Admiral, undertook the reorganization of the Brazilian Navy."

The resentment of Argentina against the American Naval Mission is said to have come to light at the Santiago Conference. The Argentinians identified this mission as a menace to future Pan-American relations, according to the Buenos Aires *Ecos del Plata*, which tells us that to the Argentinian man-in-the-street the whole project looked like an imperialist attempt by Brazil to acquire ascendency over its neighbors. This daily asks:

> "Against whom is Brazil arming? Does she need a modern navy just for police work? Hiring naval experts merely to prevent smuggling is rather suspicious in a country whose main cities are on the seaboard where police patrols can keep guard, and whose foreign boundaries extend so far into the interior that there can be no menace to the economic structure of the nation."

Sundry Chilean editors concur in this view and the Chilean delegation at the Santiago Conference put forth a plan to limit navies to their present status or to a maximum total of 60,000 tons. In the Santiago *Mercurio* we read:

> "Brazil has 30,000,000 people, Argentina 8,500,000 and Chile 5,000,000. Brazil's foreign trade amounts to $600,000,000, Argentina's to $1,000,000,000 and Chile's to $300,000,000. Chile's coast line is twice that of Brazil and four times that of Argentina's. The figures quoted are in United States currency. With such diverse interests to protect, a maintenance of the naval *status quo* seems the only solution, as existing navies will become obsolete in the course of a few years, thus eliminating this phase of the problem."

But some newspapers outside Chile seriously doubt her "seeming pacifism" and remind us that the intense nationalist spirit of the Chileans, as well as their successful wars against some of their neighbors and their German military organization have earned them the nickname of "Prussians of South America." It is pointed out by such adverse critics that Chile's aim seems to be supremacy in the air, and they make note of fifty planes which Chile has obtained from England, from whom also she has got certain submarines and destroyers. The *Diario del Comercio* of Ecuador remarks:

> "We watch amusedly the diplomatic struggle in which some South American countries are engaged. Chile, as usual, summoned her age-long friend Colombia to the rescue. Brazil counts on the benevolent sympathy of the United States, and Argentina's proud isolation seems to be a vexing subject to all. Navalism seems to be the issue, and we strongly suspect that Brazil will not come out empty-handed."

Delving further into the use that South American nations will make of their armies and navies the same paper says:

> "In the present state of world affairs, no outside power dreams of conquering a bit of American soil. Boundary disputes are being settled by arbitration, and even the Tacna-Arica case, which for years threatened to disrupt South American peace, is on the way to a final settlement through President Harding's arbitration. Therefore nobody can witness, without the deepest concern, the extravagant expenditures incurred by young democracies, which should be more concerned about developing their natural resources and educating their illiterate masses than engaging in a mad race toward no practical end."

The greatest sinner in the "folly of naval armaments" is Brazil, according to many South American newspapers; but that country intrepidly defends its attitude as being in complete accord with the policy of civilized nations. Fear for Brazilian unity is what excites its protective instinct, say Brazilian editors, and they remind us of the revolutionary movement nipt in the bud by the Government and resulting in the imprisonment of ex-President Marshall Hermes da Fonseca and several high army officers. They tell us also of revolutionary bands operating in the State of Rio Grande do Sul, along the Paraguay border line. The *Journal do Sul* explains Brazil's stand:

> "We are aware of the campaign conducted abroad toward making us abandon the wise policy adopted by the Federal Government. Argentina, principally, objects to the modernization of our Navy, which we consider essential for the maintenance of peace at home and national dignity abroad. The United States mission, which actually directs the reorganization of the fleet and auxiliary services, was solicited by our Government and not imposed by the United States, as some editors think.
>
> "The main reason forcing Brazil to adopt a naval program is the difficulty of land transportation and the duties devolving on the Federal Government to insure the protection and peace of all the States of the Union. A rapid transportation of military forces require an adequate naval protection, and such is the task of our Navy. Our territory is larger than that of the United States, but our railways cover only 18,000 miles, compared to the 263,000 miles of railroad in the United States."

GERMAN DISILLUSION—Once more "pained surprize" is exprest by some German editors over Britain's attitude toward the Ruhr occupation. The occasion is the accession of Premier Baldwin. However, it excites no emotion in some journals, which believe with the Berlin *Boersenzeitung* that "the line of British policy will continue the same—theoretical criticism of France, mild encouragement and weak comfort for Germany, but no active policy in the sense of justice." But Theodor Wolff, editor of the *Berliner Tageblatt*, says:

> "Other strange illusions still persist among us. Among the saddest phenomena of the times is the fact that every American, every proud, free citizen of free American soil, does not look with indignation upon the Ruhr crime—ruthless violation of individual liberty, human rights and international law. We must not conceal from ourselves that, particularly in America, the admiration for the Ruhr population's splendid war for independence has not increased with the number of victims. Every one of the prominent pro-German-Americans at present visiting Germany gives us many reasons for this. Ceaselessly active, very clever, French propaganda has been able to create the opinion in America that Germany's big industrialists, agrarians and financiers refuse to make the necessary reparations sacrifices."

SCIENCE - AND - INVENTION

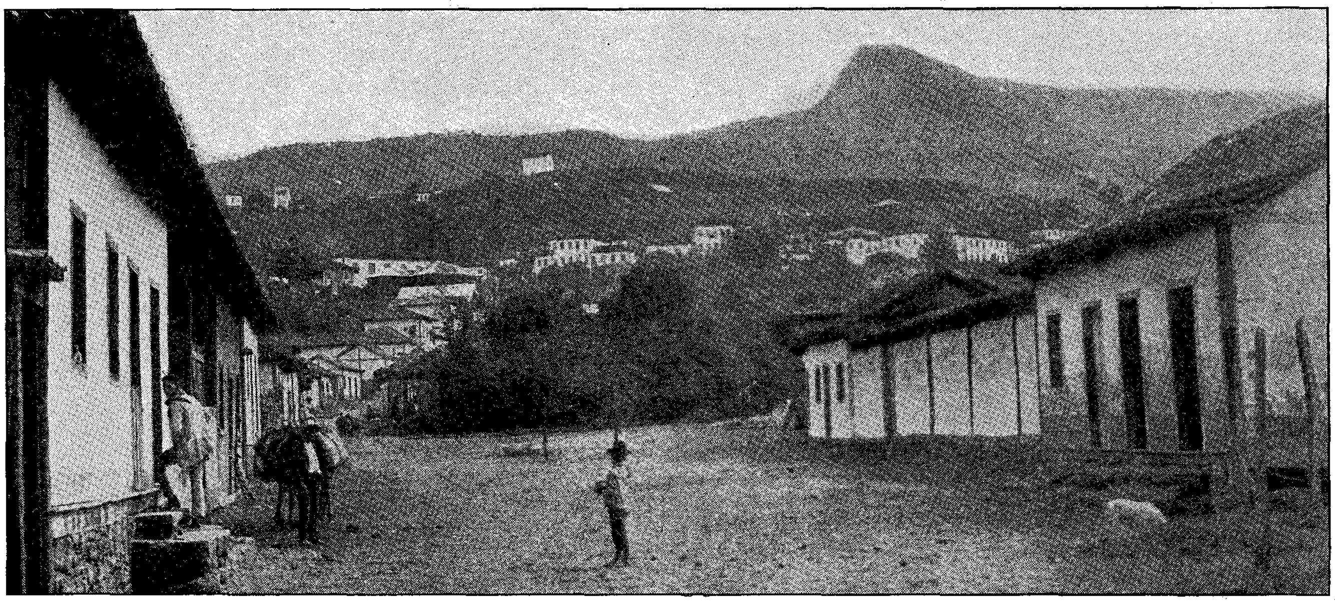


Photo by Rollin T. Chamberlin

ONE OF BRAZIL'S WONDERFUL IRON MOUNTAINS

The peak of Cauê, rising above the town of Itabira de Matto Dentro.

THE GREATEST IRON DEPOSIT IN THE WORLD

THE WORLD'S GREATEST IRON STOREHOUSE is a vast ore-bearing region in the interior of Brazil, says Frank E. Kennedy, in *The Pure Iron Era* (Chicago). Dr. O. C. Farrington, curator of the geological department of the Field Columbian Museum, has recently returned from a trip to this part of the world, and an interview with him forms the basis of Mr. Kennedy's article. The ore-beds are remarkably pure and abundant, but the region is remote and there are no transportation facilities. The valuable ore, where it is touched at all, is smelted in the most primitive way. With all this wealth of metal in her back-country districts, sea-coast Brazil is still importing iron for her uses, writes Mr. Kennedy:

"Scores of miles beyond the farthest railroad outpost, boring into the interior along narrow mountain-trails where the only means of transportation was mule-back, Dr. Farrington penetrated what is without a doubt a region that holds the greatest iron deposits in the world.

"Due to the fact that the country lies far away from the beaten track followed by the tourist, or even the adventurer, and has only been traversed at rare intervals even by scientists and the concession-seeker, the exact extent and magnitude of this vast iron country has not been determined.

"Enough is known, however, from the one or two cursory investigations that have been made, to prove conclusively that the great iron deposits of Europe, the Saar Basin, Alsace Lorraine, the Ruhr Valley and the Ural Mountain district, and even the vast iron centers of the United States, will appear small when compared with the enormous resources of Brazil.

"Prof. J. W. Gregory is quoted as saying that if iron-ore consumption continues at the pre-war rate, plus an annual increase of 5 per cent, the supply will be exhausted in 130 years. Possibly this English authority referred only to the iron-ore deposits of the globe which are now being worked, when making his calculations. At any rate, the recent report of Dr. Farrington shows that there are several thousand square miles of iron-ore deposits in Brazil.

"This colossal wealth of the world's most needed metal is far from the limits of transportation at the present time. But necessity will eventually force the iron and steel-hungry world to build railroads and tap this hitherto little-known country and extract its marvelous store of iron.

"That time may not be far distant, for not only are the deposits greater in extent than anything that has yet been discovered in the world, but they are of unprecedented richness. Mountains, ranges of hills, and rolling prairie-like country contain iron ore of such purity and so close to the surface that for hundreds of years the sinking of extensive shafts will be unnecessary. In many places the iron crops out on the surface to such an extent that many of the mountains and native villages have been named after it.

"One of the native towns which Dr. Farrington visited is called Itabira, which, translated, means 'Shining Rock.' Not far distant is a huge mountain of iron ore.

"Samples which Dr. Farrington brought back—pieces which were picked up on the surface of the ground or chipped off the sides of mountains—show an ore that is probably one of the purest that has been smelted for commercial purposes anywhere in the world.

"'Itabirite' is the native name. The 'Shining Rock' gleams with a silver sheen and is so heavy that a man can hardly lift a piece as large as a typewriter.

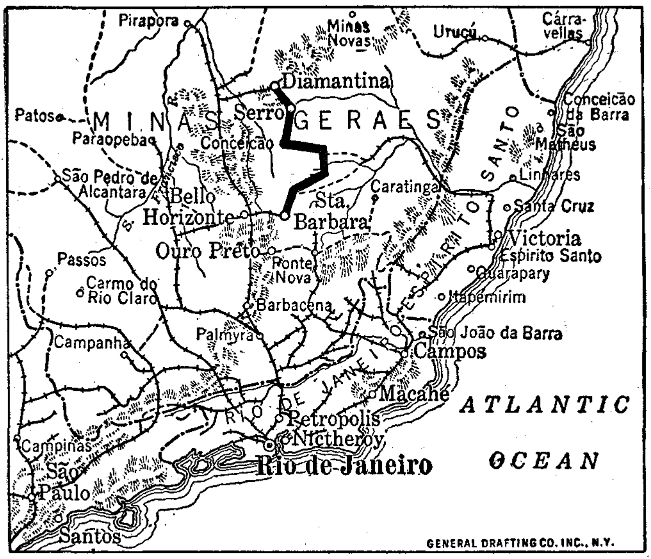
"The ore is so pure that the natives smelt it and fashion it into utensils and farming implements by the crudest process known to modern man.

"'It was rather a striking contrast,' said Dr. Farrington; 'there in the heart of the greatest and purest iron deposits in the world the natives were using the crudest form of furnace for the extraction of the metal. A modification of the ancient Catalian Forge was employed. Part of it was even simpler than the furnace used in Spain and Portugal hundreds of years ago.'

"Starting by train from Rio de Janeiro last July, which is midwinter in Brazil, Dr. Farrington rode north and east to the end of railroad transportation—a little town called Santa Barbara. Here an outfit was gathered together, suitable for traversing the sparsely inhabited region. Striking due north across a country similar to eastern Colorado or western Kansas, the expedition slowly made its way into the heart of the iron country. The region is treeless to a great extent. Low bushes and thin grass a few inches high is the characteristic vegetation.

"At a little native village named Conceicao, ten days' travel by mule from the nearest railroad point, Dr. Farrington found the natives smelting the rich iron ore in what is without doubt the most primitive form of blast furnace in use anywhere in the world. The ore is carried in from the bare hillside not far distant. There is no mine in any sense of the word, the iron ore cropping out on the surface of the earth."

Very little work was going on at the time of Dr. Farrington's visit, but he learned that at times this primitive blast furnace employed about twenty men. The natives, however, are not over-industrious, being content with the simplest implements and mode of living. In these remote districts the standard of civilization is very low. Brazil had slavery until 1888, and the negroes, which were brought over from Africa by the thousands, have intermarried with the natives, said the explorer:



GENERAL DRAFTING CO. INC., N.Y.

BRAZIL'S IRON ORE REGION

Shown by the heavy line indicating Dr. Farrington's 45-day trip.

"During the forty-five days we were traversing the country on mule-back we rarely saw an Englishman or an American. We learned that about three years previous to our being at Conceicao, an American had appeared in the district and had been killed by the natives. This American had been in search of deposits of gold-bearing iron ore, called Jacutinga, which is sometimes found in that region.

"We, however, were not threatened nor molested in any way. The only apparent danger is that of disease produced by the insects or the horrible unsanitary conditions under which the natives live."

Many other mineral deposits and mines were inspected by Dr. Farrington, one of the most striking being an outcrop of zirconium ore.

"Zirconium is a very rare metal and the ore has high refractory qualities. One photograph shows Dr. Farrington standing by a single boulder of zirconium ore, which he estimated to be worth $15,000.

" 'The solution of the economic development of this great iron area,' concluded Dr. Farrington, 'may lie in the perfection of the electric furnace. Brazil has wonderful possibilities for the development of water-power which could be used in generating electricity. The rivers of Brazil are as numerous as they are beautiful. When the electric furnace becomes a success, Brazil may easily become the greatest iron-producing country in the world.'

"As the situation stands to-day Brazil is importing large quantities of iron and sheet from other countries for industrial use along the sea-coast and in the more thickly populated areas—importing commercially pure iron, manufactured thousands of miles away by the most modern processes—while in her back yard, one might say, is the greatest store of high-quality iron ore in the world and a single primitive furnace similar to the type used in Europe 200 years ago."

FIGHTING MOSQUITOES WITH MINNOWS

THE USE OF FISH to destroy the larvæ of the mosquito in waters where they breed, has been often advised, and employed to some extent. A minnow especially adapted to this use, being vigorous, prolific and very hungry for mosquitoes, is now bred on a large scale in California, and it is hoped that its use may relieve mosquito-ridden communities where for any reason crude oil or other means of fighting the pest are not available. Louva G. Lenert, sanitary engineer in charge of mosquito-control for the board of health of that State, has an article on the use of this minnow in its *Weekly Bulletin* (Sacramento). Mr. Lenert writes as follows:

" 'Gambusia affinis' is the name given to a small, surface-feeding top-minnow whose native home is in the southeastern part of the United States, ranging from New Jersey southward along the Atlantic seaboard and westward along the entire Gulf coast and as far as Del Rio, Texas, near the Mexican border. It is also found as far north as Tennessee and Missouri. In the South it is frequently spoken of as the 'Pot-belly.'

"It is well that its name was decided upon before its economic value was learned, otherwise we might have been confronted with a name a yard long, in which an attempt would be made to describe its true worth. There is no way in which this could be estimated, but in a small way it can be said to be worth many millions to the Southern States.

"It feeds largely upon insects, and wherever it inhabits water in which mosquitoes breed, its principal food consists of mosquito larvæ. For the destruction of mosquito larvæ it has been found superior to any other species. Because of its small size it is able to penetrate to very shallow depths, where it is free from the attack of predacious fishes. Great numbers are often found in water less than an inch in depth. In fact, conditions which are ideal for mosquito propagation are usually also suited to 'Gambusia affinis.' It seeks its food at the surface, along the edges of ponds, in the marsh grass and swamps, where it is also protected from large fishes. It is not often found in the open waters where game fish are present.

"This fish is vigorous and very hardy. It requires no special environment for spawning, the young being in an advanced state of development at birth. It is very prolific, producing as many as six to eight broods in a season and averages forty young to a brood. Three generations may be represented in a single season. At birth these minnows are approximately one-half inch in total length, and they have been observed to begin their life of larvæ destruction when not more than one day old.

"Because of its extreme prolification, easy propagation, ability to adapt itself to different conditions and to reach areas not penetrated by other species, exceptional devouring capacity, general habits and living in identical areas with mosquito larvæ, 'Gambusia affinis' is the most valuable natural agent known for the abatement of mosquito-breeding.

"As a control measure these minnows may be introduced in stockponds, cisterns, shallow wells, water-troughs, surface reservoirs, irrigation canals, and similar places where oiling or draining prove impracticable. They are especially useful in the suppression of mosquito-breeding in slowly moving streams, sloughs and pot-holes in drainage channels.

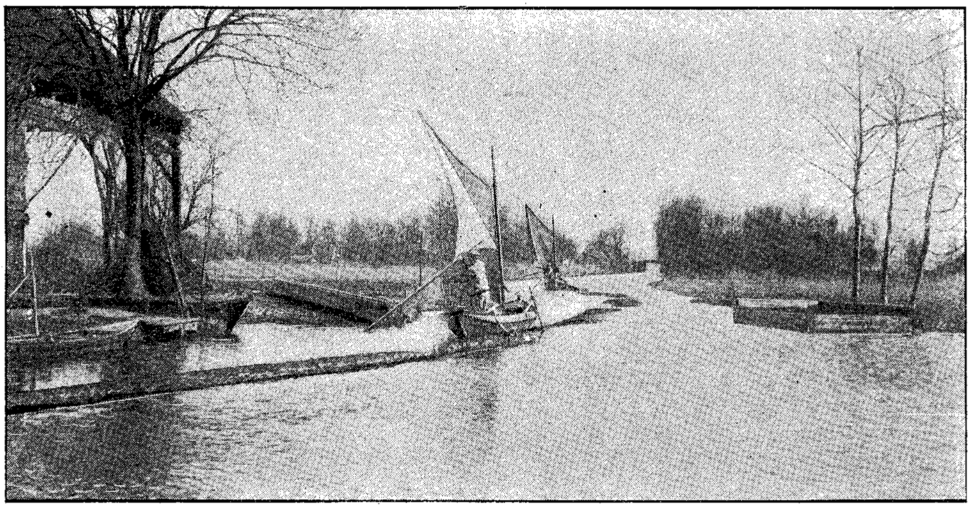
"The question is often asked why, with such a valuable ally, mosquitoes continue to exist in the Southern States. Perfect mosquito-control can be secured in any body of water by planting 'Gambusia affinis' therein, provided the area is first properly conditioned.

"Nature's protection of mosquito production consists of algæ, drift, débris and aquatic or other dense vegetation. Clean edges and surface free of débris and floating vegetation are of prime importance. Erect vegetation, such as cattails, when not too dense, will not prevent the penetration and control of mosquito-breeding by these minnows. Sufficiently clear, shallow edges are necessary as a protection from game fish when present.

"Local 'hatcheries' are desirable in every locality where the use of 'Gambusia affinis' is anticipated. These should be, preferably, rather small ponds containing some plant growth, free from the natural enemies (game-fish, water-snakes, water-fowls, bait-collectors, etc.) of the minnows, and situated where they will be easily accessible by automobile or wagon. Only under very exceptional circumstances will it be found necessary to feed them.

"In order that every weapon known might be put to use in the control of mosquitoes in California, the State Board of Health in April, 1922, secured a shipment of 'Gambusia affinis' from Texas and established a hatchery in what is known as the lily pond at Sutter's Fort, Sacramento. Since that date local hatcheries have been established in Redding, Anderson, Los Molinos, Oroville, Meridian, Bakersfield and Los Angeles. The stock on hand for this purpose now is almost unlimited. Many communities will avail themselves of this opportunity of securing a start for their local 'hatchery.'

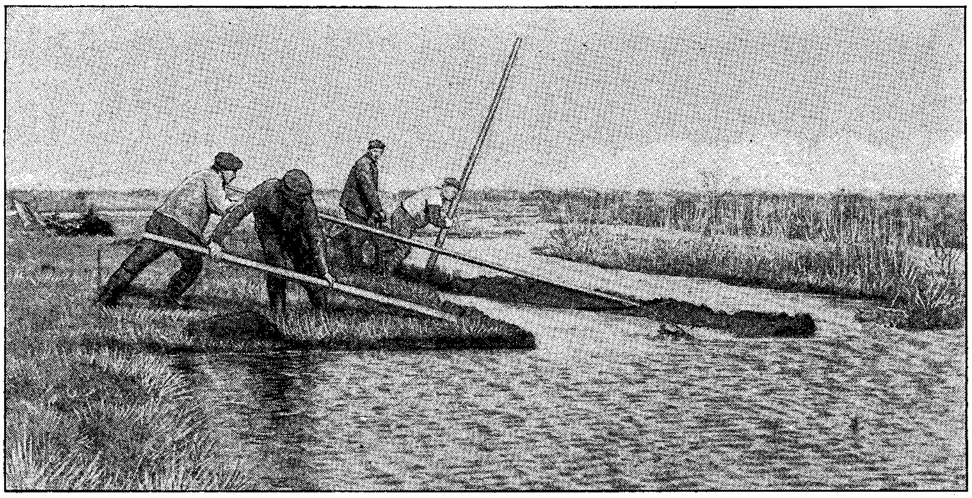
'Nature's balance must be remembered at all times, however, and the fact kept in mind that these finny friends can only be counted on for perfect results when proper conditions are met with. They can not accomplish miracles and will never entirely replace the ditching, cleaning, brushing and oiling work necessary in every well-organized mosquito-control program."



LAND ARRIVING BY WATER

A FLOATING DUTCH VILLAGE—Floating land is available for home sites in Holland, we are told by *Popular Mechanics* (Chicago). Of all the countries of Europe, says this magazine, the Netherlands affords, perhaps, the best example of how the topography of a country affects the habits of its people and influences their lives. The writer goes on:

"A considerable portion of the low country lies below the level of the sea, and it was to resist its cruel invasions that the gigantic levees, or dikes, were built. Nevertheless, some of the flooded regions, periodically inundated by the sea, have been water-logged for centuries, and one of these is the province of Overyssel. Away up in northern Holland it lies, skirted by the mighty Zuider Zee, and perhaps its quaintest spot is the floating village of Giethoorn. Taking advantage of the condition of the soil, these hardy Dutchmen have learned how to cut away sections of turf, and then float them to the spot where they are wanted. Considerable skill, of course, is necessary to escape a ducking, because the footing is uncertain and slippery, and the marshland deceptive and treacherous. Poles about twelve feet in length are employed to shove off the floating home sites, which are cut away beyond the village limits and then guided to town. Some eight or ten men follow this work exclusively, and, naturally, are very adept in the handling of their poles and the islands in their charge. All of Giethoorn has been built up in this manner, until now it boasts a population upward of 2,000, living on the fertile strips which bank its canals."



Illustrations by courtesy of "Popular Mechanics" (Chicago)

HOW THE DUTCH FLOAT A REAL ESTATE ENTERPRISE

1923—LOCUST YEAR

THIS IS A 17-YEAR-LOCUST YEAR. In fifteen States east of the Mississippi these remarkable insects, more properly known as the periodical cicadas, will emerge from the underground homes which they have inhabited for 17 years, and the males will fill the woods with their shrill love songs. The females are dumb. The first cicadas may be expected to appear above ground at any time now. Says Science Service's *Daily Science News Bulletin* (Washington):

"The States in which they will be heard and seen this year are Georgia, Illinois, Indiana, Kentucky, Maryland, Massachusetts, New Jersey, New York, North Carolina, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Tennessee, Virginia, West Virginia, and the District of Columbia. Not all parts of the States mentioned will be affected, the distribution of the cicadas being decidedly local.

"Periodical cicadas appear somewhere within the range of their general distribution nearly every year. This is in agreement, however, with their periodical character, as it has been found that they all belong to swarms which reappear every 13 or 17 years. More than one swarm may inhabit a given locality, causing an apparent return of the insects at less regular intervals. This year's swarm is of the true 17-year variety.

"It is probably the second largest of all the swarms, and one of the most widely distributed. It has also historic interest in that it is the identical swarm which was first observed by Europeans in America. Colonies of the insects around Massachusetts Bay attracted the attention of the early white settlers in 1634, and mention of their appearance is to be found in books published some time later. Their direct descendants in the 17th generation will be heard near Plymouth and at Barnstable within a few days.

"Periodical cicadas are growing less numerous in many localities owing to the cutting down of the forests. The eggs are laid in the tender twigs of trees, and if no trees are available the propagation is largely prevented. Birds are enemies of the insects, especially the English sparrow.

"The insects cause no permanent damage to mature trees, but may seriously injure young trees or nursery stock. No remedy is practicable against them in large numbers over large areas, but orchards and shrubs may be partly protected by thorough hand-picking, dusting with pyrethrum powder when the insects have just emerged from the shells in which they emerged from the ground, or spraying with kerosene emulsion at about the same time."

THE MILKY WAY AS AN ICE-HOUSE

ONE OF THE MOST STRIKING PHENOMENA in nature, in more ways than one, is the sudden bombardment of the earth in the midst of a summer storm by bullets of ice in the form of hail. These pellets are sometimes as small as bird-shot, but occasionally as big as hen's eggs or apples, and there are even tales of sky-born lumps of ice weighing many pounds. Because of the destructiveness to growing crops, and even to live stock and fruit-trees, scientists have devoted much study to hailstones, their nature, their origin, and possible means of prevention. Quite recently, however, a brand-new theory has been evolved in Germany connecting the phenomenon with cosmic conditions. This startling proposition, which has been elaborated in a work called "Hail from the Cosmos," by Professor Halbfass of Jena, is the subject of a striking article by Hanns Fischer in a late number of *Reclams Universum*, from which we quote as follows:

> "The science of meteorology to-day explains hail as a phenomenon having its origin in the higher, colder strata of the air, and assumes that the larger lumps consist of smaller particles frozen into a single mass. . . . But observation proves that it is the largest pieces which are partially crystal clear and transparent, which militates against this theory. Furthermore, a series of characteristics peculiar to hail-storms likewise throw doubt upon the hypotheses hitherto held. To begin with, there is the extraordinary rapidity with which such a storm tears across the land—sometimes as fast as 50 miles per hour. Secondly, the ice-covered area has an almost regular outline upon the map in the form of a narrow strip almost as straight-edged as if drawn by a ruler. . . . When we consider these things it almost looks as if there were at work here forces from outside our planet—cosmic forces. This view is strengthened when we consider another oft-noted fact, namely, that it frequently happens that this same narrow area is revisited by hail within the space of a few hours."

Apropos of this the author recalls that on the 13th of July in 1788, a hail-storm arose in the south of France and made a straight flight across Belgium to Holland, extending over 600 miles with a breadth of only 30 miles. It is hard to suppose that an ordinary cloud could be responsible for such a phenomenon, says Mr. Fischer, who declares that such things can no longer be acceptably explained as due to purely terrestrial conditions of temperature. He goes on to quote the new theory elaborated by the well-known technical engineer, Hanns Hoerbiger, an authority upon glacial cosmogony:

> "Hoerbiger did not set out to solve the riddle of hail formation as his objective—rather the solution forced itself upon him in consequence of his studies of cosmic ice. Starting with the fact that the surface of our moon is a shoreless ocean of ice, he evolved an amazing but flawless new concept of the world in which thought after thought interlocks to form a solution of some of the hitherto obscurest problems in science.
>
> "We must go far back—some ten billion years—in order to gain a definite view-point of the matter. It was in the constellation of the Dove, far, far outside the Milky Way as visible to-day, that our sun and planets were formed through a tremendous explosion of a mother-star. Through causes which we can not go into here, a double ring was formed about this new world-island; a wreath of still luminous stars moving remotely among the fixt stars (the outer Milky Way) which are visible only with the telescope, together with a spiral cloud much nearer to the sun composed of pieces of ice as big as wagons, houses, or mountains, and consisting of separate pieces or else of several pieces frozen together, and forming altogether that wonderful, softly luminous streak of light which stretches across the sky on clear nights and which we know as the Milky Way, and one of whose constituents, oxygen, came from the mother-star.
>
> "This inner Milky Way consists of ice. From the front side of this, the side turned toward the Lyre, pieces of ice of the most different sizes come into the sphere of attraction of the sun, and are likewise captured at almost definitely determinable times by all the other planets as well as the earth. When such an ice meteor nears our home star, it sweeps royally about the earth at cosmic speed until it strikes the condensed or hydrogen layer of the atmospheric envelop. But here the furious speed of this ghostly guest from remote cosmic space is suddenly checked as if it were received upon a cushion. Violent friction phenomena occur and stratum after stratum of the block of ice is explosively torn off and crumbled to bits. At the same time the outer surface of the whole is considerably enlarged. The aforesaid 'cushion' increases in breadth and at the same time a wave of air, an impulsive storm wind, such as accompanies nearly all hail-storms, rushes forth.
>
> "Lower and lower sinks the ice meteor, which has, perhaps, by this time been reduced to the size of hazel-nuts; at the same time it suffers a loss of rapidity, which, however, usually remains greater than that of ordinary terrestrial clouds. As a result of the friction which has taken place, even in the upper strata, tremendous electrical tensions have been formed which are discharged in the well-known manner.
>
> "All these things explain why a hail-storm usually lays waste only a narrow strip of land. This helps us to understand, likewise, the origin of those larger blocks of ice, which are sometimes hurled downward to the earth—ice-blocks so cold even when splintered into fragments that on chancing to crash through the branches of a tree they become coated with a mantle of frozen leaves, as was the case with one which fell near Leipzig."

It is, of course, by no means necessary to suppose that hail-storms always have their origin in the breaking up of huge blocks. Professor Hoerbiger calculates that a mass of ice having a diameter of 100 yards is sufficient to produce a hail-storm covering an area six miles long by one mile wide; this represents 274,200 cubic yards of hailstones and 249,400 cubic yards of rain-water. This novel theory that our hail-storms reach us directly from the ice of the Milky Way, inevitably leads, says Fischer, finally, to the conclusion that here we have the inexhaustible supply of water without which all life upon the earth would long ago have perished from thirst. In other words, the earth would be a desert without these cosmic supplies of ice and water, but with them to supply moisture, on the one hand, and with the heat of the earth to make life possible, on the other hand, our earth remains the only green oasis among the sisterhood of the planets.

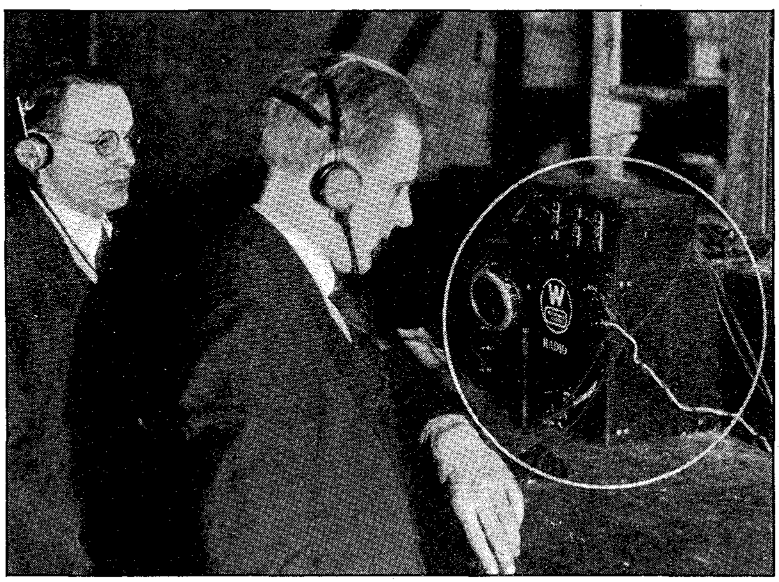
SOOT AND OXYGEN; A NEW EXPLOSIVE—the latest thing in blasting-explosives is a cartridge of lampblack soaked in liquid oxygen. Recent tests conducted by a representative of a German firm of manufacturers of liquid oxygen apparatus under an arrangement with the U. S. Bureau of Mines, at Martinsburg, West Virginia, are said to have been successful. As we read in Science Service's *Daily Science News Bulletin* (Washington):

> "The liquid oxygen explosive has a number of advantages over the old sorts. It can be made on the spot, and the cartridge is perfectly safe until after the liquid oxygen has been poured into the hole into which it has been placed. The hole is then tamped and the cartridge exploded. No poisonous gases are set free by the explosion. If the cartridge fails to explode it is not a continuing source of danger, but after about twenty minutes the oxygen evaporates from it and it again becomes harmless.
>
> "The explosive property is due to the property of finely divided carbon of absorbing large amounts of oxygen when soaked with it in the liquid state. The cartridge explodes owing to an instantaneous combustion of the carbon in intimate contact with pure oxygen. Each cartridge contains about two ounces of lampblack which absorbs about seven ounces of the liquid oxygen. Owing to the expiration of earlier patents for the manufacture of liquid air, liquid oxygen can now be produced cheaply on a large scale. It is made from liquid air by permitting the nitrogen, which evaporates at a lower temperature, to boil away, leaving practically pure liquid oxygen. The chief expense of its commercial production is said by manufacturers to be the cost of the steel pressure-cylinders, tested up to 3,000 pounds, which are necessary for long-distance transportation; but this is overcome when used for blasting by making it at the mine. The Germans are said to have made much use of liquid oxygen for blasting purposes during the war. It was unsuitable for a military explosive and was used therefore wherever possible in place of the expensive nitrogen-containing explosives which were essential at the front."

BROADCASTING WAGNER

HOW RADIO FANS were made into Wagner enthusiasts, and incidentally how a frost in the Manhattan Opera House was turned into a box-office riot, with 'standing-room-only" notices, is recorded by Dr. Willam H. Easton in *Popular Radio* (New York). The opening performances of the "Wagnerian Opera Festival," held at this Opera House this spring, were poorly attended. Every Wagnerian devotee who could raise the price was there, but the empty seats testified that the general public simply was not interested. The management was worried; financial disaster stared them in the face. Then a sudden and remarkable change occurred. Writes Dr. Easton:

"On Monday morning of the second week, there was a riot around the box-office. Thousands of people crowded in to buy seats. The management, entirely unprepared for such a state of affairs, had to summon the police to keep order. From then on, 'standing-room-only' signs were hung out for each performance. The season which was originally planned to cover only three weeks was extended to seven weeks. A large proportion of the audiences consisted of those who were not familiar with Wagner, as was shown by their questions at the box-office; while mail orders for seats poured in from points at long distances from New York.



Courtesy of "Popular Radio" (New York)

THE "OFF-STAGE" MEMBER OF THE CAST

In the wings—just out of sight of the audience—the announcer and listener carefully regulate the volume of the production as picked up by the microphones. In the circle is shown the pick-up speech amplifier box with the microphone switch box on top of it.

"What caused the change?

"Simply this. On Saturday night of the first week, broadcasting station WJZ of Newark broadcast the performance by means of telegraph wire between the auditorium and the station, and continued to do so once a week thereafter as long as the season lasted. No better proof of the cultural value of broadcasting is possible. People not only enjoyed this superlatively good music as they heard it by radio, but they spent their money to hear more of it.

"Those of the radio audience who could attend the operas in person did so; those who could not, wrote to WJZ. Tho the daily mail of this station is always large, it doubled and trebled during the opera season. The most interesting of the letters came from the Wagnerites who lived in remote places and had picked up the operas unexpectedly. Such an event to these people was a far more joyful surprize than the plowing up of a pot of gold would be.

"'As I was idly playing with my receiver last night,' wrote a Canadian, 'I tuned in a very fine soprano voice singing "Elsa's Dream," from "Lohengrin." "Good!" I thought. "I wish they would give us more of that kind of music." Suddenly something happened that made me jump to my feet. I heard trumpets in the accompaniment! Was it possible that I was listening in to an actual performance of the opera? I held my breath in expectation until the chorus that follows the solo confirmed my hopes. I called my wife. She listened for a moment and then phoned excitedly to two musical friends. For the rest of the evening we four sat drinking in the superb music we had all heard so often years ago but hardly expected ever to hear again. Yet it came to us in these Canadian wilds, every note and every word of it. And the announcer tells us we are to hear more! How Wagner lovers all over the country must be thanking you!'

"But many who had never heard Wagner before were hardly less enthusiastic. 'I am an opera goer,' wrote one, 'but I have always intentionally dodged Wagner. Too highbrow for me! But from now on, it's Wagner for me!'

"The average listener will, however, undoubtedly be at loss to understand this feeling. Wagner is more or less of an acquired taste, and his music-dramas rarely appeal to those who do not understand the dramatic action or the meaning of the music. But radio provides an ideal method of learning just these things. The next time a Wagnerian opera is broadcast, read in advance a Wagnerian handbook (which may be obtained from any public library or music house). This will give you the story of the opera you are to hear, and explain the themes which run through the music. These themes, each of which has a meaning, are for the most part simple melodies which can be played on the piano with one finger, but they are used by the composer to produce the most marvelous effects. Provide yourself also with a libretto of the opera (which can be obtained from music houses for twenty-five cents) or better yet, a piano score, which can be found in almost every public library. Thus equipped, you will be able to follow both the action and the music.

"Technically, the broadcasting of the operas proved to be difficult. A perfect balance must be kept at all times between the orchestra and the voices, as they are equally important. But the powerful *fortissimos* of the full orchestra tended to drown out the singers; while the immense lung-power possest by all Wagnerian singers tended equally to drown out the beautiful *pianissimo* passages of the orchestra accompaniment.

"To add to this complication, the acoustics of almost all theaters are unsuitable for broadcasting; and unless special preventive measures are taken, there is invariably a blurring of the sounds due to echoes.

Circumstances over which the broadcasting station had no control prevented preliminary experimentation, and its engineers had to trust to their best judgment in placing the microphones. In consequence, the broadcasting of the first operas was not all that could be desired, but the imperfections were carefully studied and steps were taken to eliminate them. By the time the fourth opera was sent out, however, everything was working smoothly, and in the judgment of competent critics the performances thereafter were remarkable achievements."

AIRCRAFT ON MERCHANT SHIPS—The practicability of building mail-steamers with facilities for the accommodation of aircraft as well as for passengers and cargo is discust by Sir Eustace T. d'Eyncourt and J. H. Narbeth, in a paper read at the recent meeting of the Institution of Naval Architects, says *The Nautical Gazette*, in an abstract:

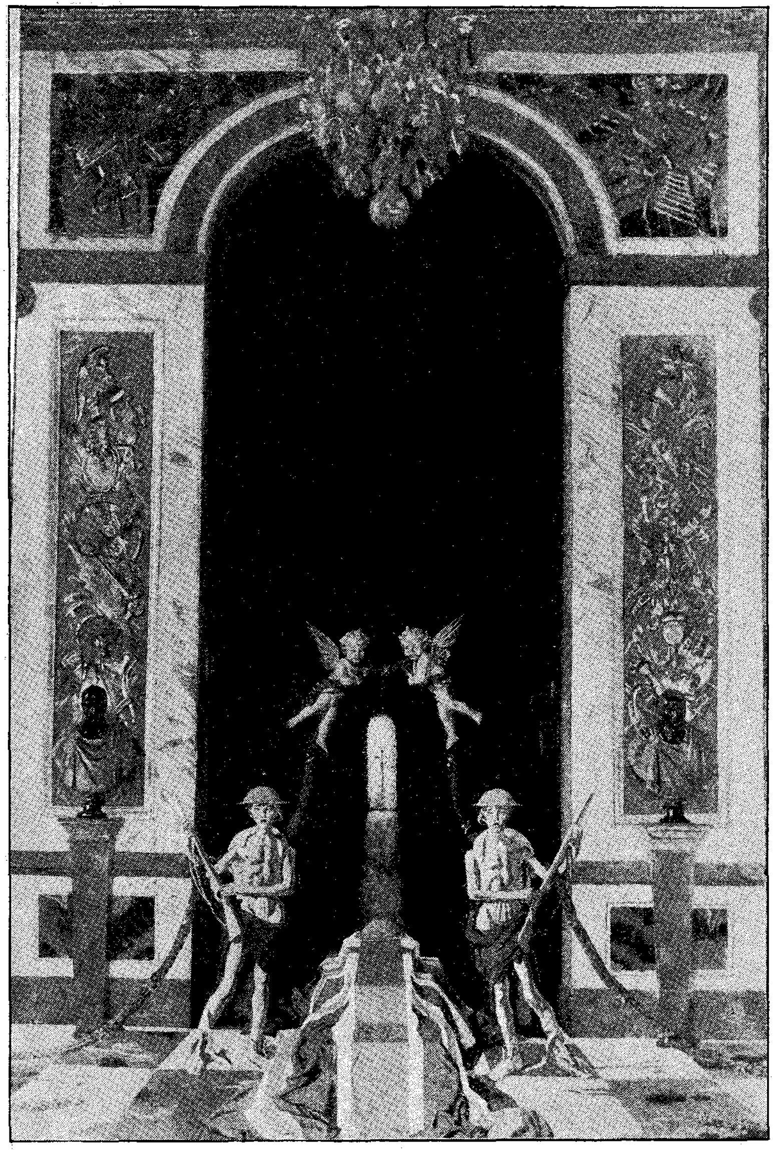
"The authors state that the idea of the airplane serving as handmaid of the merchant ship is already in vogue to a limited extent. In case of need, passengers now occasionally leave London or Paris by airplane some time after the hour when the mail-trains leave. The airplanes get to an aerodrome at the port in time to enable the passenger to alight and then embark on the liner with which the mail-train connects, thus giving a very notable advantage in time saved to the traveler. The advantage will obviously be increased if the airplane, instead of alighting at an aerodrome, and requiring the passenger then to proceed by some other conveyance to the ship, possibly by motor-car and also by ferry steamer, could also fly right on to the ship herself while she is proceeding on her voyage at sea. Should this be practicable, flying on and off ships at sea opens up a great vista of future developments for combined air and steamer services."

LETTERS AND ART

LITERATURE DRAMA MUSIC FINE-ARTS EDUCATION CULTURE

PAINTING THE IRONY OF WAR

BRITAIN IS SHOCKED at Orpen's picture of the Hall of Peace, or so much of Britain as goes to picture shows. It is called "flippant" and an "insult to the British soldiers in France." The irony of all this lies in the fact that the painter, who was with the British soldier when he was suffering and dying in the trenches, thought he was honoring him in the last of the three pictures he was commissioned to paint for the nation. The three pictures were designed for the Imperial War Museum, and of course the museum authorities have declined to accept this one which now hangs in the Royal Academy exhibition and attracts crowds of wondering observers. It was intended to depict the pomp and circumstances of the Peace Commission, but Orpen has become so disgusted with the failure of peace that he rubbed out all the big-wigs whom he had painted into his picture and put in their places the casket of the Unknown Soldier, flanked by two unclothed British Tommies wearing trench helmets and standing relaxed against a background of the Hall of Mirrors.



Copyright reserved by Artist and Walter Judd, Ltd.

INSTEAD OF THE STATESMEN AND GENERALS

Two British Tommies guarding the coffin of the Unknown Soldier have the place of honor in the Hall of Mirrors. Orpen, in painting this, has stirred up England.

Says a dispatch to the New York *Herald:* "It fails to suggest any homage to the Allied statesmen who are credited with having won the war, tho it is embellished by two cherubs who guard the anonymous coffin." The story from the painter's point of view is given in an interview granted to a "Student of Politics," and appearing in the London *Daily Chronicle.* The interviewer says Mr. Orpen was "scornful and a little angry" when he vented these words:

> "I agreed to paint three Peace Conference pictures for the Imperial War Museum. Two of them—the one of the Conference at the Quai d'Orsay, the other of the signing of the Treaty at Versailles—are already in the museum. The third was to represent a room in the Palace of Versailles called the 'Hall of Peace,' the room through which you enter the long 'Galerie des Glaces,' where the Treaty was signed. It was arranged that I was to group there the politicians and generals and admirals who had won the war. I made studies of them; I painted the room, and then I grouped the whole thirty-nine or whatever number was in the room. It took me nine months' incessant painting; hard work. And then, you know, I couldn't go on.
>
> "It all seemed so unimportant, somehow, beside the reality as I had seen it and felt it when I was working with the armies. In spite of all these eminent men, I kept thinking of the soldiers who remain in France forever. Whether the Hall of Peace deserves its title or not, it must deserve it in future only so far as they gave it.
>
> "So I rubbed all the statesmen and commanders out, and painted the picture as you see it—the Unknown British Soldier in France, guarded by two dead comrades.
>
> "The long dark room behind them is the Hall where the Treaty was signed. The cherubs? Well, I should not call them cherubs, nor did I feel that they conflicted with the mood of the picture as a whole. But, whether I was right or wrong in that, you must believe that I painted it in all seriousness and in all humility. I have satirized nobody, nor did I intend to set any problem. All the meaning is in the title of the picture itself. 'To the Unknown British Soldier in France.'"

Sir William denies that there is anything derogatory to the fighting man in his picture. He claims his right to express his ideas as an artist:

> "But why not leave every man to his job? The Fighting Man to the making of Peace. The Picture Man to his picture.
>
> "In paint I have tried to put down—what they say I succeeded in writing—the poignancy of the soldier who suffered."

His interviewer declares that "it was precisely the idealization of war and of its emotions that made war possible in the past," and adds:

> "But there is nothing that is so loathsome to those who lived

in the realities of war as this tendency to idealize it for our own comfort of mind.

"Sir William Orpen has lasht it bitterly. He puts two soldiers by the side of the sacred symbol of the unknown dead. 'These be your fine sentiments,' shrieks the picture; 'and here is the reality, green and festering. Lest you forget and demand more food for your cruel emotions.' Sir William Orpen's is a violent expression, but it is sincere and loyal to the dead.

"But there is more in the picture than that. He seems to satirize the politicians who made the peace, and he contrasts the gray light of the Cross with the splendor of Versailles.

"Sir William Orpen's picture is of great value as a violent reminder of the contrast between the present and the ideal. We ought, by this time, to be talking a new idiom of foreign politics, but I can distinguish little difference between the way they are discust now and before the war."

Mr. Frank Rutter, writing the big notice of the Royal Academy for the *Sunday Times* (London), observes that "there is not much doubt as to what will be the picture of the year."

"Sir William Orpen's 'To the Unknown British Soldier in France' is a painting which will inevitably provoke discussion and controversy, but it is certain to draw a bigger crowd and be more talked about than any other picture in the exhibition.

"Never before has Orpen showed such high and serious imaginative powers as in this painting. We are accustomed to think of him as the brilliant portrayer of the actual and seen; hitherto, when he has made an occasional excursion into the realm of the imagination, it has been in a playful, half-satiric spirit—as in 'Sowing the Seed'—and we have looked upon it as the bubbling over of an Irishman's humor concerning little things which have amused him.

"But there is nothing playful in this grim vision. There is no satire in it, tho it may very possibly be the result of a deep-seated indignation impatiently restrained.

"What is the meaning of this strange apparition, this coffin draped with the Union Jack in the great hall of Versailles, with two ghostly supporters, mere babies of soldiers, ragged, tattered, and worn, one on each side, with two cherubs aloft, and behind, through the archway, an avenue of light leading to the Crucifix?

"There are commentators, no doubt, who will tell me that this is none of my business, that I should confine myself to pointing out the excellences of the painting, the brilliant rendering of the details of the apartment, the drawing of the figures, the wonderful sense of light and air in that long vista of illumination: but I will candidly confess that, fascinated as I am by the execution, I am still more fascinated by the conception. Who needs to be told nowadays about the keenness of Orpen's eye, or about the skill and sureness of his hand? We know all about these, but we do not know what is in Orpen's *mind.* This wonderful painting should help us to find out what Orpen really thinks about the war. It is a *cri de cœur,* beautiful yet painful in its poignancy. The artist seems to cry aloud, 'To what purpose, oh statesmen of the world, have you sacrificed these children?' The picture may be enigmatic, but it is a challenge; it is the despairing question of a generous heart. . . .

"It is tragic, of course—what else could it be?—but among the trivialities of modern painting we have room and to spare for a tragedy so nobly exprest."

THE OFFENDING ARTIST

Sir William Orpen, who saw life in the trenches, and couldn't paint the eminent men into his picture for thinking of the soldiers who lost their lives and are now lying out in France.

WRANGLING OVER THE PULITZER AWARDS

WE ARE ALL CRITICIS of the theater and of fiction, so any committee appointed to award a prize for excellence in these fields is pretty sure to arouse dissent. One observes that the committee on the drama award in this year's group of Pulitzer prizes found it wise to leave town after bestowing their laurel in order to escape the missiles likely to descend upon their head. When it comes to poetry, biography and history, the man-in-the-street knows he is committed to an alien field and lets it pass, but he has opinions on the drama and is pleased when he turns to his newspaper and sees that his favorite reviewer is tearing his hair also over the fact that Owen Davis's play called "Icebound" gets a prize, and has some disgruntlement on the side because Willa Cather's novel "One of Ours" is also rewarded. He begins to examine the terms upon which the judgments in the award are supposed to rest, and he marvels more than ever. He does not pause to recall that each year the same mystery hangs over the award of the Nobel prizes. But first let us rehearse the awards for 1922 as they are briefly put in *The Publishers' Weekly:*

"Willa Cather received for 'One of Ours' the $1,000 prize for the American novel which 'best presents the wholesome atmosphere of American life and the highest standard of American manners and manhood.'

"'The Life and Letters of Walter H. Page' was considered the best American biography 'teaching patriotic and unselfish service to the people.' Works on Washington and Lincoln are excluded from consideration as being too obvious. Burton J. Hendrick received the $1,000 prize for the Page biography.

"Owen Davis received for his play, 'Icebound,' the $1,000 prize for the American play performed in New York which 'best presents the educational value and power of the stage in raising the standard of good morals, good taste, and good manners.'

"The $1,000 prize for the best volume of verse by an American poet was given to Edna St. Vincent Millay for her volumes entitled 'The Ballad of the Harp Weaver,' 'A Few Figs from Thistles,' and 'A Miscellany.'

"The largest prize, $2,000, for the best work on the history of the United States was awarded to Charles Warren for his 'The Supreme Court in United States History.'

"Among the awards in journalism the most interesting decision was that which gave to William Allen White the $500 prize for 'the best editorial article, the test of excellence being clearness of style, moral purpose, sound reasoning and power to influence public opinion in the right direction.' The winning editorial, 'To an Anxious Friend,' appeared in the Emporia *Gazette,* Emporia, Kansas, July 27, 1922. The editorial was written in connection with the controversy between White and his friend and fellow editor, Governor Henry J. Allen, over the Industrial Court Law of Kansas. It was a reply to Governor Allen's threat to put White in jail for his opposition to the law.

"The Memphis *Commercial Appeal* received the $500 gold medal for 'the most disinterested and meritorious public service rendered by any American newspaper.' It received the medal

© Keystone

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY
For Poetry.

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE
For the Editorial.

ALVA JOHNSON
For Journalism.

OWEN DAVIS
For the Drama.

WILLA SIBERT CATHER
For the Novel.

CHOSEN TO WEAR THE BAYS FOR 1922 IN THE PULITZER PRIZE AWARDS

for 'its courageous attitude in the publication of cartoons and the handling of news in reference to the operations of the Ku Klux Klan.'

"Alva Johnson received the $1,000 prize for the best reportorial work of the year for his report in the New York *Times* of the convention of the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

"All the awards were made by the Advisory Board of the School of Journalism of Columbia University on the recommendations of juries chosen by it. The jurors for the awards in letters were:

"For the novel—Jefferson B. Fletcher, Samuel M. Crothers, and Bliss Perry.

"For the play—William Lyon Phelps, Clayton Hamilton, and Owen Johnson.

"For the history—Worthington C. Ford, John B. McMaster, and Charles D. Hazen.

"For the biography—Maurice Francis Egan, William Roscoe Thayer, and William Allen White.

"For the verse—Wilbur L. Cross, Richard Burton, and Ferris Greenslet."

Turning now to the comment we find that such censoriousness as exists emanates from the specialists in books and plays. One of them, Mr. Woollcott of *The Herald*, kindly characterizes for us the dramatic critics as the "men engaged by the newspapers to report on the new plays as they come along, and once a year to burst into roars of laughter over the award of the Pulitzer prize for the best American play." Then Mr. Woollcott gives his vote in no uncertain voice:

"Had we been on the committee of award we should have rendered ourselves obnoxious by doggedly voting for 'The Texas Nightingale' until slain by the other members of the board. It is, by all odds, the finest piece of playwriting by any modern author of any land that has been given in New York this season.

"However, the other judges would have pointed out to us severely that the Pulitzer Prize is not intended for the best play of the season. It is nominated in the bond that that prize shall be given for 'the American original play presented in New York which shall best represent the educational value and power of the stage in raising the standards of good morals, good taste and good manners.' Which specification, when studied carefully and compared with the list of plays that have won the prize in past years, quite obviously means nothing at all."

Heywood Broun in *The World* is even more vociferous. "Here is the triumph of the tedious, and it is generally so in prize competitions," he shouts:

"In our mind plays fall into theatrical seasons rather than calendar years, and it is difficult to remember offhand all the dramatic pieces during the time which we liked better than 'Icebound.' It may be that we exaggerate the number. Possibly there were scarcely a dozen. At least three come sharply to mind. It seems to us preposterous that 'Icebound' should have been placed ahead of 'Rain,' 'The Texas Nightingale,' or 'Merton of the Movies.'

"Two possible objections may be urged against 'Rain.' Altho the authors of the play are American, it is founded on a short story by Somerset Maugham, an Englishman. Also, there is the provision in the deed of gift that the dramatic prize shall be awarded to the play which 'best represents the educational value and power of the stage in raising the standard of good morals, good taste and good manners.' We are not at all sure that 'Icebound' contributes much in this direction, but we are certain that 'Rain' doesn't. Still, there is already an excellent precedent in the history of Pulitzer awards for not taking the binding restrictions of these conditions literally. 'Anna Christie' was an excellent play which managed to leave out good morals, good taste and good manners, and still win the prize.

"'Merton of the Movies' may have been passed by because its spirit is one of mockery. In prize competitions 'best' is generally accepted as a synonym for 'most earnest.' A farce or a frivolous novel might quite possibly be the best piece of work in any given year, but it would hardly be likely to receive a prize. Fixt targets can not bend enough to recognize humor.

"Admitting that arguable reasons exist for disqualifying 'Rain' and 'Merton of the Movies,' we still have 'The Texas Nightingale' of Zoë Akins. We don't know why the jury overlooked this. The only explanation we can think of is that the judges were just a wee bit inefficient.

"In everything written up to this point we wish to point out that we are merely setting opinion up against opinion. In saying that the Pulitzer judges of drama acted unwisely, we don't mean to say that they actually did so as a matter of fact. We merely mean that we think they did. But when it comes to the award of the novel prize we are not willing to be so tolerant. This too may seem a matter of opinion, but we won't admit it. 'Babbitt,' by Sinclair Lewis, was the best novel written by an American during the year 1922, and if Jefferson B. Fletcher, Samuel M. Crothers and Bliss Perry think otherwise, they are wrong, and that's that."

Editorially speaking the Brooklyn *Eagle* and the New York *Times* find the awards "in accord with the best critical judgment." *The Eagle* thinks "the best test of the Pulitzer awards is to be found in the field of journalism." And:

"The awards in this branch of endeavor will undoubtedly receive almost unanimous commendation from the newspaper profession: The Memphis *Commercial Appeal*, for its fight against the Ku Klux Klan; William Allen White, for his superb editorial, 'To an Anxious Friend,' and Alva Johnson, for his reports on the proceedings of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, published in the New York *Times*. It is a distinct service to the profession to have such examples of merit recognized and publicly extolled.

"The prizes for history, biography and verse, as well as the scholarships in music and journalism, were all wisely bestowed. These annual awards are being watched with increasing interest. They are undoubtedly doing much to raise standards and to furnish incentive to good work in journalism and the other work."

The Times is especially imprest with the literary side:

"Each of us will be pleased by some of the selections more than by some of the others, and probably none will be more satisfac-

CHARLES WARREN
For a History of the United States.

BURTON J. HENDRICK
For the "Life of Walter H. Page."

CROWNED FOR HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

tory to more people than that of Edna St. Vincent Millay for the prize of poetry and Willa Cather as having produced the best novel of the year. The only objections to either will come from folk who have abandoned all respect for old conventions and old rules, and who think, or pretend to think, that literature now must be different in form and in substance from what it used to be.

"Neither of these writers belongs to that school. Miss Millay not only has ideas that would have been called poetical in any literate age, but she expresses them in a way to show that she has a clear mind — that hers is not a Muse exclamatory and incoherent, able only to suggest the emotions and stories she uses as material. In other words, she performs to the full the writer's task instead of leaving the larger part of it to her readers, and it never is to obscurity that she owes the reputation which she has won —curiously enough, not alone from those of us whose appreciation of poetry was formed in the days when it was expected to have rhythm and reason, but also from the new school, whose members try, not unsuccessfully, to get along without either of those qualities.

"Of all the many novels produced last year by American writers, the judges picked out Willa Cather's 'One of Ours' as the best. That, it must be confessed, was to risk many protests, some of which will be well supported as well as vehemently urged. The makers of the choice will be able to maintain their position, however, for, while they can not prove the book better than the best of its rivals, they will have no trouble at all in proving that it has a double merit which not a few of the others, especially those in its own class—that of 'war stories'—very obviously lack.

"In the first place, 'One of Ours' is admirably written, in English always lucid, and that is refreshing in its contrast with only too many books of the day. In the next place, Willa Cather, unlike something close to a majority of her competitors in this field, realizes that the World War had an object, a fact which is not even hinted in several well-read and well-advertised productions.

"She knows as well as any of them that war has 'horrors,' and doubtless she hates it as much as any of them; certainly she does not laud it as among the more commendable of human activities. But she is as little of a pacifist as of a militarist; she is a sane woman who understands that there are worse things than war.

"Hence is it, presumably, that, tho her young hero suffers much in the war and finally dies in it, she does not ask pity for him as the victim of a malignant conspiracy on the part of 'old men,' and she does not picture his proud heart as breaking under the cruel compulsion to salute soldiers of higher rank than himself. He was not that sort of soldier, nor is Willa Cather that sort of writer."

BRITISHERS, TAKE NOTICE—Rejoicing that some effort is on foot toward a better understanding and use of the English language, a correspondent of the New York *Herald*, "W. P.," spreads the Eagle over the English tongue:

"I think the day is not far distant when the English language will be the universal language; that is, universal in the sense in which the Latin tongue is called universal; tho possibly it is not a stretch of the imagination to revert to the Biblical statement, 'And the whole earth was of one language and of one speech,' and to say that when the whole earth returns to its pristine state of simplicity and goodness, all people shall speak one tongue, the noble English tongue.

"The English language is superior to many others, perhaps to all, in that it has two great stocks to draw from—the Anglo-Saxon and the Latin. However, in this very circumstance may be found the reason why the English language can not at present supersede Latin as the universal tongue. The Latin element was introduced into our language at a comparatively recent date. The two elements, Anglo-Saxon and Latin, have not had time to become thoroughly welded and amalgamated. Until these two stock tongues become thoroughly assimilated, the one to the other, the English language can not take the place now occupied by the Latin. The genius of the Anglo-Saxon tongue consists in force, brevity, simplicity, pathos and sensibility; that of the Latin in ornateness and precision.

"The two languages, perfectly combined, will furnish us with a linguistic machine capable of expressing artistically every color and shade of thought and feeling. . . .

"Was it Washington Irving who said that the best English was spoken in America? I myself would say that the best English is written here. I do not assert so much our spoken English. In my opinion America will give the final touches, the last perfect shaping and exquisite polish to the incomparable English tongue, a tongue that is, taking all things into consideration, probably the greatest that the world has ever known."

THE PRIZE-WINNING EDITORIAL

SOME OF THE MOST ENDURING pieces of literature have not been notable for length. Lincoln's great Gettysburg speech might be called a memorandum; his letter to Mrs. Bixby a note. The editorial that gained the Pulitzer prize did not fill a column. It appeared in the Emporia *Gazette* of July 27, 1922, at the time of the railroad strike, and was inspired by the controversy between its editor, William Allen White, and his friend Governor Henry J. Allen. It follows:

"TO AN ANXIOUS FRIEND

"You tell me that law is above freedom of utterance, and I reply that you can have no wise laws nor free enforcement of wise laws unless there is free expression of the wisdom of the people—and, alas, their folly with it. But, if there is freedom, folly will die of its own poison, and the wisdom will survive. That is the history of the race. It is the proof of man's kinship with God.

"You say that freedom of utterance is not for time of stress, and I reply with the sad truth that only in time of stress is freedom of utterance in danger. No one questions it in calm days, because it is not needed. And the reverse is true also: only when free utterance is supprest is it needed, and when it is needed it is most vital to justice. Peace is good. But if you are interested in peace through force and without free discussion—that is to say, free utterance decently and in order—your interest in justice is slight. And peace without justice is tyranny, no matter how you may sugar-coat it with expediency. This State to-day is in more danger from suppression than from violence, because in the end suppression leads to violence; indeed, is the child of suppression. Whoever pleads for justice helps to keep the peace, and whoever tramples upon the plea for justice, temperately made in the name of peace, only outrages peace and kills something fine in the heart of man which God put there when He got our manhood. When that is killed, brute meets brute on each side of the line.

"So, dear friend, put fear out of your heart. This nation will survive, this State will prosper, the orderly business of life will go forward if only men can speak in whatever way given them to utter what their hearts hold—by voice, by posted card, by letter or by press. Reason never has failed men. Only force and expression have made the wrecks in the world."

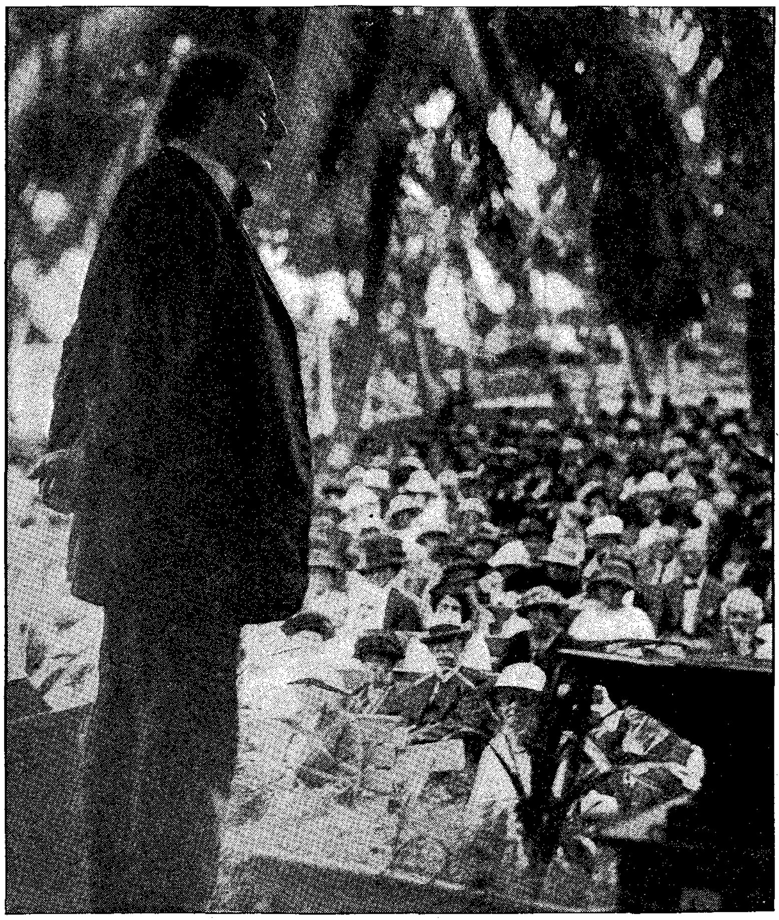
The New York *World*, Mr. Pulitzer's paper, comments:

"In the profession and to hosts of readers the high light of the year is the prize given to William Allen White for the editorial 'To an Anxious Friend'—the friend being Governor Allen of Kansas, who briefly threatened Mr. White with jail for exercising in his newspaper the right of free expression. In this famous, often-quoted editorial Mr. White made clear his title as one in the long line of courageous journalists who have championed freedom for their profession in the cause of the common good."

RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE

PRESBYTERIANS CALLED UPON TO SIGN THE PLEDGE

"HELL HAS ENLARGED HERSELF in an effort to recover her lost stronghold," said the retiring Moderator, Dr. Calvin C. Hays, at the recent meeting in Indianapolis of the Presbyterian General Assembly. Dr. Hays in this remark referred to wet efforts to defeat Prohibition. But the "lost stronghold" will not be recovered, so far as the Presbyterian Church is concerned, if every member of that denomination heeds the recommendation of his Assembly that he sign a total abstinence pledge and lives up to his promise. The recommendation—that "every Presbyterian minister, church official and every president, professor, principal and teacher in Presbyterian schools, colleges, universities and theological seminaries abstain from the use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage" and that every church member and student sign the pledge—is embodied in a resolution unanimously adopted by a mass meeting of the delegates at Indianapolis, and then officially adopted by the General Assembly. W. J. Bryan, who is looked upon as being foremost among the lay leaders in the fight against rum, led the total abstention advocates.



Copyrighted by the Keystone View Co.

STRIKING WHERE AND WHILE THE IRON IS HOT

He jumps from State to State to advocate his views. At Palm Beach, Fla., tourists leave the pleasures of the sands to sit beneath the shade of the sheltering palm and hear the message of W. J. Bryan, here flanked by an anvil.

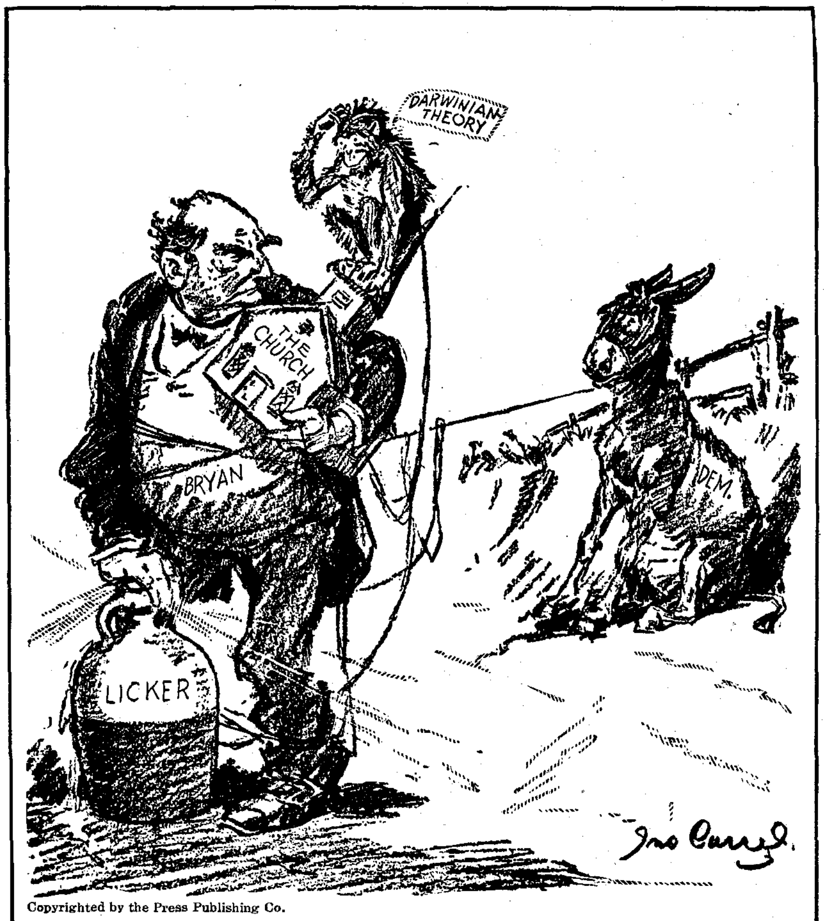
Just why the General Assembly should feel called upon to ask its membership to abstain from violating one law more than any other puzzles some interested commentators, but others, even tho they see no necessity for it, agree that it sets a good example at a time when Prohibition is again under acute debate and bootleggers are running wild. In addition to drying up the supply, the fight against rum will now begin curtailing the demand. The law and the Constitutional Amendment are apparently not enough, remarks the Indianapolis *News*, "for men must agree to abstain from what, under the law, they can not get. Coming from a man who is so strong a believer in law as the cure for all our woes, this admission that law is not enough is exceedingly interesting." And in this particular, we are told, Mr. Bryan "is, of course, right—law is not enough, and never will be, unless backed by public sentiment."

But to the Springfield *Union* the resolution gives the impression that constitutional Prohibition "is less effective in some quarters than anticipated, and that the old-fashioned method of dealing with the individual must be resumed, even in sections of society that were formerly regarded as out of danger and above reproach." Since the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment, says the Utica *Press*, Prohibition advocates "seem to have made the mistake of trying to do by edict what can only be accomplished by education. The 'thou shalt nots' of the Ten Commandments with all their centuries of authority as a code of human conduct are still being broken. Hope for their observance lies in causing men and women to live up to them." And this, we are told, is also true of Prohibition and similar laws, and "when reformers lose sight of that fact they defeat their own ends."

However, in a telegram to THE LITERARY DIGEST, Dr. Charles F. Wishart, Moderator of the General Assembly, states that the resolution on the total abstinence pledge is recommendatory, not mandatory, and that it does not imply any reflection on the personal habits or obedience to law of the members of the Presbyterian Church. The resolution urges on them, he says, only that they set an example to the whole community. And, he concludes, "the General Assembly hopes that throughout all classes of society there may be a general movement in which all good citizens may give formal expression of their intention to uphold the Eighteenth Amendment and to render loyal obedience to the laws by which it must be enforced."

Mr. Bryan traveled a thousand miles to urge the total abstinence pledge on both Baptists and Presbyterians. On Saturday night he addrest the annual convention of Southern Baptists at Kansas City, where he appealed for a pledge of total abstinence by the President, the members of the Cabinet, Congressmen, churchmen, professors and students, and on Sunday he urged the same pledge on the Presbyterians at Indianapolis. He looked, we are told, the busy man he claimed to be. "I don't think there is a busier man than I am," press reports quote him as saying at Indianapolis. "Just think of my many lines of work! I have got to keep the Democratic party straight, I have got to see that Prohibition is enforced, and I have got to see that religion is defended."

However, religious opinion is far from agreeing with Mr. Bryan and the Presbyterian General Assembly, that a total abstinence pledge will help the cause of Prohibition. Among the churchmen who were asked by THE LITERARY DIGEST to give their views, one finds it "amusing," some criticize it as unnecessary and unwarranted, while others look upon it as a worthy example. "We interpret the resolution of the Presbyterian General Assembly as an educational and patriotic action in support of the highest ideals of Christian civilization and of the Constitution of the United States," telegraphs Edgar L. Killiam, editor of *The Baptist*. "Without doubt the rank and file of Presbyterian ministers, laymen and students have been and are total abstainers. While this action will meet with the approval of Baptists generally, a resolution in the same form could not be passed by a Baptist convention, since it has no legislative powers." "They have set the rest of us a good example," says Harold Marshall, manager of *The Universalist Leader*. As a total abstainer himself, Canon William Sheafe Chase holds that "the Christian duty to love our neighbors ought to lead all followers of Christ voluntarily to be total abstainers." Canon Chase says that the Federal Amendment, as interpreted by Congress, does not require total abstinence, nor does a man who possest intoxicating liquors before January 16, 1919, violate the law if he uses it for beverage purposes. But, he argues, "most people who use alcoholic drinks to-day violate the law because they become partners in crime with the bootlegger who sells it to them," and this the Church is under obligation to forbid. "The Presbyterian Church may refuse to permit any one to hold any office such as minister or teacher, unless he is a total abstainer. She would not seem authorized, however, by the liberty of Christ to forbid church membership to any who refused to be a total abstainer." J. L. Hudgins, editor of *The Cumberland Presbyterian* (Nashville), wires that he approves of the Presbyterians' action at Indianapolis "most heartily," and declares it to be "an expression of a thing that the conscience of Christian men and women should prompt them to do." "Few good citizens to-day will balk at signing a total abstinence pledge," says Stanley W. Wiant, assistant editor of *The Western Christian Advocate* (Methodist), "but many might resent an official action requiring it of all members, in black and white. One might wish that the resolution suggested the propriety of having all government officials take the pledge. Prohibition enforcement is such a paramount issue that earnest people will welcome this resolution on the whole, hoping that some good may yet result from it." Commendation comes also from Leo Wise, editor of *The American Israelite* (Cincinnati), who telegraphs:



Copyrighted by the Press Publishing Co.

"THE BUSIEST MAN"

—John Cassel in the New York *Evening World*.

"The Presbyterian General Assembly in adopting a resolution demanding total abstinence pledge from all Presbyterian ministers, laymen, teachers and students acted wisely. While I believe that generally speaking, every man should be allowed to use his own judgment as to the use of stimulants, I also believe that total abstinence from all intoxicants is by far the wisest course to pursue. Every minister should preach this as his duty, and he can not expect that his teachings will have any great weight if he does not practise what he preaches. Reasonable indulgence of stimulants, especially for the invalids and the aged, is to my mind no moral offense, nor even is their reasonable use by others a sin. But as far as health and strength are concerned the total abstainer has every advantage. The Presbyterian Assembly, therefore, has the perfect right to demand that its preachers and teachers advocate this rule by the example without which their precepts would have little weight."

On the other hand, *The Presbyterian Banner*, while approving total abstinence and Prohibition, thinks that the General Assembly's resolution is superfluous and difficult of application. It must be assumed, we are told, that every member of the Presbyterian Church respects the law, and "we can not ask people to pledge themselves to keep the law. If abstinence were a question of morality, or of personal liberty, the pledge would serve, as hitherto, a great end. But that is not the case under legal Prohibition," and it is objected that the Assembly "is disposed to burden the membership of the church with too many suggestions and regulations that answer no practical purpose. Let the local church teach abstinence, and let the total membership practise it, and let it be understood that it is no longer a question of personal liberty or even conscience, that it is a law every one is bound to obey." Dr. Albert C. Dieffenbach, editor of *The Christian Register* (Unitarian), thinks the Bryan resolution "amusing," since it "means that the Presbyterians promise to stop breaking the law." Drinking, says Dr. Dieffenbach, "is in the same category as theft, arson and murder, and a resolution against one or all of these forms of lawlessness would be just as sensible and complimentary as the one passed." Dr. F. O. Morehouse, editor of *The Living Church* (Episcopal), goes even further in criticizing the Presbyterian action as unwarranted. It may be well to ask all Christian people to pledge that they will not drink any liquors obtained contrary to law, he writes, but "they are entirely justified in drinking in moderation such liquors as are lawfully in their possession, since neither the law of the land nor that of the Christian Church has declared the act of drinking to be unlawful. The Christian Church could not so declare without condemning her Lord. Prohibition is justified as a cure for intolerable abuses existing heretofore; but the Church is not justified in requiring more than is required by the law, nor in pronouncing lawful drinking immoral."

Saying that he is not in sympathy with pledges of any sort, and that he would refuse to sign the Bryan pledge or any other which interfered with his personal liberty, Dr. Frederick Lynch (Congregationalist), editor of *The Christian Work* (Undenominational), writes: "Such a pledge seems absolutely unnecessary in the light of the fact that practically every officer of the Presbyterian Church would naturally be a total abstainer with the passing of the Prohibition Amendment. On the other hand, I am in heartiest sympathy with the spirit of the resolution. I believe that pastors of Presbyterian churches and all others ought to be total abstainers; but I would rather see it a voluntary act than one of coercion." "Now that the use of spirituous liquors has been outlawed," telegraphs Dr. Nehemiah Mosessohn, editor of *The Jewish Tribune* (New York), "abstention ceases to be a matter for self-determination, and is no more virtuous than paying one's income tax. All citizens of the country have taken a pledge to obey all laws of the land. Therefore we can see neither reason nor wisdom in the resolution adopted by the Presbyterian General Assembly requiring of all the ministers, officials, and members of that denomination a strict total abstinence pledge in respect of alcoholic beverages." Such a pledge, holds Dr. Mosessohn, "is superfluous. Those who break the law of the land will be as little bound by a pledge, especially one which is compulsorily imposed." "Enforced righteousness is not ideal," remarks *The Lutheran*, "and usually provokes great abuses." However,

"When law-breakers defy a beneficent regulation for society, especially one enacted to protect dependents and innocent from suffering, the good people are usually stimulated to use force. Brewers, distillers and corruptioners of communities brought on the Eighteenth Amendment. Smugglers and hooch-makers, flaunting the law, will just as certainly create sentiments among religious leaders that will pay little regard to personal liberty and ideal social regulations. If the Volstead Act was too drastic, its opponents have insured its continuance by the outrages perpetrated through drinking. They have developed an illegal traffic as abominable as drug-selling and pimpery."

UNBELIEF A MENTAL COLIC

ACUTE UNBELIEF AMONG STUDENTS is often "nothing less than green-apple colic of the reason" caused by overfeeding on a mass of new ideas which the student is unable properly to assimilate with what he has fed on in Sunday-school, church and home. It is accompanied, of course, by the spasms and agonized gestures symptomatic of the ailment so common among children and unwary youth, but, fortunately, we are told, it is usually short-lived, and, with the mental digestive apparatus set in order again, the sufferer is able to digest and retain all the vital truths of religious faith. However, it is a serious problem, this apparently wide-spread unbelief among students, and religious writers and others who are equally concerned are frequently provoked to comment upon it and to demand reform in their methods of instruction on the part of the colleges and universities. Albert Clarke Wyckoff, reputed to be a close student of religious psychology, treats the problem as one of religious psychopathology as well as of religion, and in *The Biblical Review* (New York) he gives us a searching analysis of the nature, sources, effects, and treatment of college skepticism. "As the skilful physician distinguishes between chronic and acute disease, treating each according to its nature," he writes, "so the psychologist distinguishes between chronic and acute unbelief, treating each according to its nature. It is true that many of the symptoms are the same, for all unbelievers center their fire of denial upon the most conspicuous religious truths, and yet there are fundamental differences. Chronic unbelief is constitutional; acute unbelief is institutional." The writer continues:

"As the chronic invalid comes to enjoy poor health, so the chronic unbeliever enjoys his unbelief. He is an unbeliever, and is proud of it, while the person suffering from an acute attack of unbelief is in real distress of mind and spirit. Chronic unbelief is an adult disease; acute unbelief is a disease of the later adolescent period.

"Acute unbelief being a disease of the later adolescent period, the young are naturally its special victims. They have no natural powers of resistance to its ravages. The rapid development of their personalities into self-consciousness as individuals, their sudden emergence into the new world of social responsibilities, stirs up the struggle for freedom from the authority which up to this time has held them in subjection. The two mightiest regulating forces of which they have any knowledge are parental and religious authority.

"Acute unbelief does not develop into a specific malady, save in exceptional instances, unless the adolescent period is abnormally lengthened by a college course during which the intellectual difficulties of belief are reenforced and exaggerated by the instruction of the college class-room."

Having thus placed the blame, Mr. Wyckoff declares the college authorities are not familiar enough with psychology to realize that the religious nature of the student is just as important an element in personality as the moral, physical, psychological, and intellectual, and that "in the last analysis, history has proved that the religious nature is able to marshal all of the resources of personality in its service as is no other element. For this very reason it possesses unique powers for assisting in helping to solve the moral, psychological and intellectual problems which are now so pressing." Moreover, says the writer in stressing its value,

"Psychology has come to the relief of the religious crisis most valiantly. It has discovered the germ of acute unbelief, isolated it, and pronounced its nature psychological rather than intellectual. It has also traced it to its natural breeding place—the modern college. Of course, there are many other secondary incubators of the bacteria of acute unbelief; the adolescent mind is one of the most fertile, the discontented mind is another, modern literature is another. But no cultural idea of this nature could ever spread to such epidemic proportions among healthy-minded American adolescents without the intellectual support of the college class-room. This is why acute unbelief is so distinctly institutional in its origin.

"The adolescent struggle for freedom from parental and religious authority creates an abnormal hunger in the mind of the student for the highly nitrogenous findings of modern science and historical and biblical criticisms. When these intellectual dishes are prepared and served in the best style of professors who are chronic unbelievers, they are liable to tempt the ravenous appetites of adolescents to overindulge.

"If this overfeeding of the students upon new ideas were the only offense of which the college professor is guilty, the situation would not be so bad. But right on the top of this indiscretion many professors commit the additional offense against the religious life of their students of deliberately stuffing their minds with the unripe fruits of immature, religious critical-scholarship theories."

These professors, we are told, have abandoned the policy of strict neutrality on the subject of religion, and have taken the offensive against the fundamental theistic belief. What is to be done? The writer suggests:

"The romance must again be put back into religious belief. It must be admitted that the deductive theological reasoning which fascinated our fathers and attracted the finest minds of their day to its service makes little appeal to the modern mind. Scientific thinking makes the corresponding appeal to-day. The truth is, it is not the specific findings of science that grip and hold the adolescent mind; it is rather the inductive method of arriving at those findings which wins them. When this same method is universally employed in the search for and presentation of religious truth the romance will again be put back into religious thinking. But this is not enough. The romance must again be put back into the psychological value of believing, and the consequent defense of the faith. There is something the matter with the religious belief of an age in which there is more adventure and daring in denial than in belief."

OUR FAVORITE HYMNS

THE SONG OF A DYING CLERGYMAN commending his soul to God is America's favorite hymn, if the replies to a questionnaire sent out by *Etude*, a musical magazine of New York, may be said to speak for the majority of church-goers; and the stirring plea which lingered on the lips of President McKinley as he lay dying of an assassin's shot and which rose from the hearts of those who went bravely and trustingly down with the *Titanic* is the second of the best-loved hymns. Certain it is that "Abide with Me" and "Nearer, My God, to Thee" are familiar to every church-goer, and that they are the frequent refuge of the bereaved. Around them, says the Omaha *Bee*, "cling the hope and the aspiration of unnumbered followers of the Nazarene, as well as the exprest or undefined longings of all the race." Sentimental vapidities were not listed in the replies, and hymns suggestive of the martial spirit were practically ignored.

WHERE IS HEAVEN?

By Bliss Carman

WHERE is Heaven? Is it not
Just a friendly garden plot,
Walled with stone and roofed with sun,
Where the days pass one by one,
Not too fast and not too slow,
Looking backward as they go
At the beauties left behind
To transport the pensive mind.

Does not Heaven begin that day
When the eager heart can say,
Surely God is in this place,
I have seen Him face to face
In the loveliness of flowers,
In the service of the showers,
And His voice has talked to me
In the sunlit apple tree.

—*The Christian Century* (*Chicago*).

Expressions of preference were sent in by 32,000 men and women, and the results will be of interest to a large number of people. "Abide with Me" led the list, with 7,301 votes, and then, in their order, come "Nearer, My God, to Thee," with 5,490 votes; "Lead, Kindly Light," 4,161; "Rock of Ages," 3,432; "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," 2,709; "Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty," 1,444; "Just as I Am without One Plea," 875; "Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me," 487; "My Faith Looks Up to Thee," 236; and "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name," 220. "Onward, Christian Soldiers" received less than 150 votes; and "The Son of God Goes Forth to War" was not in the running at all. The result was communicated to some leaders of American opinion, of whom Dr. Charles W. Eliot, President Emeritus of Harvard, is surprized that the two martial hymns just mentioned were not rated high in the list. "I have heretofore thought," he observes, "that these two hymns were great favorites in Evangelical Protestant denominations." Doubtless many, like Dr. Eliot, will fail to find their favorite hymn in the list, says the Utica *Press;* "but all will grant that the ten mentioned are noble compositions, breathing the spirit of profound faith and deep reverence—exalting in their influence." The hymn that leads them all, remarks the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, "is pensive, contemplative and prayerful. It is not militant, and it is neither theological nor dogmatic. It expresses the aspirations of a fervent piety." As for the rest,

> "The other four hymns in the first six express a buoyant, stalwart, impregnable confidence in the ultimate goal of the soul's pilgrimage. A hymn that has become rooted in the affections of mankind is more than poetic language or graceful fancy. It must be that these hymns are a declaration of faith in the love and the care of God, through all the phenomena of grief and pain that beset a human being faring through the world."

None of the first three, remarks the Los Angeles *Times*, is associated with any special festival or season, Christmas, Easter or the like. "They have the broad appeal and the personal touch. And they are more often used at funeral services than any other hymns in the hymn-book. Perhaps because on such occasions the human heart is most impressionable to religious sentiment these have thus become our three favorites." Their choice, agrees the Indianapolis *News*, "is a credit both to the religious fervor of the country and the robustness of its musical taste. They are all great hymns and great songs." Certainly, thinks the Grand Rapids *Herald*, the music of our fathers has not been improved upon. "Be the technique of the modern choir ever so accurate in its rendition of difficult selections to which the congregation listens as at a beautiful concert, the soul's response—that indescribable something inside—is ordinarily cold as compared to the thrill that is inevitable from 'Onward Christian Soldiers,' and the exaltation that springs from 'Abide with Me.' " Eloquent melody speaking to the musically uneducated—"beauty and poetry and purification and inspiration requiring no interpreter—this is the effectual music of the church. And it has a power exceeding the mightiest sermon ever preached."

The writing of "Abide with Me" is in itself a dramatic story. Its author, Rev. Henry Francis Lyte, was a poor curate who devoted his life to hard and unremunerative toil in the slums of Whitechapel and Limehouse, in London. There, we are told, he contracted consumption. Worn out, he was at length transferred to a quiet parsonage among the hills of Devonshire, overlooking the sea. Here, while his health failed fast, he enjoyed a few months of twilight rest. One morning he was found dead on the window couch, where he was wont to watch the sun rise, and on a small table at his side were the words of "Abide with Me"—"written literally with a dying hand." "Heaven's morning breaks and earth's vain shadows flee" may have been, we are told, the message of a soul already crossing the last divide. This hymn and "Nearer, My God, to Thee," says the Toronto *Mail and Empire*, "have become, one must believe, an imperishable part of literature, and will endure as long as religious feeling finds expression in poetry. In them words and music combine perfectly to express profound feeling. Perhaps 'Abide With Me' is the finest of the compositions from a musical and literary point of view." Of some of the other hymns the Brooklyn *Eagle* tells us:

> "It was about the same year that Mrs. Sarah Fuller Flower Adams of Clapton wrote 'Nearer, My God, to Thee.' Charles Wesley was the author of 'Jesus, Lover of My Soul,' of which Henry Ward Beecher said: 'I would rather have written that hymn than to have the fame of all the kings that ever sat on the earth; than to hold the wealth of the richest man in New York.'
>
> "It is almost safe to assume that Cardinal Newman's hymn, 'Lead, Kindly Light,' might have been fourth in the voting. This was written when Newman was becalmed for a week on a sailing vessel between Corsica and Sardinia. He fixes the date as June 16, 1833. 'Jerusalem, My Happy Home,' is oldest of all familiar hymns. This was found in a hymn-book of Queen Elizabeth's and the author was named as merely 'F. B. K.,' said to be Francis Baker, priest. Its date is about 1600.
>
> "A large number of Americans have been writers of hymns of some vogue; John Quincy Adams, Francis Scott Key, Adoniram Judson, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Theodore Parker, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Phillips Brooks, author of 'O Little Town of Bethlehem,' and, later, Mrs. Annie Sherwood Hawks and the blind Fanny Crosby (Mrs. Van Alstyne). Their work and that of other Americans has had wide approval. But the older hymns hold their own. One is inclined to suspect, however, that the church-goers who voted to help this survey along were in a sense a picked class. They were church-goers who were interested in real music as such. Some American production might have had a chance if the religionists of all Protestant denominations could have been polled. This is, of course, mere guesswork. As it stands, the result indicates a preference for hymns that are of high literary class as well as impressively devotional."

CURRENT - POETRY

Unsolicited contributions to this department cannot be returned.

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

IT was in 1912, writes Carl Van Doren, in the June *Century*, that the world devoted to poetry first heard of Edna St. Vincent Millay. Now she receives the Pulitzer Prize on the strength of several volumes appearing in 1922 under the titles, "The Ballad of the Harp Weaver," "A Few Figs from Thistles," "Eight Sonnets in American Poetry." The 1912 volume was entitled "Renascence," and was written by a girl of twenty, "whose name none but her friends and a lucky critic or two had heard." Here was a poem that gave its name to the volume. And, says Mr. Van Doren:

"After wading through tens and dozens of rhetorical strophes and moral stanzas, it was like suddenly finding wings to come upon these lines:

All I could see from where I stood
Was three long mountains and a wood;
I turned and looked another way,
And saw three islands in a bay.

So with my eyes I traced the line
Of the horizon, thin and fine,
Straight around till I was come
Back to where I'd started from;
And all I saw from where I stood
Was three long mountains and a wood.

"The diction was so plain, the arrangement so obvious, that the magic of the opening seemed a mystery; and yet the lift and turn of these verses were magical, as if a lark had taken to the air out of a dreary patch of stubble.

"Nor did the poem falter as it went on. If it had the movement of a bird's flight, so had it the ease of a bird's song. The poet of this lucid voice had gone through a radiant experience. She had, she said with mystical directness, felt that she could touch the horizon, and found that she could touch the sky. Then infinity had settled down upon her till she could hear

'The Ticking of Eternity.'

"The universe prest close and crushed her, oppressing her with omniscience and omnisentience; all sin, all remorse, all suffering, all punishment, all pity poured into her, torturing her. The weight drove her into the cool earth, where she lay buried, but happy, under the falling rain.

The rain, I said, is kind to come
And speak to me in my new home.
I would I were alive again
To kiss the fingers of the rain,
To drink into my eyes the shine
Of every slanting silver line.

"Suddenly came over her the terrible memory of the 'multi-colored, multi-form, beloved' beauty she had lost by this comfortable death. She burst into a prayer so potent that the responding rain, gathering in a black wave, opened the earth above her and set her free.

Ah! Up then from the ground sprang I
And hailed the earth with such a cry
As is not heard save from a man
Who has been dead, and lives again.
About the trees my arms I wound;
Like one gone mad I hugged the ground;
I raised my quivering arms on high;
I laughed and laughed into the sky.

"Whereupon, somewhat quaintly, she moralized her experience with the pride of youth finally arrived at full stature in the world.

The heart can push the sea and land
Farther away on either hand;
The soul can split the sky in two,
And let the face of God shine through.
But East and West will pinch the heart
That can not keep them pushed apart;
And he whose soul is flat—the sky
Will cave in on him by and by.

"'Renascence,' one of the loveliest of American poems, was an adventure, not an allegory, but it sounds almost allegorical because of the way it interpreted and distilled the temper which, after a long drought, was coming into American verse.

"The decade since the little renaissance began" [continues Mr. Van Doren], "has created a kind of symbol for this irresponsible mood in the more or less mythical Greenwich Village, where, according to the popular legend, art and mirth flourish without a care, far from the stupid duties of human life. No one so well as Miss Millay has spoken with the accents credited to the village."

My candle burns at both ends;
It will not last the night;
But ah, my foes, and oh, my friends—
It gives a lovely light!

"Thus she commences in 'A Few Figs from Thistles.' And she continues with impish songs and rakish ballads and sonnets which laugh at the love which throbs through them. Suckling was not more insouciant than she is in 'Thursday':

And if I loved you Wednesday,
Well, what is that to you?
I do not love you Thursday—
So much is true.

And why you come complaining
Is more than I can see.
I loved you Wednesday—yes—but what
Is that to me?

"With what a friendliness for wild souls she tells the story of the singing woman 'Whose mother was a leprechaun, whose father was a friar.'"

In through the bushes, on any foggy day,
My Da would come a-swishing of the drops away,
With a prayer for my death and a groan for my birth,
A-mumbling of his beads for all that he was worth.

And there sit my Ma, her knees beneath her chin,
A-looking in his face and a-drinking of it in,
And a-marking in the moss some funny little saying
That would mean just the opposite of all that he was praying!

He taught me the holy-talk of Vesper and of Matin,
He heard me my Greek and he heard me my Latin,
He blessed me and crossed me to keep my soul from evil,
And we watched him out of sight, and we conjured up the devil!

Oh, the things I haven't seen and the things I haven't known,
What with hedges and ditches till after I was grown,
And yanked both ways by my mother and my father,
With a 'Which would you better?' and a 'Which would you rather?'

With him for a sire and her for a dam,
What should I be but just what I am?

"Speaking in this manner, Greenwich Village seems a long way from the village of Concord, heart of the old tradition, even tho Hawthorne loved a faun when he met one, and Thoreau was something of a faun himself. In the classic village any such mixture as this of leprechaun and friar would have been kept as close a secret as possible."

WE leave Mr. Van Doren's guidance here to add one or two of her recently published poems, the two following in *Harper's* for April:

THE CAIRN

When I think of the little children learning
In all the schools of the world,
Learning in Danish, learning in Japanese
That two and two are four, and where the rivers of the world
Rise, and the names of the mountains and the principal cities,
My heart breaks.
Come up, children! Toss your little stones gayly
On the great cairn of Knowledge!
(Where lies what Euclid knew, a little gray stone,
What Plato, what Pascal, what Galileo:
Little gray stones, little gray stones on a cairn)
Tell me, what is the name of the highest mountain?
Name me a crater of fire! a peak of snow!
Name me the mountains on the moon!
But the name of the mountain that you climb all day,
Ask not your teacher that.

NEVER MAY THE FRUIT BE PLUCKED

Never, never may the fruit be plucked from the bough
And gathered into barrels.
He that would eat of love must eat it where it hangs.
Though the branches bend like reeds,
Though the ripe fruit splash in the grass or wrinkle on the tree,
He that would eat of love may bear away with him
Only what his belly can hold,
Nothing in the apron,
Nothing in the pockets.
Never, never may the fruit be gathered from the bough
And harvested in barrels.
The winter of love is a cellar of empty bins,
In an orchard soft with rot.

AND this in *Vanity Fair*:

TO A DYING MAN

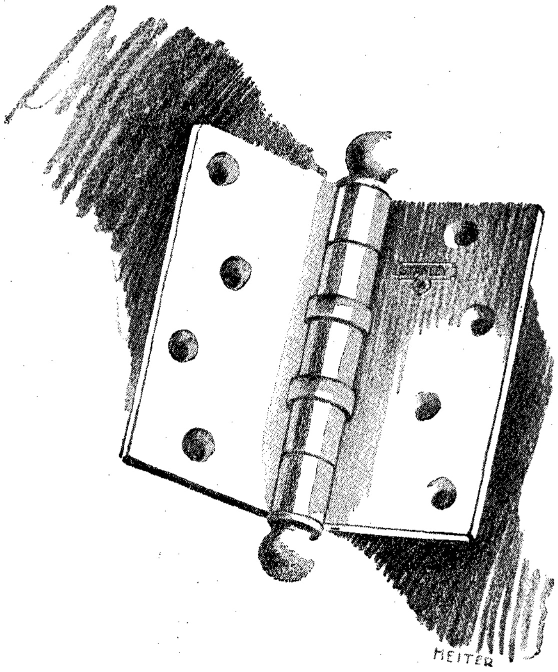
Your face is like a chamber where a king
Dies of his wounds, unattended and alone,
Stifling with courteous gesture the crude moan
That speaks too loud of mortal perishing,

Rising on elbow in the dark to sing
Some rhyme now out of season but well known
In days when banners in his face were blown
And every woman had a rose to fling.

I know that through your eyes which look on me
Who stand regarding you with pitiful breath,
You see beyond the moment's pause, you see
The sunny sky, the skimming bird beneath,
And, fronting on your windows hopelessly,
Black in the noon, the broad estates of Death.

For eighty years-

The fact that we have been in business eighty years may mean much or little. The fact that Stanley products are to-day sold in practically every hardware store in America means everything. Buy tools and hardware which have leadership because of sustained merit.



For example, of the many thousand things we make consider butts and hinges. Doors of every conceivable kind of structure in America and in foreign lands swing on Stanley hinges. Stanley ball-bearing butts are the accepted standard with architects and builders throughout the world.

STANLEY

STANLEY SW Butts and Hinges — Carpenters Tools STANLEY TOOLS

NEW BRITAIN, CONNECTICUT

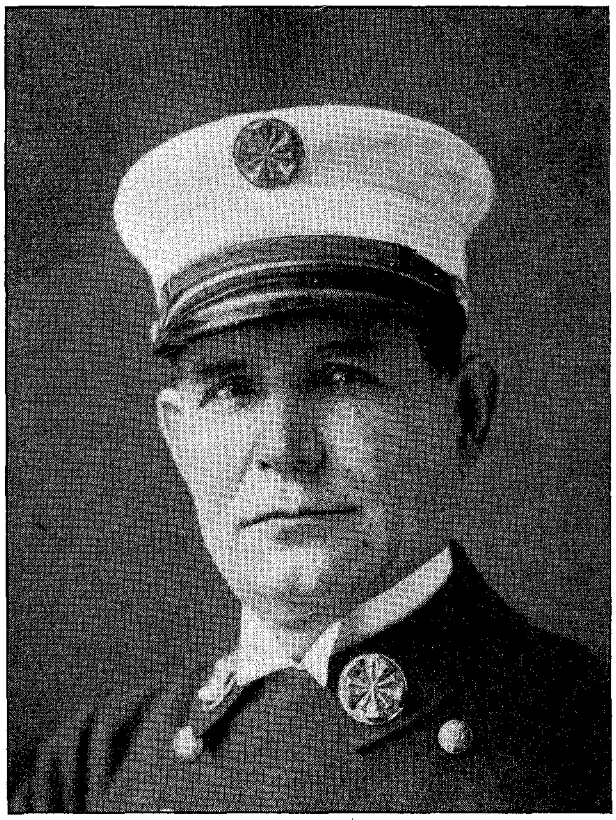
GARAGE HARDWARE—DOOR BUTTS HINGES AND BOLTS—CARPENTERS AND HOUSEHOLD TOOLS

PERSONAL ▾ GLIMPSES

WHEN NEW YORK'S FIRE CHIEF WAS SAVED BY A DREAM

"YOUNG MAN, GO TO SEA," apparently is the modern variant of Horace Greeley's classic injunction. Conrad's experiences as a master mariner gave him his start as a writer. William McFee, chief engineer on a steamship, and novelist in spare moments, also found a life on the ocean waves the royal road to literature. Now along comes John Kenlon, Chief of the New York City Fire Department, with the assertion that seafaring is a valuable prelude to almost any kind of business or profession ashore. Kenlon ought to know, because for fourteen years he voyaged upon the briny deep, first as cabin-boy, and finally as captain, before settling down to a job on land.

Moreover, the fire-chief's career as a sailor was as adventurous and as variegated as any romancer could wish. Coastwise trading in Irish waters, cruises upon the Atlantic, Pacific and Indian oceans, navigation upon the five Great Lakes, shipwrecks, and thrilling rescues, all formed a part of Kenlon's early life. It would seem that the executive ability and the quick action and quicker thinking necessary for the administration of perhaps the largest fire department in the world were heritages from this exacting career at sea, of which he tells in his new book, "Fourteen Years a Sailor."



FROM SAILOR TO FIRE CHIEF

John Kenlon, former sea captain, now head of the New York Fire Department, whose resourcefulness saved eighteen marooned sailors.

The most astounding episode recorded in the volume is the escape of Kenlon and seventeen other sailors from almost certain death by starvation on Hog Island, one of the desolate Crozet Islands group in the Indian Ocean. Salvation was achieved, we are told, by building "the first concrete ship that ever floated." This was many years before the World War, during which the concrete-ship principle was put to wide use. The "invention" of this type of craft apparently resulted partly from a fantastic dream by Kenlon, partly from a shipmate's inability to understand the philosophical meaning of the word "concrete," but chiefly from Kenlon's own resourcefulness.

The men had been marooned on the island after their vessel, the clipper *Santa Anna*, had been destroyed by fire, caused by a lightning-bolt. Within three months two vessels came near the island, but passed on, failing to note the abandoned sailors' distress signals. The captain pined away and died, leaving Kenlon, who had been first officer on shipboard, in command. The little band had salvaged sufficient stores from the burned hulk of their ship to last through the summer, but they realized they never could stand the rigors of winter on the island.

Kenlon declares he often has been visited by visions, and that an especially vivid one came to him while stranded thus. He dreamed that he was in a small boat out at sea, that somehow this craft became hitched to a comet, and that then he went speeding through space and saw the whole universe in perspective. "Can this strange phenomenon be the progression of the soul?" he asked himself. Picking up the present fire-fighter's own narrative at this point, we read:

When I awoke from this last "excursion" among the starry heavens, I found myself lying prone on a mossy bank between two ledges of rock. Not far away, with an anxious look on his face, sat honest Bill Fleming. He was looking at me so quizzically that I had to smile.

"What's on your mind, Bill?" I questioned, "and how long have you been here?"

"I have been watching you about an hour, sir," he replied. "Your face seemed to indicate that you were passing through some wonderful experience. I started to wake you up at one time, as you cried out in your sleep, but then I thought I had better not; you seemed to be enjoying your dream and, sure, I thought, why wake you up and bring you back to all this misery on these dismal rocks?"

I smiled at Bill's thoughtful consideration, and thanked him for not "bringing me back to earth." I decided to tell him a little about my vision, and as this conversation between Fleming and me led to some very extraordinary results, it may be worth setting forth:

"I had a most extraordinary dream," I told him. "I feel as if I had been absent from here a million years, and in that time I dreamed I traveled all over the universe. I have seen the souls of the departed, and witnessed some wondrous things. I had a most phenomenal dream, a vision of the soul, the wanderings of a spirit made anxious by dreary captivity. I can not but realize the wonderful difference between the extraordinary sights I have seen in my dreams and the concrete things of every-day life."

Fleming was unusually silent. On my inquiring the cause of his pensiveness, he blurted out: "Why, Captain, you are knocking me."

"Knocking you!" I exclaimed. "What in the world do you mean?"

"I mean that you are knocking me with those big words, 'phenomenal,' 'vision' and 'concrete.' How a vision can be concrete, gets me."

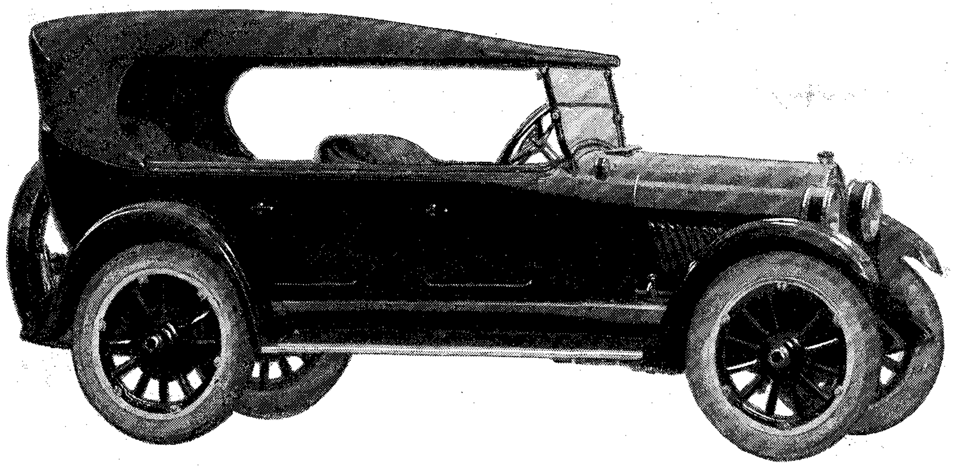
"Oh! I beg your pardon," said I, "let me explain: 'phenomenal' is something extremely unusual, far beyond the affairs of every-day life; 'vision' is dreaming, seeing things that rarely or ever happen; and 'concrete' has to do with the real hard facts of life, things with substance to them."

"Oh! I see. Well, I can understand about 'concrete,' as I have seen it made, and know what it is. Believe me, for you and for me, it is far better than those other things you speak of."

"I agree to all that," said I; "but Bill, where have you seen concrete made?"

"I saw it in Ramsey, in the Isle of Man. The English Government gave the Manxmen some money to help build a pier to protect Ramsey Harbor. The engineers that built the pier decided to use concrete."

We made our way back to camp. I retired early, but, altho accustomed to sleep as soon as I set my head down, that night I lay awake, my mind refusing repose. Again and again it reverted to the conversation of the evening regarding "concrete."

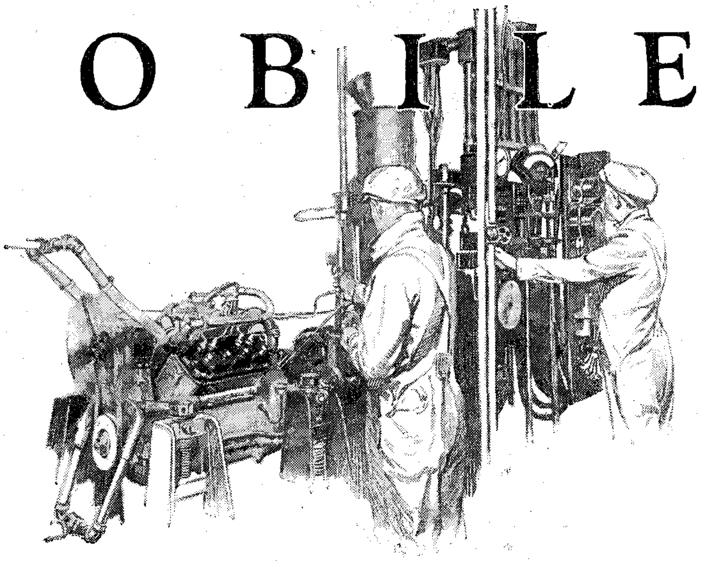


Eight Cylinder Touring

$1375

f. o. b. Lansing

OLDSMOBILE



On the Speedway—

and in Every Day Driving Endurance Wins

ON the Cotati Speedway in California an Oldsmobile Light Eight raced 1000 miles in 899 minutes—maintaining an average speed of 66⅔ miles per hour for 15 hours—and the hood was not lifted once. If you have ever driven that fast for even a mile you will understand the gruelling nature of this test.

Again, a stock Light Eight touring car was driven, by Milwaukee newspaper men, 335 miles a day for 149½ days over rough country roads. That's 50,000 miles, or the equivalent of ten years' driving by the average motorist. Excepting tire trouble, the only mishap was the breaking of two rivets in the spare tire carrier.

These are two of hundreds of similar tests which have made the Oldsmobile Light Eight known as an endurance car. Endurance wins, whether it is an Indianapolis Speedway event with racing cars, or every day use with stock passenger cars.

You can count with certainty on extra years of service with the Oldsmobile Light Eight, because its engine, its frame, its springs, its axles, and all vital parts are built oversize for strength—exceeding the accepted standards of cars of this type and size and price.

OLDS MOTOR WORKS, LANSING, MICH.
Division of General Motors Corporation
EIGHTS—FOURS—TRUCKS

Approved by General Motors

Illustration shows Oldsmobile Eight engine undergoing dynamometer test in the General Motors Research Laboratories at Dayton, Ohio. Here the engine developed over 63.5 horse power and showed exceptional pulling ability throughout its entire speed range. As a result of this exhaustive test, followed by a 32,000-mile road test, General Motors engineers pronounced the Light Eight engine the most powerful of all American engines of like dimensions.

Eight Cylinder Models

5-Passenger Touring Car	*$1375*
3-Passenger Sport Roadster	*1625*
4-Passenger Super-Sport Touring	*1675*
5-Passenger Brougham	*1775*
4-Passenger Coupe	*1875*
5-Passenger Sedan	*2025*

Four Cylinder Models: $975 to $1595
Prices f. o. b. Lansing

Oldsmobile
A PRODUCT OF
GENERAL MOTORS

LIGHT
TEXACO
TEXACO
MEDIUM
TEX
MOTO

Four Grades One Quality

TEXACO Motor Oils differ in body to meet the exacting requirements of every type of Gasoline Engine; but in *all four grades*—light, medium, heavy and extra-heavy—there is but *one standard of quality: the highest.*

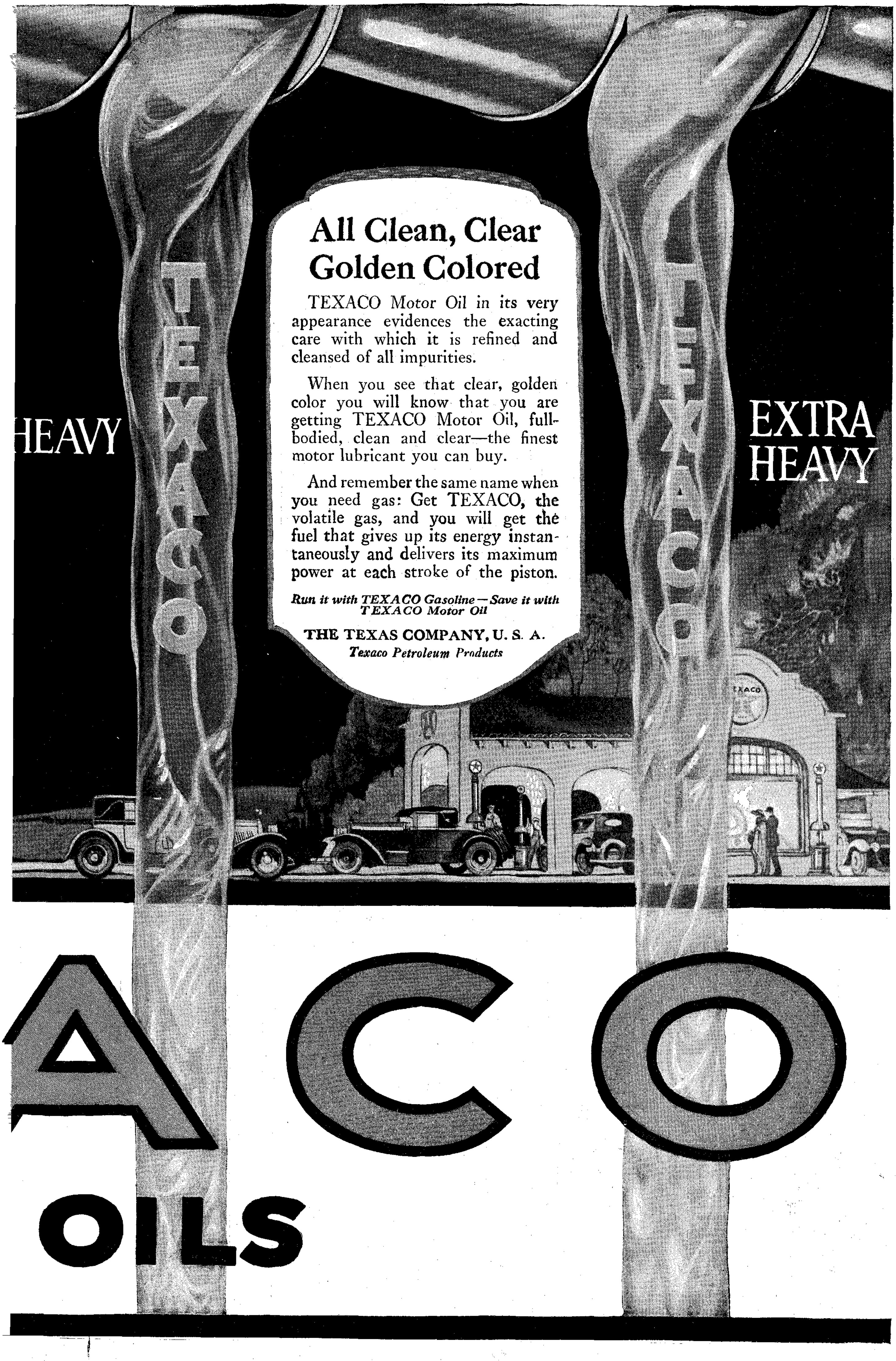
Ask for and get the grade of TEXACO Motor Oil designated for your car. It will keep your engine running with the smooth, ready action of the perfect power unit.

And run that engine on TEXACO Gasoline, the volatile gas. It will give sure starting, quick acceleration, maximum power and increased mileage.

One name for both oil and gasoline—TEXACO.

Run it with TEXACO Gasoline—save it with TEXACO Motor Oil

THE TEXAS COMPANY, U. S. A.
Texaco Petroleum Products



All Clean, Clear Golden Colored

TEXACO Motor Oil in its very appearance evidences the exacting care with which it is refined and cleansed of all impurities.

When you see that clear, golden color you will know that you are getting TEXACO Motor Oil, full-bodied, clean and clear—the finest motor lubricant you can buy.

And remember the same name when you need gas: Get TEXACO, the volatile gas, and you will get the fuel that gives up its energy instantaneously and delivers its maximum power at each stroke of the piston.

Run it with TEXACO Gasoline — Save it with TEXACO Motor Oil

THE TEXAS COMPANY, U. S. A.
Texaco Petroleum Products

> The word seemed to impress itself repeatedly. As a boy, I had worked at the job of building a concrete house. The house still stands on the shores of Dundalk Bay, Ireland, in the little village of Annagassan, and is, or was, occupied by coast-guards. The thought kept pressing in upon me, "build a concrete boat."
>
> Consideration of the idea from every angle left no doubt in my mind that a concrete boat would float for, after all, it is simply a matter of displacement. An iron ship would float, could be rigged and sailed. I thought long on the ingredients that go to make concrete. Of sand, gravel and broken stone, we had an abundance; cement, the one essential, was lacking. How could I get a substitute for cement?
>
> For days and nights I tried to think out some way of providing a substitute for cement. Finally, I gave up the idea of a substitute and started out to search the rocks for stone that would make the genuine article. Several specimens of stone were carried to camp. I kept my idea to myself, determined first to make tests. A piece of good blue limestone was selected and broken up into fine particles. Then I had men grind those particles between stones until a powder was produced. In all, we had about ten pounds.
>
> The hard part of the test was yet to come. Cement is subjected to a burning process. We had no burner. A large fire was then made and permitted to burn until nothing was left but a big bank of "grechuck." The grechuck I carefully combed aside and laid the powdered stone in the very heart of it, covered it over with red-hot grechuck and baked it for eight hours.
>
> Life or death depended on the success of the experiment. I shall never forget my feelings as I raked away the glowing embers, and uncovered the cement. It was certainly hot! Almost cooked brown. From the appearance of the powdered stone I felt I had developed a good grade of hydraulic cement and exclaimed, with great joy, "Oh! thank God! We shall be saved!"
>
> Now I was ready to unfold my scheme. I called the boys around me and told them we were going to build a concrete boat. You should have seen the looks on their faces. Some laughed outright, and ridiculed the idea, a very unusual thing in the presence of their Captain. . . .

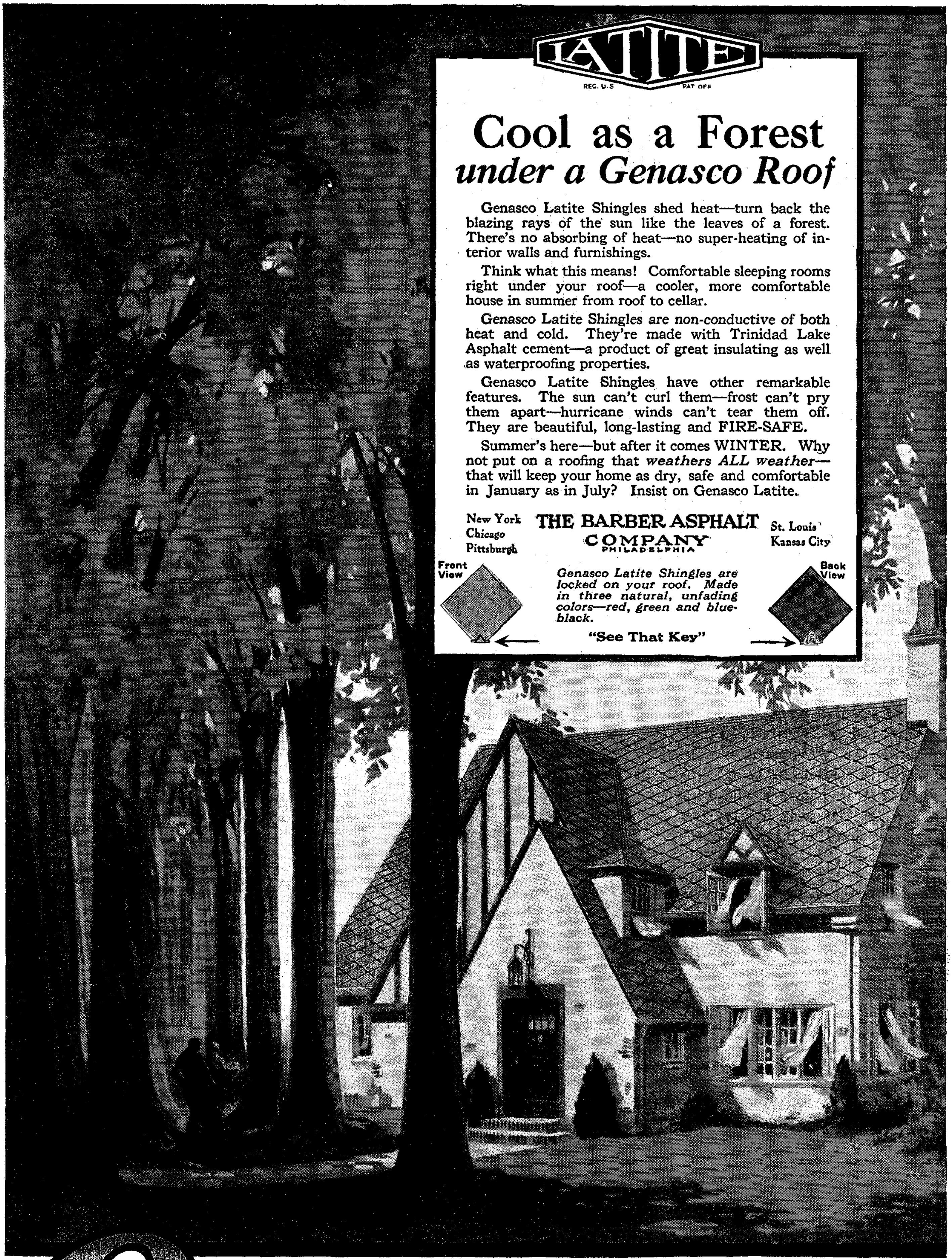
Preliminary tests made with a mold representing a large tub indicated, says Kenlon, that a concrete boat would float, so work on it was begun at once. He told the sailors that he was confident of the ability of such a craft to carry them not only to Possession Island, another member of the Crozet group, and on which ship's stores were cached for shipwrecked mariners, but even as far as Australia, about 2,400 miles away. Describing the steps in constructing this novel craft, he continues:

> Men were selected according to their adaptability to perform certain duties. Three men were detailed to pick out and carry cement stone to three others who were to break it up into fine particles. Two men attended to the cement mill; that is, they made the fire, laid the cement in, and properly baked it. In choosing the spot considered best adapted to the building of the boat, I had in mind to build on a perfectly level piece of ground. We doubted our ability to construct a boat on an incline, for the reason that we had very little material to make frames, and even if we had the material, we would find great difficulty in carrying the different streaks to the proper level.
>
> Finding suitable ground, we measured off thirty-two feet—the length we had decided the boat should be on her keel—and set our frames so the stern of the boat would face the sea. Having set in position a frame for the keel, we began mixing concrete. By this time all hands were deeply interested in the success of the experiment. Little wooden trowels were made, and as the concrete was mixed and poured into the frame, we carefully leveled and packed it down.
>
> The experiment with the concrete tub, while it was fairly successful, left some doubt in our minds as to whether or not a boat of that type would successfully withstand the uneven pressures exerted on the hull of a boat in a seaway. Therefore, we decided to take some rope, lay a piece of rope in the center of the concrete keel, and from the center core stretch rope yarns up and down and to either side. When the frame was removed from the keel the wisdom of this experiment was clearly apparent. We had a much stronger and more flexible keel than if we had just poured the concrete without the reinforcement. All hands agreed that the rope reinforcement was a splendid thing, so the idea was carried out and embodied in each streak, stem and stern, from keel to gunwale.
>
> Less than half a day was consumed in pouring the concrete for the keel of the boat. We knew it would require six or seven days to harden. Those days were devoted to the most difficult problem we had to solve in our efforts to build. Men whose business it is to lay keels and build boats know that the most difficult streak in a boat's hull to set properly is the garboard streak. . . .
>
> The forward deck was laid more to provide shelter over sleeping-quarters. We felt that in the last and final effort we should have to use the boat to cover the distance between the Crozet Islands and the western coast of Australia. To sail this distance in an open boat would, of itself, be a test of great endurance, particularly so if there were no shelter provided for the men when they lay down to rest. The hull of the boat about completed, a consultation was held to determine on the best type of rig. After much discussion it was decided that she should be a sloop. In accordance with this decision we made and set in place a strong, substantial mast and bowsprit.
>
> There were three or four very good sailmakers in the crew, so we measured off the length of the mast, the length of the gaff and boom, cut out and set about making a mainsail and jib. Nor did we trust to one suit of sails; having plenty of canvas and rope, we made two. Sailors, if such should ever read this story, may ask where we got the palms and needles. We made canvas palms and we made needles out of the roots of the hard shrubbery that grew on the rocks.
>
> Fearing that we might be disappointed in not finding provisions in Ship Cove, on Possession Island, we established a salt-house, extracted several hundred pounds of salt from the sea water and salted down four or five hundred pounds of fish. We also salted and cured some rabbit meat, so that with water, fish and rabbit, we would be able to reach Australia, even should we be disappointed in not finding provisions on Possession Island. Our provisions were getting low.

Just as the boat was about finished, the marooned sailors lost another of their number, for a sailor named William Bishop succumbed to pneumonia. When Christmas arrived, five and a half months after the crew had sought refuge on this island, the men took a three-day recess. At last all was in readiness for the launching, of which Kenlon informs us:

> Our boat was not built on a regular way, and she was not launched in the style usually followed in shipyards of this and other countries. She was steadied by props on each side and quietly moved toward the water on rollers. The rollers consisted of short pieces of the main topgallant mast that had been sawed off for that purpose.
>
> As the boat took the water, I can imagine that all hearts stood still, only to beat stronger and faster as she lay on the water on a perfect line, just showing the amount of freeboard our calculations had figured out. The cheer that went up could be heard for many a mile. Success! Unqualified success had crowned our efforts! We had built and successfully launched the first reinforced concrete ship that ever floated!
>
> In view of the use made during the World War of the concrete-ship principle, this statement concerning our efforts so many years ago on these far-away islands will come as a surprize. . . .
>
> We sailed with a fair wind, double-reefed mainsail, and a reefed jib. Some of us, at least, had been aboard yachts and small sailing craft in races where cups and trophies awaited the winner; therefore, we were accustomed to carrying sail and liked to press on canvas, but here, with so much at stake, it was deemed prudent to carry nothing heavier than a double-reefed mainsail and the reefed jib. Under this rig we figured the boat would make an average of seven knots. The wind was strong from west, sou'west, and the sea was long and true. Good cheer prevailed among the crew, all hands managing to get a little sleep. Three or four could stretch out for a few hours at a time, and those who required more could lay their heads on the gunwale and sleep as the boat skipped along. . . .
>
> We had covered about sixteen hundred miles of the distance at about four o'clock on the morning of the tenth day out from Possession Island, when the lookout reported "light astern." All hands started up and looked in the direction indicated. We could clearly discern a red and green light, showing that a ship was coming up astern, steering practically the same course that we were.

They learned that the vessel was the *Lough E*, bound for Melbourne. They went aboard, were cordially received by the captain, and were urged to abandon their concrete craft. Kenlon and his men were unwilling at first to forsake their gallant ship, which they had named the *Comet*, because Kenlon's visionary ride on a comet had led to the building of it. The captain of the *Lough E* said, however, that he could not tow the other vessel, because he was out to set a speed record, so the *Comet* was cut loose. "The abandonment of the *Comet* was to me even more sad and solemn than anything that had happened in my life up to that time. I fain would have kept her; she was inspired by God. But I had to bow to the inevitable and leave her to her fate," Kenlon writes.



LATITE
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Cool as a Forest
under a Genasco Roof

Genasco Latite Shingles shed heat—turn back the blazing rays of the sun like the leaves of a forest. There's no absorbing of heat—no super-heating of interior walls and furnishings.

Think what this means! Comfortable sleeping rooms right under your roof—a cooler, more comfortable house in summer from roof to cellar.

Genasco Latite Shingles are non-conductive of both heat and cold. They're made with Trinidad Lake Asphalt cement—a product of great insulating as well as waterproofing properties.

Genasco Latite Shingles have other remarkable features. The sun can't curl them—frost can't pry them apart—hurricane winds can't tear them off. They are beautiful, long-lasting and FIRE-SAFE.

Summer's here—but after it comes WINTER. Why not put on a roofing that *weathers ALL weather*—that will keep your home as dry, safe and comfortable in January as in July? Insist on Genasco Latite.

New York
Chicago
Pittsburgh

THE BARBER ASPHALT COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA

St. Louis
Kansas City

Genasco Latite Shingles are locked on your roof. Made in three natural, unfading colors—red, green and blue-black.

"See That Key"

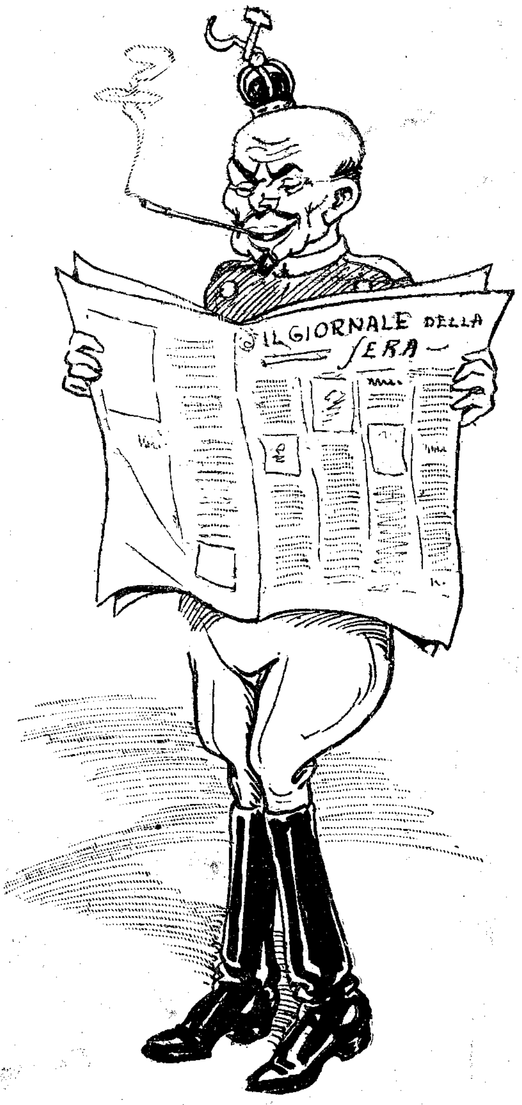
Genasco

Asphaltic Roofing, Flooring, Paints and Allied Protective Products

BIM, BOM, AND THE BOLSHEVIKI

POKING fun at persons or political parties in power is usually a hazardous pastime, for however heedless they may be of the blows administered by arguments, invariably they present a vulnerable spot to the barbed shafts of ridicule. The Bolshevik government, it would appear from an article in the Calgary, Canada, *Daily Herald*, is especially sensitive on this point, perhaps because it has the self-consciousness and blatant dignity of a crusading pioneer in political science. It may also be that the Soviet leaders recognize in ridicule an enemy more dangerous, tho more subtle, than dozens of "white" armies.

At any rate, a writer in this Canadian paper cites many incidents in the life of Bim and Bom, Russian comedians, to show that the way of a humorist, like that of transgressor, is hard in the lands over which the Czars once held sway. Despite the fact that Russia is regarded as a nation beset by poverty, famine, internal disorder, and other woes attributable to human or natural agencies, there seems to be no dearth of material for the professional joke-maker. The distress itself is made the occasion for much foolery. Especially, we are told, do the people in all public places of amusement relish quips and skits which plainly satirize the government or the Bolshevik leaders. It is not surprizing that humor should continue to flourish in Russia, for, as *The Daily Herald* article informs us—



LENIN (reading account of his own "death")—Well, I hope it isn't serious this time either.

—*Il 420* (Florence).

> Man is the most malleable animal of the whole of the animal kingdom. He, sooner or later, succeeds in adapting himself to the most extraordinary conditions of life.
>
> Russia has been described to us as the place in the world where, of late years, there has been more sorrow, more wide-spread weeping going on than anywhere else. Still, according to what Italo Zingarelli wrote to the *Corriere della Sera* of Milan, from Russia, it appears that people over there are getting accustomed to their lot, and, more than that, they are beginning to make fun about it.

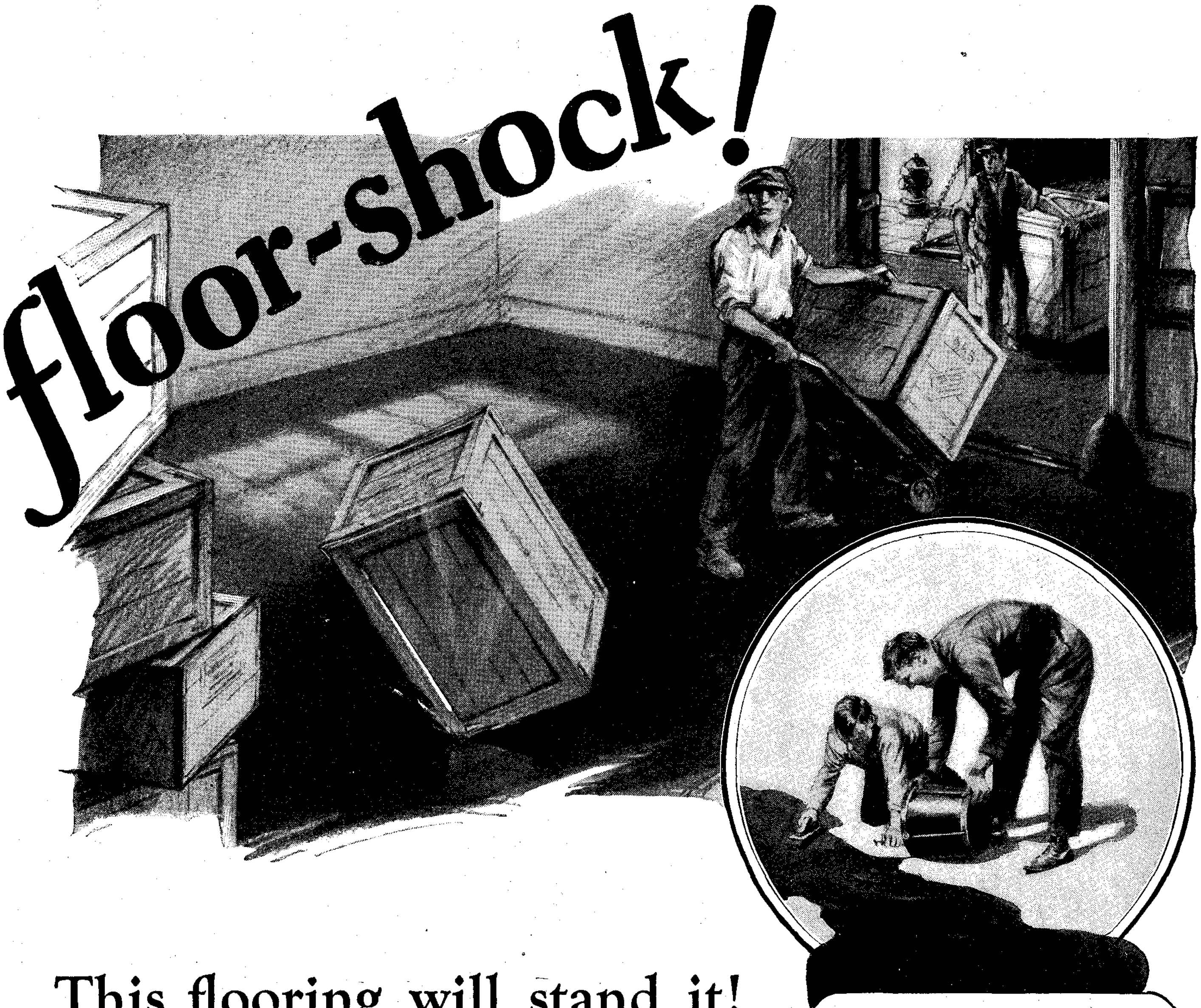
If Russia is in the sad plight represented in most reports emanating from there, such a condition might reasonably be expected to affect the nature of the foolery indulged in. Slavic humor, so far as outsiders can judge, always has seemed to be of the grim sort: it now has taken on the ghastly qualities of "galgenhumor," or "gallows-humor." Of this German term and its application in Russia the article says:

> "Galgenhumor," literally, is "the bon-mot of the scaffold."
>
> A man has been sentenced to be hanged. They go and tell him he is going to hang on Monday next. "I am sorry I will start my week wrong," he says. That's classical, that's typical Galgenhumor.
>
> Now, according to what they say, there is a lot of Galgenhumor going on in Russia.
>
> "Did you hear 30,000,000 people are starving in the Volga district?"
>
> "Thirty million? What does 30,000,000 mean to us? Nothing. We don't count any more by the million. We laugh at 30,000,000 roubles; we can do the same with 30,000,000 human lives."
>
> With all due respect for Bolshevik governmental institutions and decrees, in all public places of amusement Galgenhumor is indulged in whenever it appears possible, and people are enjoying it immensely.
>
> Bim and Bom are specializing in it; they are making a great success of it.
>
> Bim and Bom have a past, they have artistic traditions. They are famous all through the width and length of what was once known as Holy Russia.
>
> The all-powerful Che-ka, the political secret police organization, has kept a constant good watch on Bim and Bom.
>
> Once in a while Bim and Bom find themselves in jail.
>
> One evening Bim starts licking Bom. Bom doesn't even move, doesn't even say a word under the blows. Bim hits harder and harder. Same results. Bom is insensible. Bim is furious: "You quintessence of cowardice! Can't you even find a word under the blows?" And Bom, pointing to the audience: "These people have been laboring under still harder blows; they never said a word." Great success of hilarity.
>
> Bim, greatly pleased, starts pulling off his clothes, "Coram populo." Bom appears scandalized. "Have you lost all sense of decency? Are you not ashamed of what you are doing in the presence of all these ladies and gentlemen?"
>
> "My dear, why should I be ashamed? Have not the saints been stript publicly?"
>
> That time, for propaganda against the law ordering the confiscation of all church treasures, Bim and Bom landed in jail. They were not kept in very long.

Regarding the further adventures of this precious pair we read:

> And there is Bim reappearing in the arena with an enormous load on his shoulders. He goes round and round, looking rather happy and satisfied. Bom bursts out in a loud laugh: "I can not understand how you can manage to keep going around with such a load on your back."
>
> And Bim: "Why should I not be able to stand this load for a few minutes, when Russia has been carrying a far greater load these last four years?"
>
> The audience had only timid smiles this time. The Che-ka intervention and the jail sentence were but too recent.
>
> And Bim, undaunted: "Anyhow, you are wrong should you think that I have been lifting and carrying very heavy stuff. Do you know what is really very difficult to raise?"
>
> And the audience, unanimously: "The rouble!"
>
> In another instance Bim and Bom came in carrying a picture—a picture of Lenin. And they started a heated discussion: "What would be better, hanging or just setting against the wall?"
>
> (To set against the wall, in Russia also, stands for being shot.)
>
> Well, they didn't fight very long, this time.
>
> They brotherly agreed and admitted that either hanging or setting against the wall would serve the same purpose. But they went in jail again, and for good.

In the same way that Americans cherish certain long-standing jokes, such as those about Fords and Congress, Russians "point with pride" to several much newer but equally admired jokes


floor-shock!

This flooring will stand it!

JOHNS-MANVILLE Industrial Flooring has great cohesive strength. Withstanding hard knocks is all a part of its daily job. An unusually heavy blow may dent it, of course, but such dents are soon ironed out under trucking traffic.

And that's not all. Johns-Manville Industrial Flooring resists acids—as many laboratories, dairies and battery service stations can testify. It is exceptionally long-lived, even under severest usage—in trucking alleys, shipping platforms, etc. It will not originate dust—thereby making cleaner working conditions for your employees. It is waterproof. It is sanitary and quiet. Its smooth surface means easier and more efficient trucking.

In short, it combines all the advantages of all other flooring materials. Check its good qualities against those of other floorings that you use or know. Johns-Manville Industrial Flooring wins on every count. It is a big factor in lowering maintenance costs in almost every kind of building all over the country

There is a place for it in your building—several places perhaps. You cannot buy as much economy in any other flooring material. If you will fill in the coupon on the right, you will obligate yourself in no way, and you will find out exactly what you can expect of this flooring in making your building a better place for work and workers.

JOHNS-MANVILLE Inc , Dept. B1., Madison Ave. at 41st St , New York City
Branches in 56 Large Cities
For Canada: CANADIAN JOHNS-MANVILLE CO., Ltd., Toronto

JOHNS-MANVILLE
Industrial Flooring

JOHNS MANVILLE SERVICE
COVERS THE CONTINENT
Through
Asbestos
and its allied products
INSULATION
BRAKE LININGS
ROOFINGS
PACKINGS
CEMENTS
FIRE PREVENTION PRODUCTS

A flooring for every building.
Which is yours?

Johns-Manville Industrial Flooring is specially compounded to meet the conditions that prevail in your building. Check the building, in which you are interested, listed in the coupon below and mail back to us.

- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

JOHNS-MANVILLE Inc. Dept. B1
Madison Avenue at 41st Street
New York City

Without obligating me in any way, please tell me what can be expected of your flooring in my building. (Check the building in which you are interested.)

Armory
Battery Service Sta.
Bottling Plant
Creamery
Factory
Fire House
Freight Station
Garage
Machine Shop
Marine Work
(Dock, ship-deck, etc.)
Mill Building
Office Building
Packing House
Public Institution
(Almshouse, jail, etc.)
Railroad Station
School
Storage Warehouse

Any other building? ....

Special Conditions ....
(Acid, trucking, etc.)

Name ....

....

Address ....

....

about their political leaders, according to the writer. For instance:

> Lenin is the central figure of a fable that you will hear from the people all over Russia, should you happen to go there.
>
> Three animals, the horse, the cow and the ass, went on a certain day to see Lenin and asked for protection. Lenin was astonished. He had been hard on men and women, particularly on learned and cultured people; he had never done a thing to animals. "Why are you asking for protection?" he inquired from the horse. "They have eaten up all my brothers and now they are starving me," the horse replied. "And you?" said Lenin, pointing to the cow. "They are milking me too hard. I can't stand it any more."
>
> "And what has the ass got to say," Lenin went on. "Why are you asking for protection?" "Because I never said a word."
>
> Then they will tell you an anecdote about Tchitcherin and his staff at the Bolshevik foreign office.
>
> And there is another yarn about Trotsky, which, if it is not true, is very well invented.
>
> According to this yarn, on a certain night, at the bedroom door of the War Minister was posted a sentry, a recruit, perfectly green as to the etiquette of the Bolshevik army. He had orders to wake up the minister—the commissioner for war, as they put it—at four o'clock. When the appointed time was approaching the poor tenderfoot found himself at a loss. "A pretty mess I'm in," he started worrying all by himself.
>
> "How shall I wake him up? If I say 'Sir!' that doesn't work. There are no more 'Sirs' in Russia. Shall I say: 'Comrade?' I don't think so. That looks too intimate to me. I can not very well shake him, he may kick me." . . .
>
> The clock struck four and he was struck by an idea. He started singing, full voice, the song of the Third International, which in Russian begins, more or less, as follows:
>
> "Get up, abject creature, branded by malediction, son of a world of starving people and slaves."
>
> Sometimes the Bolsheviki make fun about themselves.
>
> Near Lubjanska Square, in Moscow, the bust of Charles Marx, forefather of Communism, has been erected.
>
> Pointing to the bust a Bolsheviki was saying to another: "He was a true Communist." "No doubt he was; that is why he has been left without either arms or legs."

THE LOVE STORY OF THE CURIES

GENIUSES ARE CREDITED OR DEBITED with being so temperamental and so hard to get along with that well-meaning friends advise them not to marry, and especially to refrain from marrying one another, as in the latter case domestic disaster is assumed to be a foregone conclusion. However, Pierre Curie, the French physicist, destined to world-wide fame as the co-discoverer, with his wife, of radium, wrote while he was still a student of twenty-two, that "women of genius are rare," and that average women are a positive hindrance to serious-minded scientists because "it is in the name of life and nature" that such women "endeavor to draw us back" from persevering to the accomplishment of great tasks.

Therefore he put aside all idea of marriage until, fourteen years later, he chanced to meet a young woman who showed signs of genius, and who he evidently thought would become an actual partner in the pursuit of his ambitions, and not a discourager of his dreams. His judgment was correct, for to-day Madame Marie Curie occupies a niche in the scientific world beside that of her late husband. It appears that in this case, at least, the marriage of two geniuses was the means by which each was able to attain, while cooperating with the other, to the highest degree of intellectual development.

Madame Curie, turning aside for a moment from her constant laboratory experiments, has drawn back the curtain, and has enabled us to get a glimpse of a courtship and married life which seem to be one of the most engrossing and refreshing love stories in modern times. With her own pen she tells, in a recent issue of the *Revue Bleue* (Paris), about her first meeting with Pierre Curie, about the romance of their wooing and wedding, and finally about those little domestic economies and sacrifices practised by each in order that they might be able to continue their scientific investigations together, besides doing the conventional duties of rearing a family, as husband and wife. She quotes copiously from love-letters which Curie sent to her, and frankly says there are few such missives for the reason that they seldom were separated long enough to warrant any writing. She does not fail to give credit to the kindness of her husband's parents in caring for their children, thereby giving her more time to devote to her beloved laboratory work. In the first years of married life, however, she kept house like a typical French matron, for she and Pierre were too poor to afford the luxury of a maid.

Her narrative, which is at once delightfully simple and dignified, shows clearly that whatever distinction her husband achieved in his researches, he never became too great to remain a kindly, considerate, and altogether "ideal" head of a household. Of her own part in contributing to his renown, she is all too modest. She aims ever to keep herself in the background. For instance, she sums up in one short paragraph her life before the eventful meeting with Curie. Her story runs:

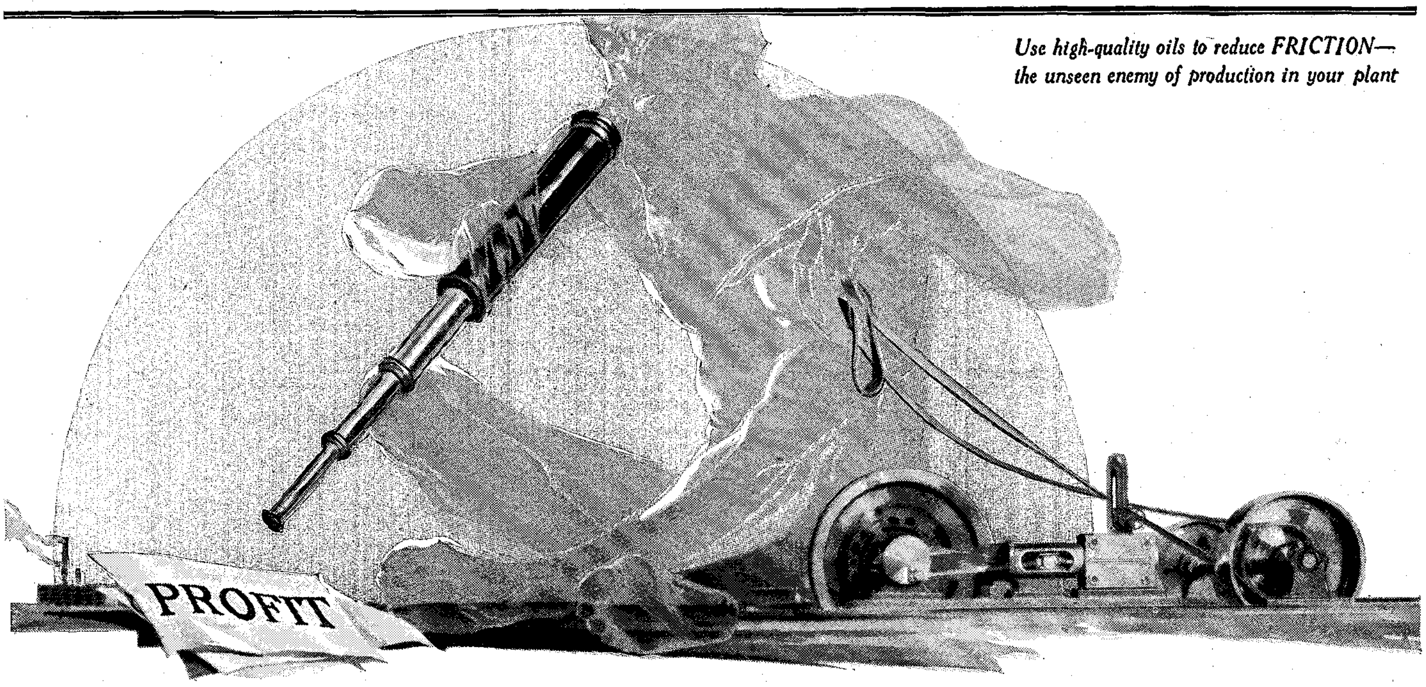
> "My name is Marie Sklodowska. My father and my mother belonged to Catholic Polish families; they were both teachers in secondary schools at Warsaw (in Russian Poland at that period). I was born at Warsaw and studied at the Lyceum; afterwards I taught for some years before coming to Paris in 1892, to pursue scientific studies.
>
> "I met Pierre Curie for the first time in the spring of 1894, when living in Paris, where I had been studying at the Sorbonne for three years. I had passed the examination for a license in physics and was preparing for one in mathematics; at the same time I began to work in the research laboratory of Professor Lippmann. A Polish physicist, with whom I was acquainted, and who had a high esteem for Pierre Curie, invited us both one day to spend the evening with his wife and himself.
>
> "When I entered, Pierre Curie was standing in the recess of a window giving upon a balcony. He appeared very young to me, tho he was then thirty-five years old. I was struck by the expression of his open look and by the slight stoop of his tall figure. His speech, a trifle slow and reflective, his simplicity, his smile at once serious and youthful, inspired confidence. We engaged in a conversation which soon took on a friendly turn; its subject matter consisted of scientific questions upon which I was delighted to ask his views, and of those matters of social or humanitarian interest, in which we were both interested. In spite of the difference of our native countries, there was a surprizing similarity between our ideas, attributable, doubtless, in part, to a certain analogy in the moral atmosphere of the two families in which we had been brought up."

The young professor and the earnest student continued to meet each other, both in the laboratory and the Society of Physics, and it was not long before the former asked if he might call upon his new friend. Marie Sklodowska was then living in a modest room on the sixth floor in the neighborhood of the Schools. Her resources were exceedingly narrow but she was happy, she tells us, in having at last the opportunity for advanced study, which had long been her ardent desire, and which had been necessarily postponed until she was twenty-five years of age. We read:

> "Pierre Curie came to see me with a simple and sincere sympathy for my hard-working life. Soon he fell into the habit of speaking to me of his dream of a life consecrated entirely to scientific research, and he asked me to share this existence. But it was by no means easy for me to decide to do this, since it involved a separation from my country and my family, and the renunciation of certain projects of social activity which were dear to me. Having grown up in that atmosphere of patriotism induced by the oppression to which Poland was subjected, I desired, like so many other young people of my country, to contribute by my efforts to the conservation of the national spirit."

Matters were in this state when Marie left Paris at the beginning of the vacation, to visit her father in Poland. It is due to this circumstance that we possess some very remarkable letters written by Curie to his future wife, since after their marriage they were so inseparable that there was but little occasion for correspondence between them. She says:

> "Our correspondence during this separation helped to strengthen the bond of affection which had begun to form between us. Pierre Curie wrote me letters during the summer of 1894, which I regard as entirely admirable. None of them is very long, for he was in the habit of being very concise, but they were all written with the evident desire to let the woman



Use high-quality oils to reduce FRICTION—
the unseen enemy of production in your plant

"Bargain" Lubrication

A WARNING

IT is just as short-sighted to buy a "bargain" oil and expect operating economies as it is to buy "bargain" machinery and expect to increase production profits.

The bargain hunter, proud of his cheap lubricating oils, forgets that power losses, repair bills, and replacement costs are included in the bargain.

Claims made for the merits of cheap oils may be pleasant to listen to—but the damage they cause is not so pleasant to pay for.

★ ★ ★

As a manufacturing problem. it is far more difficult to make a high-grade oil to produce operating economies than to make a cheap oil to sell at a price.

The Vacuum Oil Company offers you the most economical lubrication you can buy. Not always in price-per-gallon, but always in the thing you really pay for—lubrication results. If all engines and machines were alike, any layman could be trusted to select the correct oil to use. But machinery is bewildering in its variety of designs, purposes and operating conditions. Many different kinds of high-grade oils are needed. Many different methods of application are called for.

Correct Lubrication is the highly specialized business of experts.

For more than 57 years the Vacuum Oil Company, specialists in the manufacture and application of high-grade lubricants, has had this fundamental policy: *To reduce operating costs in every plant, in every industry, in every country.*

The full economies from the use of high-grade Gargoyle Lubricating Oils will be insured by a Lubrication Audit of your plant. Details of this Vacuum Oil Company service in column at right.

GARGOYLE

Lubricating Oils

A grade for each type of service

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

THE

Lubrication Audit

EXPLAINED STEP BY STEP
(In Condensed Outline)

INSPECTION: A thoroughly experienced Vacuum Oil Company representative in co-operation with your plant engineer or superintendent makes a careful survey and record of your mechanical equipment and operating conditions.

RECOMMENDATIONS: We later specify, in a written report, the correct oil and correct application of the oil for the efficient and economical operation of each engine and machine.

This report is based on:—

(1) The inspection of the machines in your plant.

(2) Your operating conditions.

(3) Our 57 years of lubricating experience with all types of mechanical equipment under all kinds of operating conditions throughout the world.

(4) Our outstanding experience in manufacturing oils for every lubricating need.

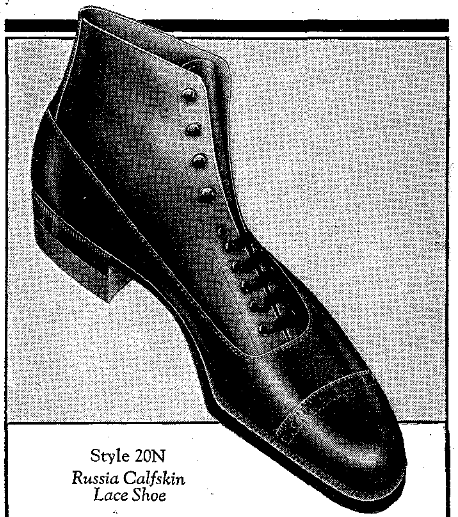
CHECKING: If, following our recommendations in this Audit, you install our oils, periodical calls will be made to see that the desired results are continued.

FOR THE ABOVE FREE SERVICE address our nearest branch office.

Domestic Branches:

New York (*Main Office*)
Boston
Philadelphia
Pittsburgh
Buffalo
Rochester
Albany
Chicago
Detroit
Indianapolis
Milwaukee
Minneapolis
Des Moines
Kansas City, Kan.
Dallas
Oklahoma City

THE
Hanover
Shoe
Styled for Comfort
Built for Wear



Style 20N
Russia Calfskin Lace Shoe

Walk into any Hanover Store. Take up a Hanover Shoe and examine it closely. Note the quiet elegance of its style, the hardy construction, the genuine high-grade leather—the fine finish.

Then try on a pair in the style you like best. How comfortable — how good-looking — what perfect fit. Shoes you'll be proud to wear.

For a quarter century we've devoted our skill and effort toward making a better Hanover Shoe.

FIVE DOLLARS
in Hanover Stores in 60 cities

This is possible because we are the only shoemakers in America who sell exclusively through our own stores. If there is no Hanover Store near you, we will fit you from Hanover. Write for catalog.

The HANOVER SHOE, Hanover, Pa.
Exclusively for Men and Boys

Hanover Shoes for Boys and Little Men are Staunch and Serviceable — good-looking as Dad's — $2.50, $3.00 and $3.50.

Style B289B
Boys' Brown Russia Blucher Oxford

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

whom he wished to be his companion know him as he was, with the most objective sincerity."

Madame Curie observes here that she knew no one who had so great a power of evoking the most impressive image of truth by the simplest of means, a quality which makes her believe he might have become a great writer. She quotes from these letters certain striking passages relating to their future marriage. He wrote:

"We have promised each other (isn't this true?) to feel a great affection for each other. Provided you do not change your mind! For there are no promises which hold one fast; these are things which can not be commanded, but it would be a very beautiful thing—so beautiful that I dare not believe it—if we could pass our lives with each other enchanted with our dreams: *Your* patriotic dream, *our* humanitarian dream, and *our* scientific dream. But of all these dreams I believe it is the last alone which is truly legitimate. I mean by this that we are powerless to change the state of society, and if even were this not so, we should not know what to do, and by acting in any manner whatever we could never be sure of not doing more ill than good and thus retarding some inevitable process of evolution. From the scientific point of view, on the contrary, we may expect to really do something—we are on more solid ground here, and every discovery, however trifling it may be, remains an acquisition . . .

"I urge you ardently to return to Paris in October. It would distress me greatly if you did not come back this year, yet I do not urge you to return from the mere selfishness of a friend. Only I believe that you would work better here and accomplish more solid and useful things."

The nature of the man shines forth very clearly in this letter. As his wife tells us, he had devoted his life to his scientific visions and he had need of a companion both able and willing to share those dreams with him. She declares he often said to her that he had put off marrying until he was thirty-six years old, because he believed it to be impossible for him to achieve a marriage of the only kind he was willing to consider. She quotes the following remarkable passage, written in his diary when he was a youth of only twenty-two.

"Women, much more than we, love life for the sake of living; women of genius are rare. That is why we have to struggle against women, when, impelled by some mystical devotion, we would set foot in some unusual path, when we would give our whole mind to some work which draws us apart from the life which surrounds us—and the struggle is nearly always unequal, for it is in the name of life and of nature that women endeavor to draw us back."

Madame Curie ranks these sentiments with those famous words of Pasteur: "I have an invincible belief that Science and Peace will one day triumph over Ignorance and War." It was this confidence in the ultimate success of scientific solutions for the problems of life, we learn, which rendered M. Curie but little inclined to take an active part in politics. Both by his education and his sentiments he was inclined toward social and democratic ideas, but he was not governed by any party doctrine, tho he faithfully fulfilled his duties as a voter. He disbelieved in violence in public life as well as in private life, comparing the use of force to the stupid action of a man who, finding his path obstructed by a stone wall, should endeavor to knock it out of his way by running at it head first. In this connection he writes:

"I believe that certain questions demand a general solution and can no longer be handled by merely local solutions, and that one may do much evil when he enters upon a path which has no definite outlet. I believe, too, that justice is not of this world, and that it is the strongest system, or, rather, the one best from an economic point of view, which will prevail. Men are exhausted by labor and live in wretched poverty, but this will not cease to be so because it is revolting; this system will probably disappear because a man is a sort of machine, and it is more advantageous from the economic point of view to make any machine function in a normal manner without strain."

Madame Curie tells us that his scientific demand for perfect lucidity in intellectual matters was extended by him to problems of a general nature. At the same time he had discovered that a certain amount of compromise is necessary in the ordinary affairs of life. He wrote:

"We are all slaves of our affections, slaves of the prejudices of those whom we love; moreover, we have to earn a living, and for that reason we become the cog of a machine. The concessions which we are obliged to make to the prejudices of the society which surrounds us, are exceedingly painful; one concedes more or less, according to whether one is weaker or stronger. If one does not concede enough, one is crusht. If one concedes too much, he is vile and feels a disgust for himself. See how far I am from the principles which I held ten years ago! At that time I thought one ought to be extreme in everything and ought to make no concession to his environment. I believed then that one ought to exaggerate his defects as well as his good qualities."

Madame Curie resumes the thread of her narrative by saying that upon her return from her vacation, the feeling between herself and her fiancé had become so much nearer and dearer that each felt it would be impossible to find a better companion with whom to share the joys and sorrows and labors of life. They were married, July 25, 1895, in the simplest possible manner in accordance with their views, *i. e.*, by a civil marriage, since Pierre Curie belonged to no religious sect, and she herself had ceased to observe the formal ceremonies of the faith in which she was bred. She tells us that her husband's parents received her with the greatest cordiality, and that her father and sisters, who were present at her

The physician found the glands of her mouth had dried up—

A remarkable case showing the influence six tiny glands have in protecting the unreplaceable enamel of the teeth

AN interesting case has been reported by a leading physician.

A woman entered a hospital complaining of dryness in her throat and of difficulty in swallowing. Her teeth which had always been sound had suddenly begun to decay "in a frightful manner."

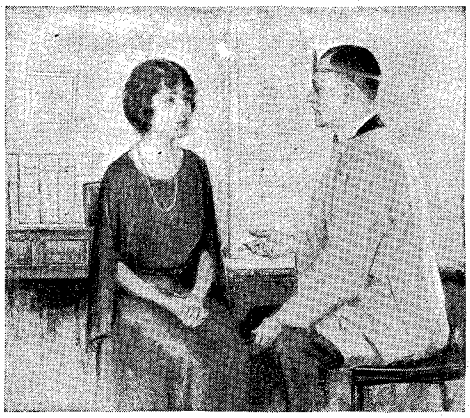
A thorough examination by the physician showed that the *six small salivary glands in her mouth had ceased to pour out their constant stream of healing, germ-free fluids.*

We have here, the physician says, the explanation for the rapid progress of tooth decay in this patient. The acids produced by fermentation of small food particles (which are present even after a thorough brushing of the teeth) were not diluted by the saliva. They acted with full strength on the enamel of her teeth, rapidly eating it away.

Today every man and woman faces this same problem

To provide protection against these deadly acids which are constantly forming in every mouth, nature intended the six tiny salivary glands automatically to flush the teeth and gums every moment in the day and night.

Although these glands are small—they can win their fight against the acids if they can be made to function normally. *In a healthy mouth* they secrete more than a quart of *alkaline* fluid per day. This fluid neutralizes the acids and washes them away.



Examination showed that the acids were acting with full strength on the enamel of her teeth, rapidly eating it away

Why in so many apparently healthy mouths secretions are often insufficient

The way we live today makes it difficult for our glands to work at their normal rate. Nature expected us to stimulate and exercise them by chewing hard, tough food.

A new instrument for the study of the glands of the mouth shows that they are 20 times more active when we chew than when the jaws are at rest. This is why only 2 out of every 100 savages had bad teeth—the rough, raw food they ate kept the glands well exercised, healthy and active. The soft foods we eat today, often hurriedly swallowed, do not keep our glands exercised and active.

Pebeco keeps the glands of your mouth at work

Pebeco is a dentifrice prepared especially to assist the natural processes causing these glands to work. It does for us what the chewing of hard food did for our primitive ancestors. Pebeco is neither acid nor alkaline. By its mere presence in the mouth it causes the glands to flow for a long period of time. It never exhausts them as do strong acids—it never checks their action as do soapy alkaline substances.

Pebeco keeps the teeth clean

For washing the teeth and keeping the outside surfaces polished no better dentifrice than Pebeco can be made. It works quickly and efficiently without wearing away the enamel or injuring the edges of the gums.

After a thorough cleansing with Pebeco, your mouth feels as refreshed as does your body after a bath—a feeling that lasts until your next meal.

Take home a tube tonight and note its invigorating and refreshing taste. It will keep the glands of your mouth active and your teeth sound and beautiful. 50c at all druggists. Manufactured only by Lehn & Fink, Inc.

PEBECO
TOOTH PASTE

Free Offer

Mail this coupon for a free tube of Pebeco

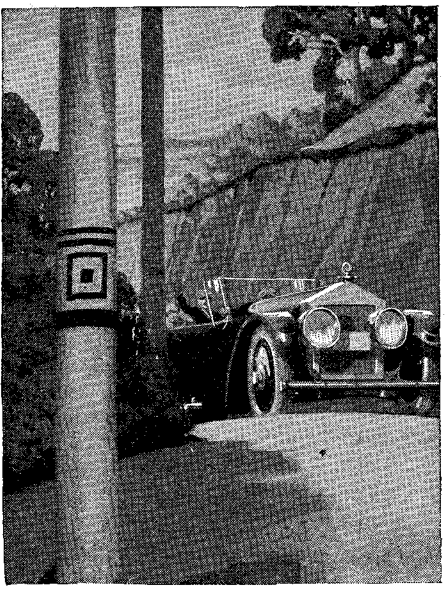
LEHN & FINK, Inc., Dept. F-6,
635 Greenwich Street, New York.

Send me free your new large size sample tube of Pebeco, the material for testing my mouth glands and your booklet "How the Glands Protect the Teeth."

Name...

Address...

....

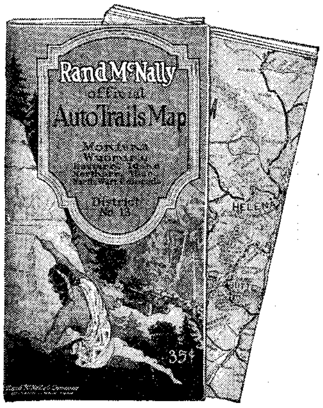


Taking the mystery out of cross-roads

WITH a RAND McNALLY Official Auto Trails Map you don't have to hesitate at cross-roads—and then guess at the right fork. All you do is follow the painted poles by the side of the highway. You know your route before you start, your turn before you come to it.

RAND McNALLY Official Auto Trails Maps are published in convenient, large-scale sections that cover all touring areas in the United States and parts of Canada. As well as showing automobile highways with their official trail markings, they contain valuable information about hotels, garages and routes through cities.

Plan your trip before you start. Then start with the necessary RAND McNALLY Official Auto Trails Map in your pocket. They cost only 35c each at bookstores, stationers, news-stands, drug stores and hotels.



RAND McNALLY & COMPANY
Map Headquarters
Dept. T-6
536 S. Clark Street, Chicago
42 E. 22nd Street, New York
Branches: Philadelphia Washington
Boston Pittsburgh Cleveland Detroit
St. Louis San Francisco Los Angeles

Send for our free booklet "The Blazed Trails"

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

marriage, were happy to know the family which she had just entered. The story goes on:

"Our first home, which was extremely modest, consisted of a little three-roomed apartment on the Rue de la Glacière, not far from the School of Physics. Its principal merit was having a view over a large garden. The furniture, which was very limited, was composed of pieces which had belonged to our parents. Our resources did not permit us to have a servant, so that I myself took almost entire charge of the domestic duties of the menage, tasks to which I had been accustomed during my life as a student. Pierre Curie's salary was six thousand francs a year, and we were determined that at least, at first, he should not undertake any outside work. I myself prepared for a position as a teacher. . . . which I obtained in 1896. Our life was completely organized with a view to scientific work, and our days were passed at the laboratory where Schutzenberger allowed me to work beside my husband.

"The latter was then engaged in studying the growth of crystals, which interested him extremely . . . He quickly obtained interesting results (not published), but was obliged to interrupt his work to pursue his researches upon radio-activity, and was never able to take it up again, a fact which he often regretted. I myself was occupied at that time in a study of the magnetization of tempered steels.

"Pierre Curie took the utmost care in preparing his course of lectures at the School. The chair was newly created and he was not obliged to follow a given program. At first he divided his lectures between crystallography and electricity, and then recognizing more and more the importance of a serious theoretical course of electricity for future engineers, he devoted himself to this subject and succeeded in establishing a course of instruction (of about 120 lessons), which was the most complete and the most modern then given in Paris. This cost him considerable effort (of which I was the daily witness), for it was his constant care to give a complete view of the phenomena and the evolution of theories and of ideas, and he was also most careful as to the precision and lucidity of his method of exposition. He intended to publish a treatise upon this course of instruction, but was too much absorbed in manifold interests during the following years to do this.

"We led a very united life, sharing a common interest in all things; in theoretic labors, in laboratory experiments, in the preparation of courses of lectures and examinations. During eleven years of a life shared in common we were almost never separated, so that there exist only a few lines of correspondence between us during this time. Our days of rest and our vacations were devoted to little trips on foot or on bicycles, either in the country about Paris, on the seashore, or in the mountains. Pierre Curie was so absorbed in his work that he found it difficult to stay any length of time in a place where no means of work were at hand. After a few days, he always said: 'It seems to me a very long time since we have done anything.' In excursions, on the contrary, in our travels on succeeding days he was quite happy and enjoyed to the full those trips which we took together, just as he had formerly enjoyed those taken with his brother, without which companionship, without which the joy of seeing beautiful things would have prevented him from thinking of scientific questions."

Madame Curie here gives some details of their various trips. One passage is especially worth quoting since it shows that in some cases at least the scientific mind is capable of poetic sensibility.

"The forest of Campiègne charmed us in the spring by its tender verdure and its carpets as far as the eye could reach of periwinkles and anemones. The borders of the Loing with their masses of buttercups in the edge of the forest of Fontainebleau had a peculiar charm for Pierre Curie. And we loved the melancholy of the coasts of Brittany and the long stretches of reeds and ferns, running down to the points of Cape Finisterre, which extend like teeth burying themselves in the flood of waters which gnaws at their banks.

"Later, after our baby had come, we were obliged to spend our vacation in the same spot without traveling. Then we lived as simply as possible in retired villages, where we could hardly be told from the natives of the place. I still remember the stupefaction of an American journalist who found us at Pouldu, at the very moment when seated on the stone steps of the house I was occupied in emptying the sand from my *espadrilles* [Spanish mountaineer's shoes]. However, his embarrassment soon vanished, and accepting the situation seated himself beside me, and began to set down in his notebook my answers to his questions."

After some passages devoted to an account of the pleasant relations with her husband's family, she speaks of their removal to a house with a garden, near the park of Mt. Souris, on the outskirts of Paris, where they lived until the death of her husband. She points out that—

"With the birth of our infant (our elder daughter, Irene, born in September of 1897) the difficulties of arranging our work were increased, for it was necessary for me to devote more time to domestic life. Very happily I was able to leave my little daughter in the care of her paternal grandfather, who had come to live with us after the death of his wife, and who dearly loved her companionship. It was also necessary to procure more income for the bigger family and for the help which I now required in caring for the house. However, our situation remained the same for the following two years, which we devoted to intensive laboratory work in radio-activity. Matters did not improve until 1900, to the detriment, it must be acknowledged, of the time we were able to employ in our scientific researches.

"All affairs of a social life were entirely excluded from our existence. Pierre Curie had an invincible aversion to obligations of this sort; neither as a young man nor later would he pay visits or enter into relations without some definite interest. Grave and silent, he preferred to lose himself in his thoughts rather than to indulge in empty words. He attached much importance, on the contrary, to keeping up his relations with the friends of his childhood and with those to whom he felt united by the bond of a common scientific interest."

Madame Curie here gives a list of the

THREAD RUBBER
Willard
INSULATION

Each Leads Its Class!

The Willard Wood-Insulated Battery and the Still Better Willard with Threaded Rubber Insulation

Willard Wood-Insulated Batteries first established Willard's reputation and leadership, and they are better batteries today than ever before.

There is no better buy today in a wood-insulated battery, and you can take your pick of several types at a wide range of prices.

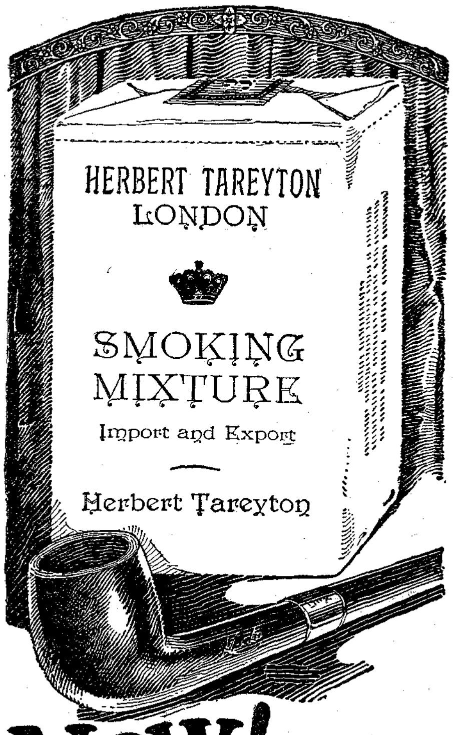
Willard Threaded Rubber Batteries are the biggest single improvement in battery building since the early days of electric starting and lighting. They have been adopted as standard by 136 car manufacturers, who willingly pay the slightly higher price for them to insure uninterrupted performance.

Threaded Rubber not only assures longer battery life but it also: Saves you a $10 or $15 bill for re-insulation; means less frequent re-charging; has more power to start a stiff engine; suffers less from overheating and has other advantages.

Willard "A" and "B" Radio Batteries reduce noises and increase efficiency. Write for free booklet, "Better Results from Radio".

WILLARD STORAGE BATTERY COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO
Made in Canada by the Willard Storage Battery Co. of Canada, Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Willard STORAGE BATTERIES



New! 25¢ Pocket Size

Your Pipe's old crony, Herbert Tareyton, is now put up in a 25c packet that fits your pocket as neatly as a pouch.

It's the most popular high-grade tobacco in America today — mature — slow-burning — *excellent!* It is guaranteed to give you maximum pleasure per puff at minimum cost per pipeful.

The new conforming lead foil pocket package keeps Herbert Tareyton Smoking Mixture fresh, and in prime condition. It is the ideal package for motorists, golfers and all outdoor men.

Herbert Tareyton Mixture is sold everywhere in this convenient new 25c pocket size, and in the popular 50c package.

Free Trial Package

If your dealer cannot supply you, we will be pleased to send generous sample if you will write us mentioning the name of your tobacconist.

FALK TOBACCO CO., INC.
44 West 18th Street New York

"There's *something* about it you'll like"

Herbert
Tareyton
London
Smoking Mixture

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

latter, which includes, as might be expected, the names of many famous scientists. She continues:

"Often one or the other would come to see us in the quiet house on the Boulevard Kellermann. Then we conversed upon recent or future experiments and new ideas and theories, never failing to rejoice in the marvels of modern physics. We had very few social gatherings in our home, since Pierre Curie felt no desire for them. He was more at ease in a conversation with only a few persons, and rarely went to other gatherings than those of scientific societies. If by chance he found himself drawn into a general conversation in which he felt no interest, he took refuge in a quiet corner and forgot those present in the pursuit of his own thoughts.

"Our family connections were very limited . . . but he was very affectionate to those of my people who came to see us in Paris and during our vacations. In 1899 he went with me to visit a sister who, with her husband, conducted a large sanatorium in the Carpathians. Through a touching desire to know all that was dear to me, he wished to learn Polish, tho he knew but little in general of foreign languages, and tho I should not have advised a study so little likely to prove useful. He had a sincere sympathy for my country, and believed in the reestablishment of a free Poland in the future.

"In our life together I learned to know him as he wished, and daily entered more fully into his thought. He was as much and more than all I could have dreamed at the moment of our union. My admiration constantly grew for his exceptional qualities, which were on a level so high and rare that he sometimes seemed to me to be a being almost unique through his detachment from every sort of vanity, and from those pettinesses which one finds in oneself and in others, and which one judges with indulgence, even while aspiring to a higher ideal.

"Herein lay, doubtless, the secret of the infinite charm to which no one could remain insensible. His pensive countenance and the open frankness of his look exerted a great attraction—an impression which was heightened by the kindness and gentleness of his character. He said that he was not a combative sort of person, and this was entirely true. One could not enter into a dispute with him, for he did not know how to lose his temper. He used to say with a smile, 'I am not very strong on getting angry.' If he had few friends, he had no enemies, for he never wounded any one, even by accident. However, one could not turn him aside from a determined line of action, which made his father call him 'the gentle stubborn one.'

"When he exprest his opinions, he always did so with perfect frankness, for he was convinced that diplomatic proceedings are in general puerile, and that the direct way was at once the simplest and the best. For this reason he had a certain reputation for naïveté; in reality he acted thus advisedly rather than by instinct. . . . While apt at judging others . . . he usually reserved his judgment, but exprest it without reticence when he made his decision, certain of performing a useful act.

"In his scientific relations he had no bitterness and was never influenced by self-love or personal sentiment. Any piece of success pleased him, even in a realm where he had expected to have priority. He said: 'What does it matter that I have not published such a work if some one else has done so,' and he thought that in matters of science one ought to be interested in things and not in persons. All idea of emulation was so contrary to his sentiments that he even condemned it in the form of lectures or classes in the Lyceums, as well as in the form of honorific distinctions. He never failed to offer advice and encouragement to those whom he believed apt at scientific work, and some of them remained profoundly grateful.

"If his attitude was that of a superior man who had attained the highest summit of civilization, his acts were those of a man truly good, gifted with a sentiment of human solidarity, intimately connected with the structure of his intellectual make-up, full of understanding and of indulgence. . . .

"He was always disposed to aid, so far as he was able, any one in a difficult situation, and even to employ a part of his time for this purpose—tho this was the greatest of sacrifices."

Madame Curie closes this brief sketch with a tribute to her husband's domestic virtues, saying in part:

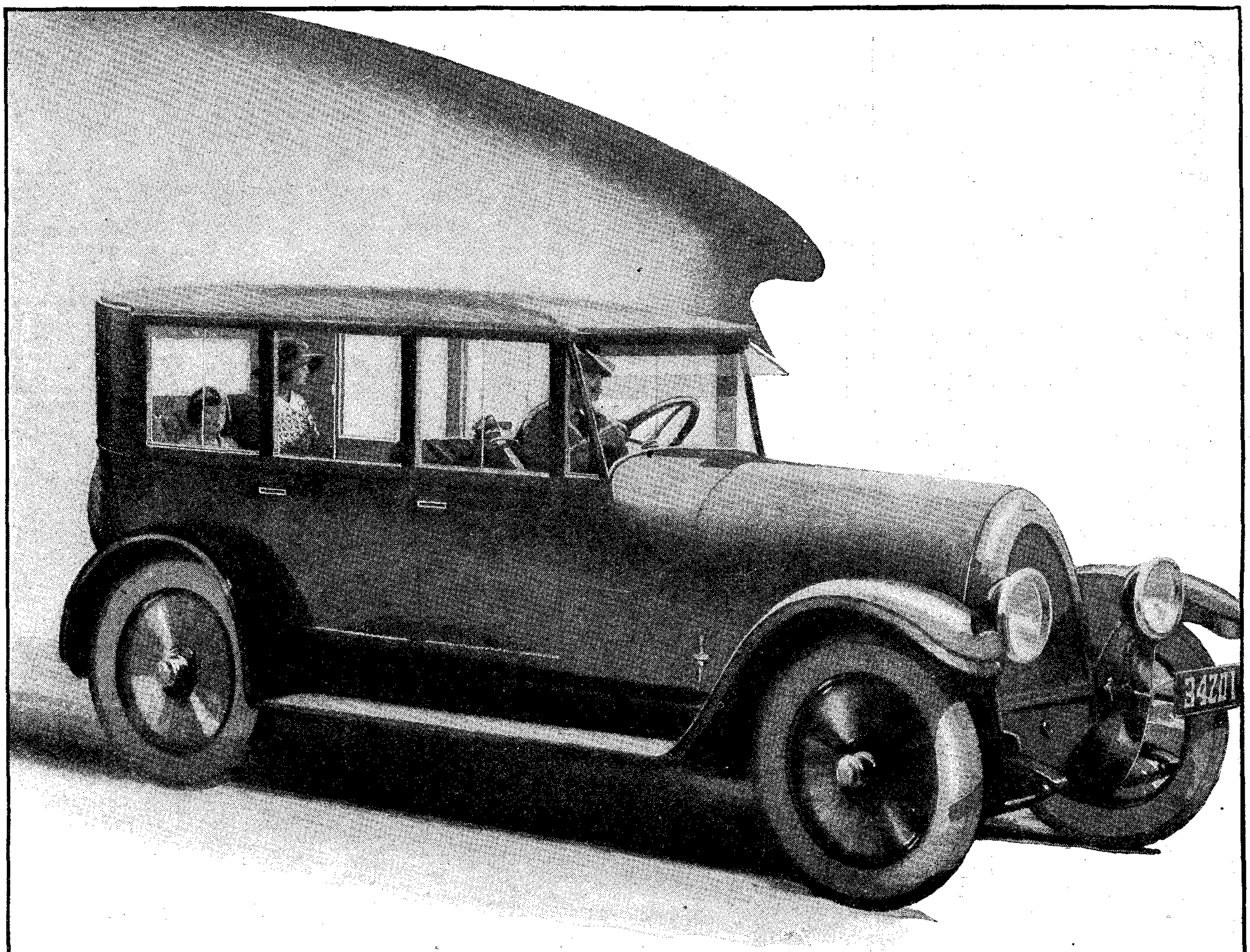
"His tenderness was the most exquisite of benefits, certain and helpful, full of gentleness and solicitude. It was good to be enveloped by it. It was cruel to lose it after having dwelt within its magic circle. Let his own words tell how he knew how to give himself: 'I think of you who fill all my life and I would that I had new faculties; it seems to me that in concentrating my mind exclusively upon you as I have just been doing, I ought to be able to see you, to follow what you are doing, and to make you feel also that at this moment I am all yours—yet I do not succeed in forming an image of you.'

"We had no great reason to feel much confidence in our health and strength, which was often subjected to severe trials; from time to time, as happens to those who know the price of a united life, the fear of the irreparable came to darken our souls. Then his simple courage led us always to the same inevitable conclusion: Whatever happens, even should one be like a body without a soul, one must go on working all the same."

A note at the end of the article states that Madame Curie will be the author of a life of Pierre Curie to appear in the series "Great Men of France." (Payot.)

This biography, it is likely, will describe at greater length and with additional details Pierre Curie as the head of a model French household and father of a happy family. Probably it also will enter upon a field not discust in the magazine article; namely, the laboratory work which made possible the discovery of radium. Certainly it should be possible for Madame Curie to shed new light on this interesting achievement, if only she does not let modesty prevent her from giving herself due credit for the part she played in this great task.

The scientist's widow, in her narrative in the *Revue Bleue*, has laid the groundwork for the longer and more complete biograpy. Even tho not touching upon Pierre Curie's great discoveries themselves, she has given us a glimpse of the mental ability and perseverance which made them possible.



The New Demi-Sedan

$2250
F.O.B. SYRACUSE

FRANKLIN

To place the greatest amount of fine automobiling within the reach of the greatest number of people was the inspiration for this remarkable car—the new Demi-Sedan. It gives complete closed car protection, unobstructed openness, or anything in between—yet costs only a little more than an open car to buy, and less than the average to run. Its marvelous road ability excels anything motordom has ever known.

Powerful New Six Motor
Beautiful Body Design

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, SYRACUSE, N.Y

Since 1839

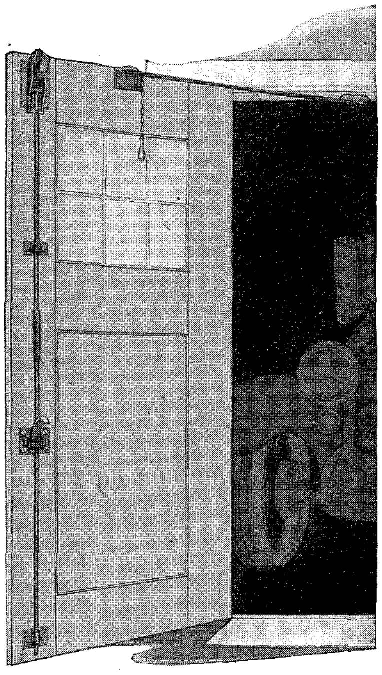
RUSSWIN
DISTINCTIVE HARDWARE

HARDWARE for your home—and garage—should give you now, and in the years to come, smooth, perfect, trouble-free service—the character of service that is built into every piece of hardware that bears the Russwin trade mark.

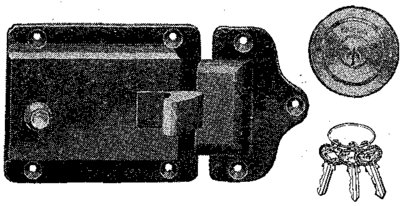
With the additional satisfaction which comes from the knowledge that Russwin Hardware is beautiful and harmonious in every detail of its design and finish.

"To Russwin-ize is to Economize"

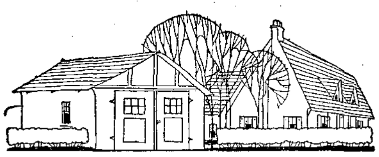
Russell & Erwin Mfg. Co.
The American Hardware Corporation Successor
New Britain, Connecticut
New York San Francisco Chicago London



RUSSWIN
Automatic-Locking
Bolts and Door Holders



RUSSWIN
Adaptable
Garage Lock



TOWARD UNDERSTANDING THE STRANGER

"HIT him with a brick, he's a foreigner," is a familiar expression of an all too common frame of mind in this country. It is illustrated by the Southerner who once told Vachel Lindsay that in his mind everybody was a "nigger" except native Americans and the fair-haired, fair-skinned peoples of northern Europe. The isolationist attitude in politics and the potency of the advertising motto, "See America First," derive their strength from this deep-rooted feeling, and yet a generation which has pored over war maps of European battle lines and has sent its sons to fight and die by the side of European soldiers defending the same ideals, can not hold itself entirely aloof from the neighbors across the seas. Understanding, as our President would say, need not necessarily mean entanglement. And so the great liners are carrying full quotas of passengers to tour Europe this summer, and *The Literary Digest International Book Review* is helping in its current issue toward a better understanding of the stranger within and without our gates. In fact, it is, in the June number, explaining what its editors mean by the word "International" in its title.

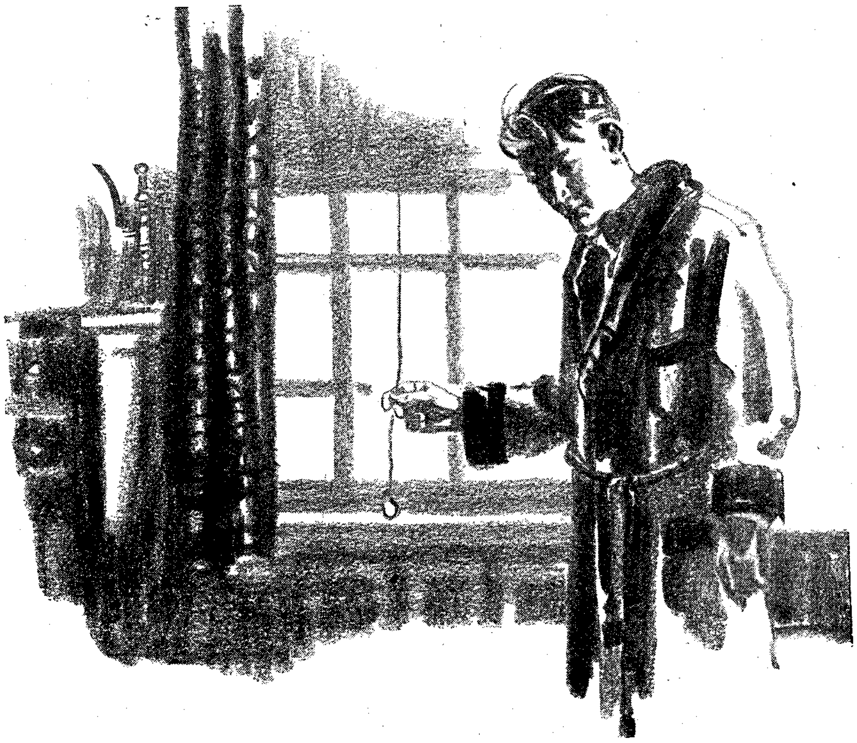
Those of us who must do their traveling by the armchair route will find much to compensate them in the June *Book Review*. The longest of all the articles, in fact, bears the title "Around the World by the All-Book Route." Here he who must do his running abroad by reading may find a brief description of travel and adventure in almost every part of the world. From Tanganyika to Tuscany, from Babylon to Borneo, adventurers have gathered material for the books here reviewed. Mr. Up de Graff goes on a raid with the head hunters of the Amazon, and Mr. Alder sojourns with the Dyaks who follow similar practises. Mr. Carpenter consorts with the Indians of the Magellan Straits who get along comfortably through an Arctic winter wearing absolutely nothing but a generous coating of fish oil. In Alaska the same author sees wonders almost as remarkable. Who would think of growing dahlias as large as dinner plates in "Seward's icebox"? A. Hyatt Verrill has an extremely good time cruising about the waters where Blackbeard, Morgan, and the other buccaneers once roamed. Artists and architects will find that they can gain much from Mr. Eberlein's "Villas of Florence and Tuscany" and a new edition of Mr. Sherrill's "Stained Glass Tours in France." Titles like "A Beachcomber in The Orient," "On the Gorilla Trail," "Wanderings in the Queensland Bush," and "A Woman Tenderfoot in Egypt" are more or less self-explanatory.

In a separate article Algernon Blackwood succeeds in conveying something of the charm of Egypt. This spell, so he tells us in "The Literary Traveller in Egypt," flames up unexpectedly after one has returned from sojourning in the land of the Pharaohs:

> A sound recalls the street cries of the Arabs, with its haunting sing-song melody; a breath of air brings back the heated sand, the rustle of the curtain whispers as the palms and acacia whisper—and the truth is realized. Up steals the immense Egyptian glamour. It pours, it rushes up. It is over you in a moment. All this time it has lain coiled in deep recesses of the inner being—recesses where there is silence because they are inaccessible amid the clamor of daily life. There is awe in it, a hint of cold eternity, a glimpse of something unchanging and terrific, yet, at the same time, soft and very tender, too. . . . The pictures unroll and spread. You feel again the untold melancholy of the Nile. The grandeur of a hundred battered temples beats upon the heart. There is a sense of unutterable beauty. Something in you bows to the procession that includes great figures of non-human lineage. Up sweeps the electric desert air, the alive wind, the wild and delicate perfume of the sand; the luminous gray shadows brush you; you feel the enormous scale of naked desolation which yet brims with strange vitality. An Arab on his donkey flits in color across the mind, melting off into tiny perspective. A string of camels stands against the sky, swaying forward the same moment as tho it never ceased. A dozen pyramids cleave the air with monstrous wedges, pointing holes in space. In peace and silence, belonging to a loneliness of ages, rise heads and shoulders of towering gods of stone, little jackals silhouetted, perhaps, an instant against deific thighs half buried in sand.

Other articles introduce us to the mind of the people instead of the spirit of the place. There is a world of wisdom, for instance, in Arthur Livingston's article on the English translation of the masterpiece of the Italian humorist Lucatelli. He explains the type of humor characteristic of the modern middle-class Italian with its skepticism, pessimism, and cynicism, in these thought-provoking paragraphs:

> This discouragement, this passive, skeptical pessimism I would distinguish as the "Italian" element (a pre-war Italian element, notice!) in Lucatelli. He is more specifically "Roman" in his blasting impudence toward the grandeurs of life. Leap back two thousand years, and you find a Martial walking the cobble-pavements of Rome and twitting the weaknesses of emperors. Go back five hundred years, and you find a Pasquino and a Marforio thumbing their noses at the Vicars of Christ. Go back fifty years, and you find a Gian Giacchino Belli demolishing, in six volumes of laughter, the pretensions of Liberty, Equality, Fraternity. Go back ten years and it is Lucatelli.
>
> The populace of Rome, in its three thousand years of history, more or less, has seen three sets of gods go tumbling from omnipotence into oblivion. It has seen emperors, and republics, and kingdoms, and aristocracies, and papacies, rise, triumph, and fall. It has experimented with all the virtues and with all the vices. It has known, accepted, tested—and abandoned—all ideas and all theories. It knows, as a result, that the world is inhabited by plain people, who, if you give them a chance, will make fools of themselves;



When you face the day with a system *clogged by poisons*

YOU know the feeling. Aching forehead, a torpid brain, your whole body heavy and lifeless.

It is because your system is clogged with the poisons of constipation. As one noted authority says:

"Constipated individuals often feel tired all day, and disinclined for either mental or physical exertion. They may suffer from insomnia, and are apt to wake unrefreshed."

Today—an almost universal tendency

The human body, like any other engine, throws off every day a great quantity of waste. It can no more run efficiently with this waste piling up inside than a gasoline motor can run if you stop up the exhaust.

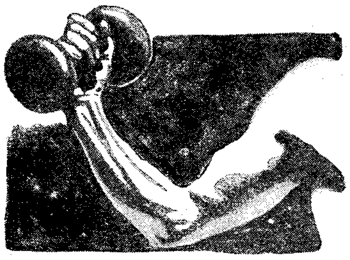
That is why so many ailments can be traced back to constipation. Unless this waste is kept moving, it stagnates and turns to deadly poisons that flood the whole system. And so the first thing that doctors want to know—no matter what you consult them for—is whether you are *regularly getting rid of these poisons.*

The real reason why thousands suffer

Our whole mode of life is unnatural today. We take less and less physical exercise. We work under constant nervous strain. And instead of the coarse, raw foods of the forest for which our bodies were built, our modern civilization demands a delicate, concentrated diet which gives the muscles of our intestines no real work to do.

It is these muscles which, by a series of powerful contractions, keep the waste products moving. Nature intended us to stimulate and exercise them regularly—instead, our modern diet lets them get soft and flabby. They fail to act. Day by day poisons flood our system.

At last people are realizing that cathartics and purgatives are worse than useless. Not only do they upset digestion by tearing away the food in the body while the system is still at work on it—but they require larger and larger doses in order to blast their way through.



What this does to the muscles of your arm, Fleischmann's Yeast does to the muscles of your intestines—gives them normal, healthy exercise

And at last the intestinal muscles, weakened still further by this artificial purging, refuse to respond at all!

The only way to relieve constipation permanently is by exercising the intestinal muscles as Nature intended.

That is why physicians and hospitals are prescribing Fleischmann's Yeast today—not as a medicine, but as a fresh corrective food which gives the intestinal muscles regular, natural exercise.

Every cake of Fleischmann's Yeast consists of *millions of tiny living plants,* which *mix* with the waste products in the colon, softening them and increasing the bulk of the waste. This greater bulk gently encourages the muscles to act, and at the same time *strengthens* them by offering just the resistance they need.

Your own physician will heartily endorse this principle of regularly exercising the intestinal muscles as *the only way* to relieve constipation and all its evils. Be sure you get Fleischmann's Yeast—yeast in its natural fresh form. Recent experiments have shown that yeast corrects constipation only when its cells are alive and active—and that it loses its laxative effect when these cells are "killed" and dried.

Fleischmann's Yeast is in no sense a purgative and produces no immediate violent action. It is a nourishing food—not a digestion-disturbing medicine—and like any other food, it must be *eaten regularly* to secure lasting results.

Eat at least 2 or 3 cakes a day—plain or dissolved in water, milk or fruit juices—preferably half an hour before a meal, or the last thing at night. If you eat it plain, follow with a glass of water. Get several cakes at a time—they will keep in a cool, dry place for several days. Be sure you get Fleischmann's Yeast. All grocers have it.

Send today for this free booklet!

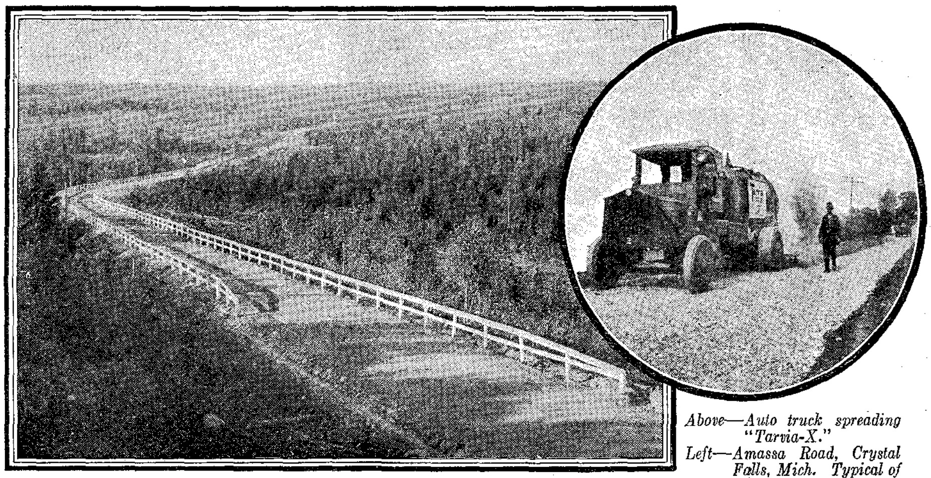
THE FLEISCHMANN COMPANY,
Dept. 21, 701 Washington Street,
New York, N. Y.

Please send me free booklet, "The New Found Value of Fleischmann's Yeast in Building Health."

Name..................................

Street....... ....

City......................State......



Above—Auto truck spreading "Tarvia-X."
Left—Amassa Road, Crystal Falls, Mich. Typical of Tarvia roads found all over the country.

The Country Wants Good Road *Mileage*—

"GOOD ROADS at *any cost*" is a mistaken policy. Good roads cease to be a benefit when the expense of building and maintaining them becomes burdensome. Costly construction slows up automatically the proper development of any good roads program.

What the country wants and needs is greater *mileage* of moderate-priced, low-maintenance, all-year highways. Hundreds of towns and counties have found that Tarvia roads squarely meet this demand; that they are the economical solution of the good roads problem—satisfactory alike to road officials and taxpayers.

For Tarvia roads are not only firm, smooth, dustless and mudless all the year round—they are far less costly to build than any other type of modern highway, and far less costly to maintain. Because of these economies, the use of Tarvia insures the most miles of good roads that can possibly be built and maintained with the road funds available.

The granular surface of a properly constructed and properly maintained Tarvia road prevents skidding. Tarvia roads are smooth but not "slick."

"Tarvia-X" is a dense coal-tar preparation which has been proved by experience to be the most durable bituminous binder for road construction. Other grades of Tarvia are made for preserving and patching all kinds of hard surface roads.

Tarvia
For Road Construction Repair and Maintenance

Illustrated booklets describing the various grades and uses of Tarvia will be sent free on request.

New York
St. Louis
Detroit
Minneapolis
Youngstown
Baltimore

Chicago
Cleveland
Kansas City
Salt Lake City
Milwaukee
Syracuse

The Barrett Company

Philadelphia
Cincinnati
Birmingham
Bethlehem
Toledo
New Orleans

Boston
Pittsburgh
Dallas
Lebanon
Columbus
Rochester

THE BARRETT COMPANY, Limited: Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver, St. John, N. B., Halifax, N. S

PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Continued

and the fools of the universe have, for centuries, been going to Rome along all the roads that lead to that city. So the Roman laughs. "Here's another!" said a Roman jokester, as Mussolini marched down from Romagna, and, right arm extended to the Imperial salute, went up in the Quirinal.

This skepticism about big people and big words and big ideas, this love for puncturing the exaggerated and reducing it to common humanity, is the "Roman" in Lucatelli.

In "The Literary Eclipse of Russia" we are given a striking and interesting picture of one phase of the great Russian tragedy. As Mr. Edwin W. Hullinger puts it:

> Creative spirit, in both writing and art, has been crusht by the agonies of the last five years and the intense economic struggle for existence which has followed the abandonment of communism.
>
> Literary life is benumbed for the time being. It will revive, of course. The Russian mind, brilliant, imaginative, is too eager to remain indefinitely in its present coma, the result of pure physical and nervous exhaustion. But it will take time. And in the meanwhile the men who should be writing books and plays are working as clerks in some office, interpreters in the employ of some foreign relief society, or "speculating" on the side. One former playwright is laboring on a farm near Moscow. No literature has been produced in Russia during the last five years. None of value is being produced.

Another glimpse of the mystery that is Russia comes in the review of the life of Nikolai Gogol, the father of modern realistic prose in Russia, at once a humorist and a realist. Gogol, says Alexander I. Nazaroff, reviewing the first volumes in the new English collected translation of Gogol's works, is one of those "undying geniuses, who, like wine, grow in esteem with the years." We are reminded what a wonderful picture of Russia is given in Gogol's "Dead Souls"—"an endless portrait gallery of small and big landlords, of peasants, of good-natured officials 'stealing above their rank,' passes before one's eyes. Each is an immortal type drawn by a genius."

We learn something of the French in a paragraph about the late Marcel Proust, about China in a review of Dr. Giles's "Gems of Chinese Literature," about the Scandinavians in Bojer's, "The Last of the Vikings." We are told that "Bojer has done for the Lofoden fishermen what Björnson in his early peasant tales did for the simple peasants of his native land, and what Jonas Lie did for its sailors."

And then there is the stranger within our gates, who can not safely be ignored. In reviewing Professor Brigham's "A Study of American Intelligence," Mr. Joseph Collins analyzes the effect of promiscuous immigration upon the national intelligence, and agrees with many other writers that selective immigration is a necessity. He shows that various tests have indicated clearly "the intellectual superiority of the Nordic race," tests which corroborate history.

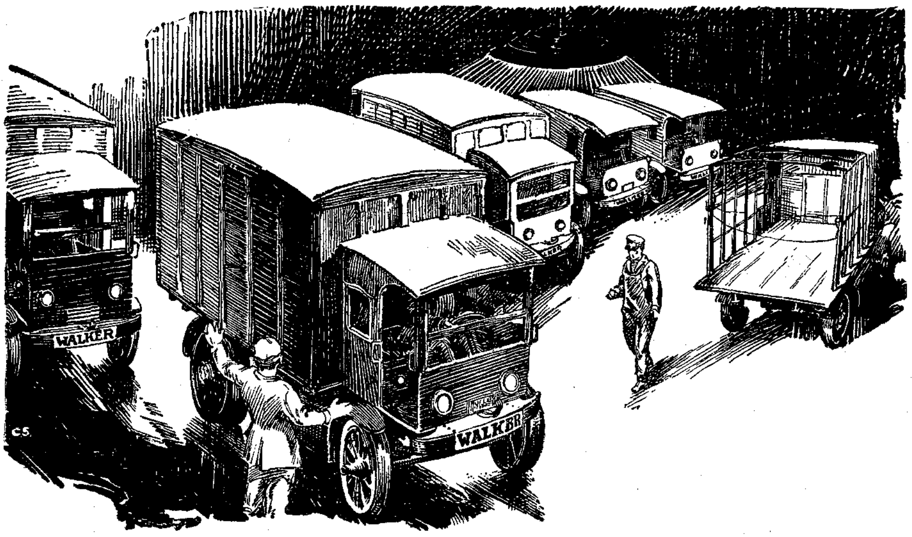
One alien race has been always with us, and we seem to be little nearer a solution of the problem caused by its presence than we were generations ago. With rare sympathy Zona Gale interprets the spirit of the colored race in reviewing a book of verse written by a negro. In a few sentences she emphasizes the tragedy of the dark-skinned mother, who holds in her arms the babe whom she knows must face "the subtle leer of scorn . . . that rims the world from morn to morn." Zona Gale calls this poem from Georgia Douglas Johnson's volume "the strangest, gayest and most pitiful word which has ever come from the colored race in America:"

COSMOPOLITE

Not wholly this or that,
But wrought
Of alien bloods am I,
A product of the interplay
Of traveled hearts.
Estranged, yet not estranged, I stand
All comprehending;
From my estate
I view earth's frail dilemma;
Scion of fused strength am I,
All understanding.
Nor this nor that
Contains me.

Yet the June *Book Review* by no means neglects American places, problems and personalities. Of more than every-day importance are such articles as Roselle Mercier Montgomery's "The Younger Generation Grows Older"; Jim Tully's "The Baffled Greatness of Jack London"; Richard Le Galienne's "Humor and the Eighteenth Amendment"; Maurice Francis Egan's review of ex-Senator Phelan's autobiographical volume; and May Sinclair's review of Mr. Watson's "The Desert Horizon." An editorial on Joseph Conrad's visit to our shores raises the interesting question whether he may not be gathering material for a novel laid in America. Titles of other articles in the June *Book Review* include:

The Children's Land of Enchantment. . . . . *Leonore St. John Power*
Rescuing Leigh Hunt from His Enemies.
What Makes a Best-Seller in Fiction. . . . . *Archibald Marshall*
Certain New and Old Forms in Current Poetry. . . . . *Herbert S. Gorman*
The Strange Chronicle of a Modern Painter. . . . . *Charles de Kay*
Certain Books in Black and Red. *Brander Matthews*
A Fire-Chief's Adventures before the Mast.
The British and American Short-Story Marathon. . . . . *Lloyd Morris*
With the Makers of Books in America.
In This Month's Fiction Library.
A Close-up of Books and Authors.
Important Books of the Month.
Books Talked About in Literary Europe.
The Literary Question Box.



Your Trucks—

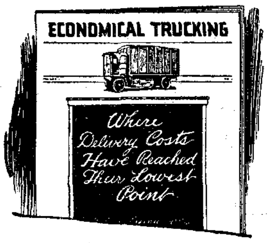
Five Out of Six Should Be Walkers

FIVE-SIXTHS of the trucking done on city routes in typical cities is best and cheapest done by electric trucks. Costs expertly kept for many years on thousands of trucks of all kinds confirm this fact. Among electrics, the Walker Truck is the unquestioned leader, due to simplicity of design, quality of output and economy of operation, as proved by regular reorders from hundreds of such concerns as:

Beech-Nut Packing Co.
American Can Co.
National Biscuit Co.
Bigelow Hartford Carpet Co.
Chase & Sanborn
Marshall Field & Co.
Vacuum Oil Co.
Woodward & Lothrop.
Pacific Baking Co.
American Railway Express Co.
Bush Terminal Co.
Carter's Ink Co.
Cudahy Packing Co.
Tidewater Oil Co.

Stop paying 50% to 100% more than your most progressive competitors are paying for their trucking on city routes—ask five Walker fleet users about Walker economy, reliability, 10 to 20 years' useful life and "Lowest Trucking Cost."

Bulletin on "Economical Trucking" in your line of business, with list of users in that field—on request.


ECONOMICAL TRUCKING
Where Delivery Costs Have Reached Their Lowest Point

"Economical Trucking" tells how the best known concerns in America are reducing their trucking costs on city routes. Have your name put on the list to receive it regularly. Check bulletin and list of users that interest you—

☐ Store deliveries
☐ Bakeries, dairies and laundries
☐ Public utility hauling and delivery work
☐ Express, transfer and storage trucking
☐ How Ice Cream Makers Deliver at Lowest Cost
☐ Municipal trucking work
☐ Wholesale grocery and provision trucking
☐ Manufacturing and industrial trucking

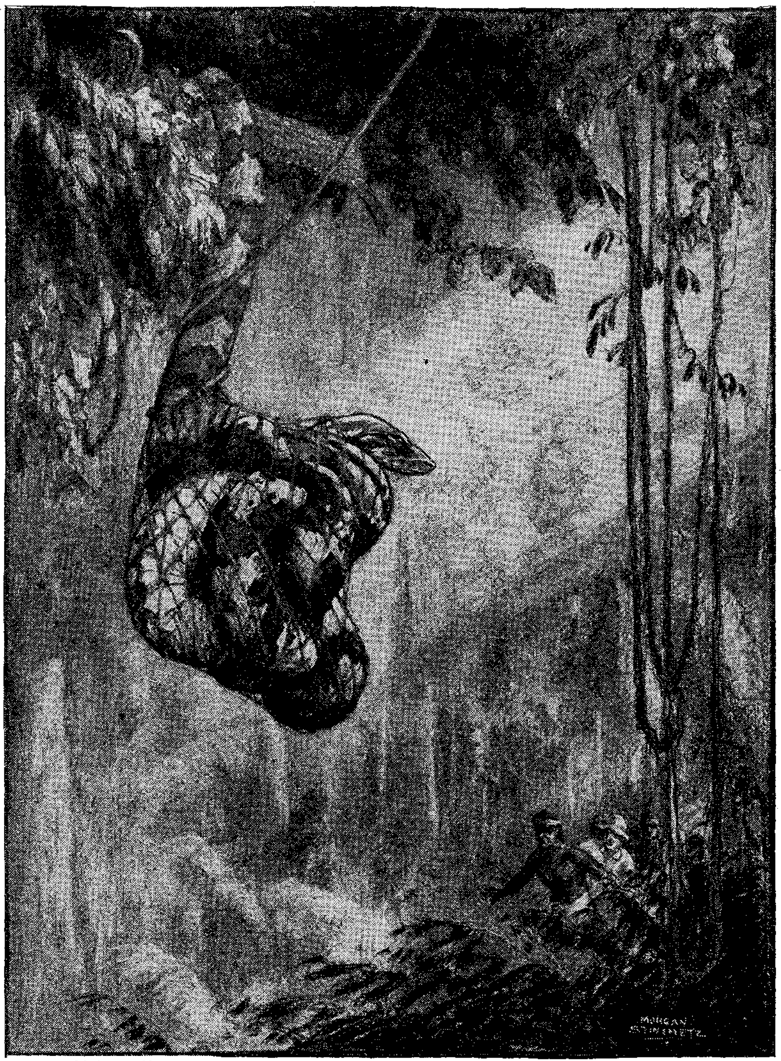
WALKER VEHICLE COMPANY
America's Leading Manufacturer of Electric Street Trucks
New York CHICAGO Philadelphia
Boston Buffalo Atlanta New Orleans
Dealers and Distributors in Principal Centers

WALKER
ELECTRIC TRUCKS
Load Capacities: ½—¾—1—2—3½—5 Tons
Lowest Trucking Cost on City Routes

BIRDS-BEASTS-AND-TREES

HOW TO BAG A PYTHON

TO ONE SITTING AT HOME in a comfortable chair, the land of the Malay States with its dark jungle filled with sounds near and far, its enormous trees whispering in an unknown mysterious language, and the consciousness that somewhere near lurk animals of an incredible size and ferocity, seems like a tale of the Arabian Nights. Charles Mayer in *Asia* (New York) still further adds to the rather awesome feeling one has about the far-away jungle by his description of his adventures in search of leopards, which he wished to capture by means of a new device, a big bag or net of rattan, which had come to his mind.


Courtesy of "Asia" (New York)

"NO SIGHT FOR A DRINKING-MAN!"

When meeting his Malay friend, the Hadji, Mayer tells about it in these words—"A picture came to my mind, I told him, as if it had walked on legs and I saw myself capturing wild beasts in trees in a new and strange way." Mayer met a traveler in Palembang in Sumatra, who told him that there were "beasts in the jungle there; many, many, like grains of sand, and their skins shine like level water in the sun." That decided Mayer to try his new net, and his friend the Hadji selected two very rapid rattan workers to make the net. He tells us:

An audience gathered to watch them, and their fingers flew. The net, when finished, was long enough to hold a large leopard and had a round opening three feet by three feet. A twisted rattan rope with a long, free end was laced around it. By the time everything was ready for the "try-out" my fame had spread to the farthest corner of the Malay quarter, and we had an audience of a hundred or more trailing after us when we went out to select a tree. A suitable tree was found just outside the *kampong*. It had two strong branches, one above the other. A man was sent up to saw half through the lower branch, and the net was so placed along it that this gash came at about the middle of its length. The body and mouth of the net were held open by slender strips of rattan tied to twigs. The end of the draw-rope was attached to the upper branch. The man now sat straddling the limb just before the open mouth of the net, and a stone weighing about twenty pounds was hoisted up to him. He held it poised in his hands for a moment, then heaved it into the rattan bag. There was a crash. Down went the end of the limb, the net and stone with it. The men below sprang away, but the net did not touch the earth. With the mouth drawn closely together, it swung free, suspended from the upper branch. So far, my invention worked. The Hadji explained to the bewildered audience that this was a dress-rehearsal and the stone would later be a leopard trying to get a chicken. It was interesting to watch their faces as they caught the idea. "*Bêtul,*" they said, over and over: "*Bêtul! Bêtul!*"—slowly nodding their heads.

After the net was finished and tested, the selection of boats and men took place and almost the whole male population of the *kampong* wished to go, but Mayer finally picked out ten men, five for each boat. All carried heavy eighteen-inch knives. Mr. Mayer then relates:

It was in the afternoon of the sixth day that we neared the *kampong* of Abdul Rahman. Even from a distance I could see that its situation was good from a jungle point of view. The soil was sandy and the water of the river shallow. Coconut trees thrive in sand and crocodiles hate it. They love deep water and heavy mud. Abdul Rahman's people had chosen well.

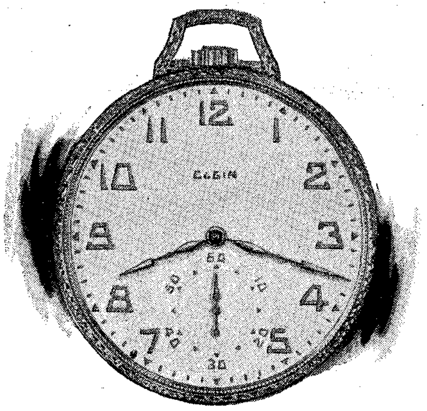
A crowd had collected on the river bank. The *kampong* was naturally expecting the return of its head man, but instead of one boat, here were three! My *kâjang-roof* meant to them a European, because the natives never used this protection from the sun. When we got near enough to make out their faces, I could see that they were fearful. The only way they could explain me to each other was that I was sent by the Dutch Resident to levy extra taxes or had come, perhaps, to make an investigation—of what they did not know. I have never seen a group of natives so deprest. They pulled in my boat, however, with expressions of respect.

Abdul Rahman waited until we had all landed and he was surrounded by a wide-eyed circle. Then he announced: "The *tûan* is a *pâwang* (witch-doctor). No beast can take his life. He has come to kill all the animals in the jungle. He is a worker of magic. I have seen."

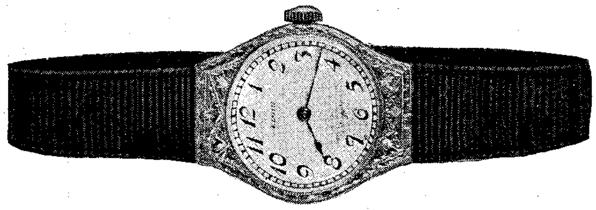
The crowd parted silently to let me and my men pass. They were deeply awed.

Abdul Rahman had got a much exaggerated account of my feats in Palembang and he himself enlarged upon this. They wanted me to go into the jungle at once, but I said I had to rest. I gave orders, however, that set them all to work. I told Abdul that I must have quantities of rattan in lengths of at least thirty feet and that his men must cut for me straight young trees two inches thick and at least twelve feet high.

When a number of the swinging bags had been made under my direction, I called together the men of the *kampong* to explain how these nets were expected to work. Night had come on. Torches were brought. These were made from *dâmar*, the gum of a tree, laid between palm-leaves, which were then



The "Classic" Elgin, cased in 14-Karat Green Gold, or White Gold, engraved, $150.



Elgin Wrist Watches, cased in Gold, Platinum, Jewel-set, and Gold-filled may be had from your jeweler at a wide range of prices.

The Gift Watch for a Wedding Journey—or to tell the Exciting Minutes of Graduation Time

THE average man or woman never owns more than three or four watches in a whole lifetime.

In all this span, many people don't know what it is to carry a *really good watch.*

The man who will go to any length to find a good tailor will buy a watch just on *impulse.*

Women often select watches merely for their "jewelry" value.

The waste is tremendous.

* * *

To give a *good* watch to anyone is to bestow a real piece of property.

Land or bonds are no more substantial.

If the watch is *right.* Not a compromise. Not just a dazzling piece of jewelry. Nor a "bargain" watch either.

Nobody ever describes an Elgin Watch better than when they call it the *professional timekeeper.*

Nobody ever looks back on an Elgin purchase with anything but pleasure.

Nobody ever owned an Elgin but that they were glad they bought a *fine watch* at the start —and enjoyed good timekeeping for years after.

The demand for *professional* Elgin Watches has been way ahead of what Elgin could make for the past two years.

ELGIN

The Professional Timekeeper

ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH COMPANY, ELGIN, U. S. A.

IT takes a year or more to make an Elgin Watch. The procedure is very similar to laboratory work—so far away from factory methods that no terms of commercial manufacture apply.

People call the Elgin "The professional timekeeper." It is the natural reaction of carrying a timepiece of *authority. Elgin is the preferred timepiece on the Railroads of America.*

It was a pity no one told him

HE was an honor man in his class at college—popular with every one—giving promise of carving his notch high up on the ladder of success.

An unusual business opportunity came his way shortly after he was out of school—better than most young men are fortunate enough to secure. He certainly started out with a bang. Every one remarked about it.

* * * Five years passed. Howard Chapman, who had set out so brilliantly, was still almost precisely at the point where he started. Other young men who hadn't nearly his opportunity had out-distanced him each year.

What invisible thing was it that held Chapman back? Some of his closer friends undoubtedly knew but didn't have the heart to tell him. It was really a pity.

* * * * * * * * *

That's the insidious thing about halitosis (unpleasant breath). You, yourself, rarely know when you have it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouthwash and gargle.

It is an interesting thing that this well-known antiseptic that has been in use for years for surgical dressings, possesses these peculiar properties as a breath deodorant. It halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. So the systematic use of Listerine puts you on the safe and polite side. You know your breath is right. Fastidious people everywhere are making it a regular part of their daily routine.

Your druggist will supply you with Listerine. He sells lots of it. It has dozens of different uses as a safe antiseptic and has been trusted as such for half a century. Read the interesting little booklet that comes with every bottle.—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U.S.A.*

For HALITOSIS *use* LISTERINE

BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES

Continued

twisted. They gave a smoky red light. I drew diagrams in the sand and explained them in a way that would have been quite clear to an occidental child of eight. The men nodded their heads. They said, "Ya, ya (Yes, yes)," but they did not understand. The effort tired them.

Abdul Rahman touched his brow: "*Tûan,* they can not make trees in the jungle, and a hanging net, out of marks in the sand. When their eyes see, then they will know."

When I went the next day to look for trees in which to place the nets, I found a dozen or more with fresh marks of leopard's claws on the bark. The leopard, after all, has much of the domestic cat in him and where he goes once he goes again. Fortunately, before I set out, the possibility of having trouble with monkeys had occurred to me. The place was full of them. A monkey has no legitimate interest in live, fluttering chickens, but his curiosity is enormous. If he discovered one of my ropes tied to the upper branch of a tree, he was capable of worrying the knot or even sliding down the rope itself to investigate. In order to guard against this, our final operation, after the net was placed, was to smear the upper branch and the net itself with bird-lime. I took the greatest care in arranging the nets. I had an inventor's interest in them and his nervousness about them, too.

Mayer and his men started about eight o'clock the next morning to see what had been caught in the nets, but found the first two empty. About the third, however, he tells us the almost unbelievable story:

As we neared the third one, Abdul Rahman was well in the lead. He caught sight of it in the distance, stopped dead and threw out his hands, palms back, as if to warn us. He continued to stand there without a word, without moving. I ran to him. He turned and stared at me with a queer, dazed look. This man bred on the edge of the jungle had seen a strange sight. For a moment I did not understand. I could make out the bag clearly. It hung down limp from the upper branch and was distended. Obviously, an animal was in it. Then something happened that was stranger than anything I had ever seen in my life. The bag swung slowly to the right, then to the left, and lifted itself straight into the air. When it had stopped there for a moment, needing no support from above or below, it waved about with a sickening motion, then slowly lowered itself and hung limp again. The men crowded up to see. I could hear their heavy breathing. "*Hantu! Ya, hantu!* (Ghost! Yes, ghost)" I heard them say. The air was thick with superstitious awe. There is a contagion about that sort of thing. I was by no means ready to take an oath that I had not caught the devil. I had never seen gravity defied before.

It was Abdul Rahman's "Let us go back, *tûan,*" that sent me running forward. The spotted sunlight confused me and it was not until I was almost under the net that I saw what had actually happened. There my relief broke from me in English, which I had hardly spoken for months. I heard myself shout, "That's no sight for a drinking-man!"

An enormous python was half in the bag, half out. He had shot into it for the chickens, had swallowed one, in fact. The branch had broken with him; the draw-rope at the mouth of the bag had tightened about his middle, and it was further tightened by his weight. The end of his tail was wrapt about the branch. He proceeded to give me another demonstration of how he could haul himself up with it. I began to laugh. I roared. There is nothing so reassuring as laughter. The natives ran up to me. When they saw what it was, their half-naked bodies swayed and doubled with mirth.

My own laughter stopt suddenly. The thought had come to me that, tho we had a fine prize, more than three yards of snake were still free. This was sobering. The managing of a python's tail is a matter of life and death. Fortunately we had plenty of good rope with us. I sent a fine, active fellow up the tree with explicit directions. He was to tie a rope in a slip-knot on the snake's tail and—very near the end of the tail—to give the rope what is called a "half-hitch." He carried out the directions and then, passing the long rope under the branch, he threw the free end to the men below. They gave it a strong pull, which loosened the hold of the snake one coil, drawing the tip of his tail downward. Holding quite taut the rope attached to the tail, they threw the free end of the rope to the man in the tree. He passed it over the branch and dropt it again. A strong jerk and another coil was loosened. In short, they unwound the snake, loop after loop, by means of the rope, which served, in a way, as an elongation of his tail. Another rope, fastened with a slip-noose around him where his body extended beyond the bag, was pulled also to loosen his hold on the branch. A second man was holding the rope by which the net was tied to the upper branch—ready to lower it when the time came. It was delicate and most dangerous work. A python's constricting power reaches to the last inch of him, and, tho half of him was confined, he could still strike a terrific blow. When the last coil was unwound, the men held the tail- and body-ropes taut, and the bag was lowered.

While the net was still off the ground, we dealt with the snake's head. He had managed to force it through the mesh of the net and was hissing his threats. A python is not poisonous, but he can give a nasty bite. One of the men took off his *sârong*. This was folded flat and used to press the snake's head back into the bag. Then, pulling and hauling, all hands set to work to wrap the free end of the snake round and round the bag as if it had been a spool. When he had been wound to the point where the rope was tied round his body, that was wrapt with him—being passed over him, back and forth, to hold him more firmly. The rope on the tip of the tail was also put round him and the bag for good measure. The whole thing was then attached to a pole. Since the great bundle was fully eight feet long, it was looped up to the carrying-pole at both ends. The python weighed all of two hundred pounds. He was twenty feet long.

We sat on the ground, I smoking and the men chewing betel-nut. Each man began telling the others just what he had thought when he saw the bag waving in the air.

Abdul Rahman leaned toward me. He touched his brow in some embarrassment. "Would the *tûan* do me the honor," he said, "of telling me the charm he pro-

Four Out of Five Wait Too Long

Make sure your teeth are sound

Tender, bleeding gums herald Pyorrhea's coming.

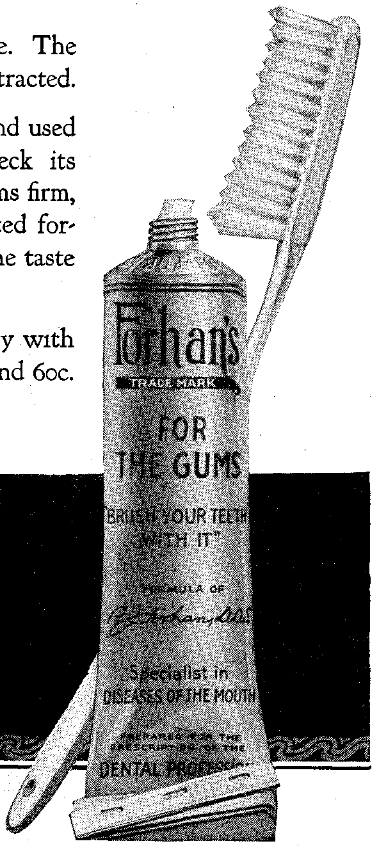
Don't delay. Start the fight at once. First of all, go to your dentist for tooth and gum inspection. Then, brush the teeth, twice daily, with Forhan's For the Gums.

Public dental records show that four persons out of every five past forty, and thousands younger, wait too long. Don't be one of this sorry, neglectful majority.

Pyorrhea, when it starts, is a merciless foe. The gums recede. The teeth loosen or must be extracted.

Forhan's For the Gums, when used in time and used consistently, will prevent Pyorrhea or check its progress. It will keep the teeth clean, the gums firm, the entire mouth healthy. It is the time-tested formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S., pleasing to the taste and recommended by the foremost dentists.

Buy a tube today. Brush your teeth regularly with it morning and night. At all druggists, 35c and 60c.



Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.
Forhan Company, New York
Forhan's, Limited, Montreal

They know why they prefer "B.V.D."

THE Unvarying Quality, Long Wear and Famous Fit of "B.V.D." make it the underwear of men who put thought into getting the most comfort and value out of the things they buy. They always demand the "B.V.D." Red Woven Label.

From raw material to finished product we practice ceaseless care so that every "B.V.D." garment is of the quality that has brought world-wide preference for our product.

The cool, durable Nainsook of "B.V.D." is woven in our own mills from selected cotton and finished in our bleachery.

In our factories vigilant inspection guards every process of skillful cutting, sturdy stitching, well-sewn buttons and accurate finish.

There is only one "B.V.D." Underwear
It is always identified by this Red Woven Label

MADE FOR THE
B.V.D.
BEST RETAIL TRADE
(Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. and Foreign Countries)

UNION SUITS
(Pat. U.S.A.)
Men's $1.50 and upward the suit
Youths' 85c the suit

UNDERSHIRTS AND DRAWERS
85c and upward the garment

The B.V.D. COMPANY, Inc.
Sole Makers of "B.V.D." Underwear
NEW YORK

©1923 The B.V.D. Co., Inc.

"NEXT TO MYSELF I LIKE 'B.V.D.' BEST"

BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES
Continued

nounced when he saw the net lifted high? Was it words of strong magic?"

For the moment I could not remember. Then it came back to me. I had shouted, of course, "This is no sight for a drinking-man!"

"Abdul Rahman," I answered solemnly, "it is a charm that has to do with the devil of devils!"

THE VOICE OF THE SPRUCE

THE strange power of the trees to fill the soul with thoughts of mystery and beauty is strongly attested from the very earliest origins of poetry and religion. Who even to-day has not at times felt poetic inspiration when wandering through a shaded forest of spruces and pines—those trees that stand so proud of their height and straight beauty, reaching far up into the blue of the sky, or waving their lacy tops at the little new moon?

But with most mortals poetic thoughts die aborning—not so with Clay Perry in *American Forestry* (Washington). He links his poetic thoughts to words, and so through him we hear the voice of the Slim Spruce and, listening, this is what we hear:

> I am Slim Spruce, lineal descendant of the Great King Spruce.
>
> Long ago my father told me I was born for a noble destiny.
>
> Born and reared amidst the majestic company of my royal kin, my proud crest waves high above my neighbors, Jack Hemlock, Tom Tamarack, Billy Balsam, Pete Poplar, and even burly Prince Pine. It has done so for half a century. At my feet flows the Roaring River, monarch of streams, dashing down from the royal monarch of mountains, old Sprucetop, kingdom and throne of my royal line.
>
> For centuries the Spruce family has reigned in the Kingdom of Forest, undisturbed, ever rearing proud crests above lesser brethren, aspiring high to a Place in the Sun—and reaching it—growing straight, slim, and tall, but never at the expense of strength. Our fibrous bodies are firm and well-knit, supple and tough; nor at the expense of beauty and grace. Our rounded branches are adorned with a fine fringe of royal green.
>
> With tenacious feet digging deep into rich forest mold, product of weaker families that have yielded to the fierce attack of Storm or insidious decay of Time, roots reaching cunningly down to the subsoil and to drink of the sweet, life-giving elixir, water, to flood our veins with sap of life, we have grown high, with graceful tapering trunks, fine-arched limbs, nodding plumes and tassels.
>
> Comes Man, the laborer, the thinker, the giant ant of industry. He takes away Prince Pine and his brothers, and his body is sawed and split and smoothed to make planks and boards for building bridges, mills—ignoble use, indeed, for a noble family; but we, scions of King Spruce, know that such fate is not for us. Something finer, nobler is our destiny.
>
> Jack Hemlock next is taken by Man to make huge timbers to build a dam that checks the royal rage of Roaring River and directs him through sluices and into dark tunnels, where he is forced to labor, turning

wheels and spinning snarling Saws. Ah, the Saws!

We of the Spruce Line feel the sullen recoil of Roaring River, as he strives to withdraw from these slavish uses. His back rises like that of an angry mountain lion—higher, higher. We feel it on our feet, rising; but now he yields and sinks low, submissive, giving his heart's blood for the work of the world of Man. He has found his destiny.

Then all is done; the mills are builded. Man brings his hordes into the very heart of the domain of King Spruce. He builds cabins, shacks, stables; fetches horses, belching engines, many tools of steel. We shudder in all our limbs, but, stoical, stand firm, apparently indifferent to this threat.

Then one day, when Snow buries deep the forest floor, men come and attack our unbroken, serried ranks, and we fall—by the dozens, the hundreds, we fall, crashing with majestic thunder, to the ground, bearing with us in our fall lesser trees, and now and then we pin beneath our great bodies the puny men who attack us.

Steel bites our firm boles and hacks holes and our hold weakens. We fall. More weapons of steel decapitate us, hew off our limbs, denude us of all save our clothing of bark. But our bodies hold together, fibrous, tough, despite mutilation, for we know that a noble destiny is ours.

I, Slim Spruce, lie amid my brethren in great piles men call Logs. Our sap is congealed, frozen. Then comes the Sprite Spring, with magic breath, and releases the bonds of the river and softens our stiff bodies, still alive, resilient, resistant. Man tumbles us into the river. The Roaring Monarch is to bear us to his place of confinement and labor, as he did Jack Hemlock and Prince Pine. Long before I come to the place called The Mills, I hear the savage snarl of the Saws, a man-made beast.

Some of my brothers cry out, in water-soaked voices, but I hold my peace, secure in my belief in destiny. Man harries and stabs us with hooks and pikes, as they hurry us down stream and drag us out and pile us on cars that run on steel tracks—royal carriage for a royal line.

Sound of the Saws, roaring with metallic hunger. rings in our ears. We are dumped on a carriage fashioned of the body of Jack Hemlock! Then, with exquisite, tearing pain, the teeth rip flesh and cut through me; and now I become less an entity than a confusion of particles, yet retain the unity of those strong, fibrous muscles.

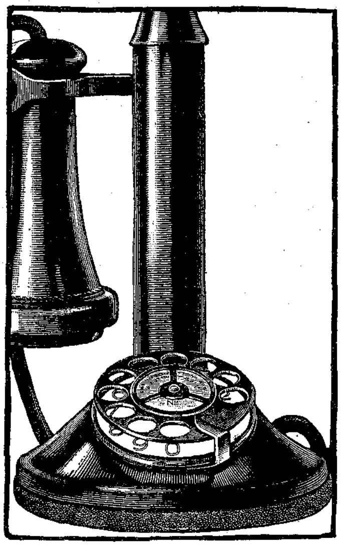
Yes, even beneath the driving, splitting crash of steel machines that tear us apart, rip our skin, sharp knives that mangle and macerate, we keep our unity. We are of the royal line. Fiery smells speak of hot torture, and soon we are being cooked in a caldron, in biting chemicals, until our bodies are a soft mass—pulp, they call it—these men. It is our fibers, clinging intact!

Out of the caldron we come; enter vats; are beaten, pounded, mangled, and bitten by more chemicals, that turn us pale; but we cling together, invincible, unconquerable, save by Fire, alive. Between rolls of wood that squeeze from us our life-blood, but also rid us of stinking chemicals, lo, we emerge, a beautiful, soft sheet of white!

Dry Pulp, men call us. With careless, irreverent hands they bend and fold us and on trucks send us to another mill; and then again the vats, the biting chemicals, the squeezing rolls; and thus are we doubly refined; and still we cling tenaciously to life, and again become a long white sheet;

Extending the Use of the Telephone—

Get Proof of the Amazing Time and Money Saving Advantages of This Modern System of Interior Telephony



More than a private telephone exchange—the Automatic Electric Services of the P-A-X include and co-ordinate interior telephony, code call, conference, watchman's service and all other interior communication needs.

The P-A-X is similar to the Automatic Telephone equipment, being so widely adopted for city service. It augments and completes but does not supplant nor connect with the local or long distance telephone service. Over a thousand business institutions in America are daily profiting by the P-A-X. To forward-moving concerns the services of the P-A-X are obviously necessary. The facts in our book, "The Straight Line," are highly interesting to business executives. We have appended the coupon for you to detach at home as a memorandum. This book is gratis, of course.

Automatic Electric Company

ENGINEERS, DESIGNERS AND MANUFACTURERS OF THE AUTOMATIC TELEPHONE—IN USE THE WORLD OVER

HOME OFFICE AND FACTORY: CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Branch Offices in All Principal Cities

P TRADE A MARK X

THE PRIVATE AUTOMATIC EXCHANGE

EXECUTIVE'S COUPON.—*For Complimentary Copy of the Booklet "The Straight Line."*

Automatic Electric Company, 947 West Van Buren St., Chicago, Ill.

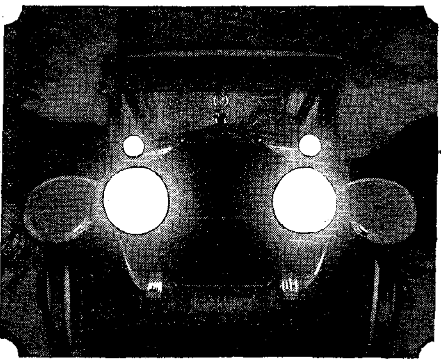
LD1

Gentlemen: Please send me "The Straight Line."

Name..*Title*....................................

Name of my Company..

Address...

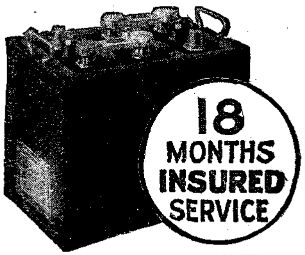


WESTINGHOUSE
BATTERIES

Keeping your car another year—or two, or three? Think of the greater motoring satisfaction you'll have if it carries a battery built by Westinghouse. Selling it? Consider the better appreciation of its value your prospective customer will have.

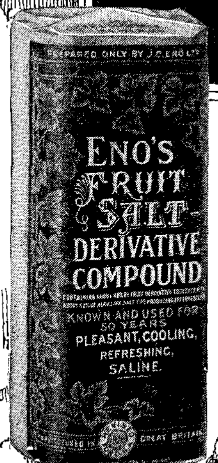
WESTINGHOUSE UNION BATTERY CO.
Swissvale, Pa.

Whether you buy the 18-months'-insured-service *Westinghouse Standard*, the finest battery Westinghouse can build; or the *Westinghouse Special*, more moderately priced; or the *Wubco Special*, the lowest priced good battery you can buy—each has full Westinghouse quality and must justify the prestige of the name it bears.



Have Health *Nature's Way*

ENO's
FRUIT SALT-
DERIVATIVE COMPOUND


ENO'S
FRUIT
SALT-
DERIVATIVE
COMPOUND
KNOWN AND USED FOR 50 YEARS
PLEASANT, COOLING, REFRESHING, SALINE.

The words "Fruit Salt" and ENO, and the design on the label, are protected by registration in U. S. A.

First thing in the morning or last thing at night, drink a glass of hot or cold water sparkling with ENO's "Fruit Salt."

This is man's most effective way to assist Nature in maintaining internal orderliness, cleanliness and health. ENO possesses in concentrated form the more valuable properties of fresh, ripe fruit. In an easy, *natural* manner, it mildly stimulates digestion and the organs of elimination.

You can buy ENO in the "Handy Size" for 75c; the "Household Size," containing twice the quantity, costs but $1.25. *At All Druggists.*

Sales Agents:
HAROLD F. RITCHIE & CO., Inc.
171 Madison Ave., New York
Toronto Sydney Wellington
Prepared only by J. C. ENO, Ltd., London, Eng.

BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES
Continued

but now men speak no longer of us as Pulp. They use another name, with tones of deep respect and admiration, and I know my destiny is being fulfilled.

Paper, they call us now—White Paper, News Print. They speak of "the splendid fibers of King Spruce"; how tough and smooth is the texture of the great white log into which our fibers, all straightened, bleached, and prest flat, are being wound—a white log as large as my majestic trunk as it stood in the forest!

I, Slim Spruce, have become White Paper, News Print; and here you have me, with my life history written upon my own tough, living fibers, and my noble destiny is fulfilled.

A BEAR-FACED ROBBERY

IF you escape the rumored terrors of highwaymen in the streets of big cities, or on peaceful country roads, and then betake yourselves to the glorious vacation of a summer in Yellowstone Park, you are still in danger of being held up, but by a queer brigand. A year-old brown bear, we are told by A. E. Demaray in *Nature Magazine* (Washington), took to a life of crime last year, and daily held up passing automobiles. Tribute was exacted from the passengers in the form of candy, cake and sugar. Bruin's appetite satisfied, he, no doubt, retired to the side of the road to wait for the next automobile and congratulate himself that even a life of crime had many sweet moments. To one new to the varied and rather unusual happenings in Yellowstone Park the surprize which greeted Mrs. Demaray on her first evening was very amusing:

The first evening in the park after a long, beautiful ride, we had retired to our tent to remove some of the stains of travel preparatory to going to dinner. Mrs. Demaray stept outside to take note of our surroundings. Almost immediately she was back inside.

"There is a great big bear loose," she gasped.

I opened the tent door, and after a hurried glance, carefully closed it again, for sure enough not twenty feet away a big, black bear was standing in the entrance to the aisle of tents. "Somebody has left the bear cage open," was my first thought.

Not knowing just what else to do, we consulted the government pamphlet on the park which had been given to us at the park entrance. Yes, there under the heading of "Bears" was: "Even the grizzlies, which are generally believed to be ferocious, are proved by our national parks' experience to be inoffensive if not attacked. When attacked, they become dangerous, indeed. It is contrary to the regulations to molest or feed the bears."

"Molest the bears!" exclaimed Mrs. Demaray, "I only hope they don't decide to feed on us."

Somewhat reassured, however, we looked out again, but Mr. Bear had departed.

After dinner, with other adventurous souls, so we considered, we walked out to the garbage dump to see the bears feed.

About a dozen of them gathered for the feast, and when the cans were dumped the largest and strongest bears immediately staked out claims on the biggest piles, and until their appetites were satisfied the smaller bears waited for dinner—bears are much like people.

Since our first experience with a "loose" bear, we have visited a number of the national parks (after one, national parks get to be a habit), and have become acquainted with quite a few bears, and have learned something about them. For instance, the brown, cinnamon and black bears are the same species, only differently colored—the blondes and brunettes, so to speak, of the same bear family.

The grizzly or silver-tip is usually very shy and few frequent the garbage dumps. When the grizzly does come, the other bears take to the tallest trees.

An amusing incident happened in the Yellowstone some years ago, says Mr. Demaray:

> Red squirrels had carried large numbers of bread-crusts from one of the public automobile camp-grounds, and stored them in a hollow tree. Two cubs and mother bear had noticed their activity, and one little fellow decided to have a nice meal. He climbed the tree and put his head in the knot-hole to get the bread, but much to his consternation he was unable to remove it again. One of the park rangers, noting his predicament, undertook to release him by chopping the hole larger. The little fellow struggled fiercely, turning himself completely over several times, and often losing his hold on the limb underneath, and regaining it again. Had it not been for the support of this limb he would have strangled quickly. As it was, the bear's hind legs had to be securely roped to prevent injury to the ranger who did the chopping. He was finally released uninjured, and, without thanking his rescuer, made off to the security of the densest woods as fast as he could with his mother and brother, who had meanwhile watched the proceedings with great interest.

These comedians of the woods, however, do not always choose to play the amusing part, but are dangerous in the extreme if attacked, as this incident shows:

> Last June a bear killed a man, "Frenchy" Duret, near the Yellowstone. The Durets lived on a homestead five miles beyond the north boundary of the park. "Frenchy" had traps out for bears, and one day, after visiting his traps, he returned to his ranch and told his wife that he had caught a large grizzly. He took his rifle and left for the trap. As he did not return in the afternoon, his wife became alarmed and started parties out in search for him. The next day at 8 P. M. a park ranger on patrol found his body badly torn and mangled.
>
> Apparently the man had crawled a mile and a half after escaping from the bear, for at that distance from the park there were many signs of a severe struggle. One cartridge had been fired from the man's gun, a Winchester. It is assumed that the enraged bear made a lunge, either before or after the shot, broke the chain of the trap, sprang on Duret, and mangled him badly. There was nothing to show that Duret's shot had wounded the bear, and it may have missed its mark entirely. The bear escaped, carrying the heavy trap with him.

TIFFANY & CO.
JEWELERS AND SILVERSMITHS

SPANNING
FOUR GENERATIONS

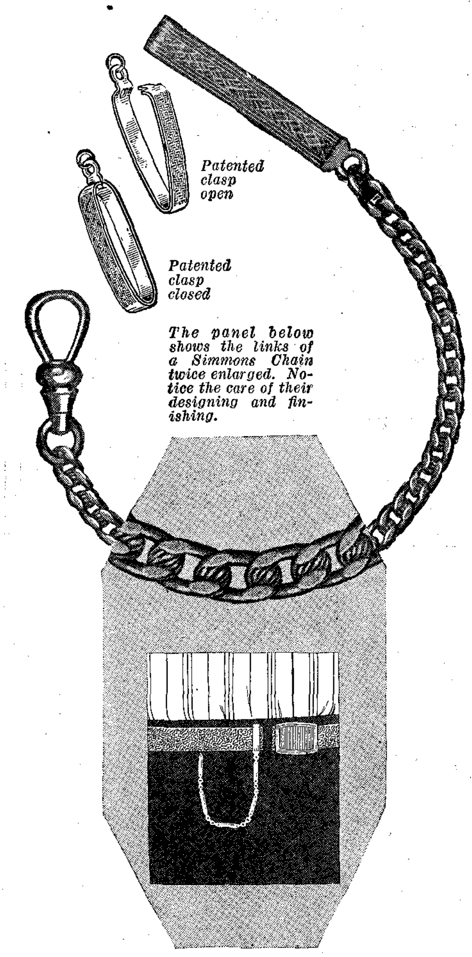
NEW YORK, FIFTH AVENUE & 37TH STREET
PARIS, 25 RUE DE LA PAIX
LONDON, W. 25 MADDOX STREET

"GOOD TO THE LAST DROP"
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Maxwell House
HIGH GRADE
Coffee

SOLD ONLY IN SEALED
TIN CANS—CONVENIENT
TO OPEN AND USE

MAXWELL HOUSE
COFFEE
Also Maxwell House Tea
CHEEK-NEAL COFFEE CO.
NASHVILLE, HOUSTON, JACKSONVILLE, RICHMOND, NEW YORK


Patented clasp open

Patented clasp closed

The panel below shows the links of a Simmons Chain twice enlarged. Notice the care of their designing and finishing.

The belt chain is just the right length to reach from belt to watch-pocket.

The Ideal Summer WATCH CHAIN

IN the vestless days of summer how are you to wear your watch? Certainly not loose in your pocket! Nor do you wish to use a full-length Waldemar to dangle awkwardly from your belt!

But a Simmons Belt Chain suits your needs exactly. It is just the right length to reach from belt to watch-pocket in a graceful curve. Its patented clasp locks securely around the belt. Yet, if you desire, it can be released by the pressure of a finger. Nothing could be neater, nothing could be surer protection for your watch.

And the belt chain comes in all the link styles and finishes of any Simmons Chain. There are gold, green gold and Platinumgold drawn over a less expensive base metal by the exclusive Simmons process.

Ask your jeweler to show you a Simmons Belt Chain. You will find it beautiful and reasonable in price —$2.50 to $5.00.

R. F. SIMMONS COMPANY
Attleboro Massachusetts
R. F. SIMMONS CO. OF CANADA, Ltd.
Toronto Ontario

"For fifty years unsurpassed in watch chain value."

SIMMONS
TRADE MARK
CHAINS

The swivel says it's a Simmons

BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES

Continued

THE STORY OF BEAVER THE PUP AND LADY JANE

IN the story of the "Ugly Duckling," by Hans Christian Andersen, the young swan was very much astonished, after living a hard and despised life as an ugly duckling for about a year, to turn eventually into a beautiful white swan, and that is the way Lady Jane started, as we are told by Floyd Bralliér in his fascinating book, "Knowing Birds Through Stories" (Funk & Wagnalls Co.). Lady Jane was a young swan that Dad Oswalt caught at Holmes Lake, and up to the time of the capture Lady Jane had lived a placid life, catching pollywogs and snails, or thrusting her long neck under the water to break off the tender shoots on rushes and flags. If Lady Jane could have talked, she might have told of a swan tragedy which had occurred on the lake one day. A great snapping turtle quietly slipt off his log and swam stealthily toward the young swans until very near them, and a swan soon gave a flop and a squawk, for the wily old turtle had risen from beneath, and catching the poor swan by one foot had pulled the bird to a watery grave.

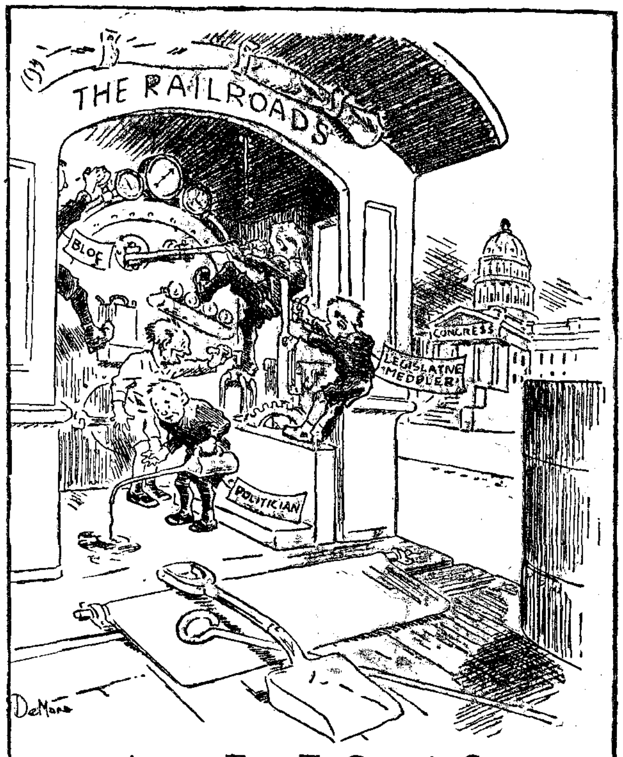
When Dad Oswalt came to the lake, determined to realize the ambition of a lifetime, and get a young swan for a pet, he found that swans object to becoming domestic pets at first thought. Finally he had to shoot it in the wing, and he went to where it fell to catch it:

> It was injured badly enough so that it could not fly; but when he tried to catch it, he found that he had a real battle on his hands. Even a young swan will weigh from twenty to twenty-five pounds, and its wings are quite powerful. The swan put up a terrific fight, biting, and pounding with its wings, until Dad feared he would have to kill it after all. Bruised and bleeding, he finally subdued the bird, and tying its wings over its back, took it home. Binding up the broken wing with a splint he placed it in a pen and fed it as one would a goose or a duck.

Beaver, the puppy, was very much interested in the strange, big bird that had come to live at his house, and felt that he must go inside its cage and roll it on the ground a little, or rumple its feathers as he had sometimes done to the chickens. To be sure, he was discouraged by the master in this amusement, but the master had taught him nothing concerning the new bird, so Beaver wriggled himself into the cage. However, he did not know that Lady Jane had many times seen her mother drive off coyotes, and she was not to be disconcerted by a small dog. As we read on:

> She did not even think it necessary to hiss at this awkward puppy, but raising herself to full height and throwing the head well back, she half raised her wings and waited.
>
> Beaver did not quite like the turn events were taking. He had taken it for granted that she would run as soon as he came near; but he was no coward, and evidently it would be necessary to teach this bird a lesson in manners, for no bird had the right to consider itself above fearing a six-months-old pup. Hesitating a moment, he sprang straight at her, meaning to catch her by the neck. While he was in mid-air, out darted the long neck, driving the hard beak full into his face, cutting an ugly gash and knocking the puppy howling to the ground. The swan was not willing to stop here, tho the puppy would have been glad to call it enough. Catching him by the back of his neck, she beat him with her wings till he fairly howled with pain and fright.
>
> As soon as he could get free, the thoroughly frightened puppy ran howling to the house. Both pup and swan had learned a lesson. Nevermore would the pup bother a great strange-looking bird, and the swan knew how to fight dogs.
>
> Lady Jane soon became so gentle that she was allowed the freedom of the place. She seemed to feel perfectly at home, and seldom showed any disposition to wander. There was a small pond near by where she could satisfy her appetite for swimming and fishing, and there was plenty of corn about the stable. What more could a swan desire?
>
> She soon became much attached to the master. Even before she had put on her grown-up plumage, she followed him wherever he went. It was a comical sight to see the old man get on Betsy, his racking mare, and start for town with the swan chasing behind, trumpeting and flapping her wings. The bird never flew in order to keep up, but ran behind flapping her long wings. Sometimes if he rode too fast, she would catch the horse by the tail and hang on, flapping her wings, and touching the ground only every few rods. When the old man went into a house, Lady Jane had to content herself by sitting on the outside, or, as she more often did, by waiting at the side of Betsy, and wo betide the dog who dared to disturb either. More than once some over-ambitious dog, attracted by the novel sight of a swan following a man on horseback, gave chase. But he always went back a sadder but wiser dog, for Lady Jane looked on the intrusion as a personal insult which she felt in duty bound to avenge. Strange to say, never once did she come out of the fracas second best, for no dog ever proved quick enough to dodge her lightning beak or to escape the terrible hammering of her mighty wings.
>
> As spring came on Lady Jane grew apace. When fully grown, she weighed over forty pounds and could eat corn off the brim of Dad Oswalt's hat when the hat was on his head, and Dad Oswalt was a man six feet tall. Now she was snow-white, all but her feet and legs and bill. These were black. The bill is longer than the head, and is flat like that of a goose or a duck. Yet where it joins the head it is thicker than it is broad. This is true of all swans.
>
> Lady Jane could swim faster than any one could row a boat or paddle a canoe. She seemed to like to race in this way, always managing to keep out of reach without getting so far ahead as to discourage her pursuers.

Lady Jane was a trumpeter swan, and as spring came showed a strong desire to



About Time To Call A Cop.
From "The Philadelphia Record," Jan. 7, 1923

Give the Railroads a Needed Rest Cure!

> *Here is a delicious sample of the sort of law one legislature approved to govern railway operation within its borders:*
>
> *"That when two trains using double tracks meet at a crossing, both must stop and neither shall proceed until the other has passed."*

The average person does not know that 99 different agencies seek to "regulate" the Railroads of the United States. There are 48 State Legislatures, the same number of State Utility Commissions, Congress, the U. S. Railroad Labor Board, and the Interstate Commerce Commission.

Think of 99 different doctors trying to "regulate" your physical system—and the resultant havoc to you. A railroad System suffers just as much.

During 1922 there were 134 measures in Congress affecting Railroads, and 228 measures in the State Legislatures. Politics, not the public good, played a large part in these bills. Few of them were constructive—many were meddlesome and hindering.

Under Government Control during the war, the Railroads suffered—and so did their stockholders—worse than any period in their long history.

What the Railroads need today is a rest from petty politics—a period free from doctoring—a hands-off policy—a long, delightful railroad legislative holiday. Then transportation problems would be solved by railroad heads—by the men whose long service in railroad management presupposes ripe judgment.

Today the Philadelphia and Reading Railway is efficiently handling the biggest volume of business in its history—and with 3,000 less employees than was thought necessary under Government control.

Let the Railroads have a rest cure for a while!

The Reading

Philadelphia & Reading Railway

Agnew T. Dice
President

"Travel on the Reading"

I would have bought that house *but for one thing*—

"I turned the faucet in the bathroom while the real estate agent was showing us around. The water was rusty—even in this new house. I knew that meant rusty, dirty-looking water for my morning bath and shave."

Houses equipped with Anaconda Brass Pipe are more livable and more salable. Water run through Anaconda Brass Pipe is always as clean and crystal-clear as it comes from its source. The reason is that Anaconda Brass Pipe is rustless.

Corroded pipe brings not only rusty water, dripping faucets and leaks, but the inevitable annoyance and expense of plumbing repairs.

Yet, Anaconda Brass Pipe adds only about $75 to the cost of a $15,000 house.

ANACONDA
from mine to consumer
TRADE MARK

Don't buy or build until you know the vital facts about plumbing. Let us send you our new booklet "Ten Years Hence" which tells how to save money on plumbing. It is free. Address Department L.

Each length of Anaconda Brass Pipe carries the Trade-Mark stamped in the metal—a permanent means of identification.

THE AMERICAN BRASS COMPANY
General Offices: Waterbury, Conn. Offices and Agencies in Principal Cities
MILLS AND FACTORIES:
Ansonia, Conn., Torrington, Conn., Waterbury, Conn., Buffalo, N. Y., Kenosha, Wis.
In Canada: ANACONDA AMERICAN BRASS LTD., New Toronto Ont.

ANACONDA
GUARANTEED
BRASS PIPE

BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES

Continued

fly, but in order to rise in the air she took the methods somewhat of an airplane, and ran or swam forty or fifty yards in the wind, flapping her wings before taking the air. Mr. Brallier proceeds:

> When the wildlings began to come north, Lady Jane became very restless, and trumpeted a great deal. She would take long flights, but by sundown was always sitting in her own pond, with her long neck curled over her back, with just her black bill sticking out of the feathers—the only black spot on a ball of snow.
>
> One morning, just at sunrise, all were startled by a regular trumpet concert. Some were trumpets as heavy as a bass horn, others were as shrill as a flute, and there were all notes in between.
>
> Peeping out of the window, a boy saw a large flock of swans sitting in the pond. They had doubtless been attracted by Lady Jane. Immediately a gander started making love to her, and she acted perfectly delighted at finding others of her kind.
>
> The flock stayed about the pond most of the forenoon. When the flock left, Lady Jane hesitated, but when they circled back over the pond calling, she finally followed. No one ever again saw her so as to identify her, tho one night in autumn a flock of swans spent the night in the pond where she had lived so long, and some of them helped themselves to the corn in the crib.

A FEW MONKEY TRICKS

ANY ONE who yearns for affection perhaps would not be averse to having two hairy arms flung unexpectedly about his neck, and to find himself holding a large and loving orang-utan in his lap. Such a thing is not an unusual experience, it seems, with those who have to do with apes, as we are told by Mr. W. Henry Sheak, in *The Natural History* (New York). Mr. Sheak is a lecturer on natural history subjects, and has an intimate knowledge of the manners and ways of anthropoid apes. There are several different kinds of apes, some affectionate and some quite the reverse. The gibbon, Mr. Sheak tells us, has never shown much feeling for his keeper, and even after years of kind attention would spring on an intruder and bite him. However, this particular animal excels, we are told, in the musical art—we might, it appears, almost consider him the grand opera star among apes. Mr. Sheak says:

> One of the most interesting habits of this ape is the daily utterance of a series of calls or notes, commonly denominated "singing." They are sad and plaintive in tone, not unlike the cooing of the mourning dove, but much louder and in a higher key. On a clear, frosty morning in autumn I have heard him at a distance of more than a mile. He usually begins his "singing" about 8.30 A. M. and continues for about half an hour. On dark, gloomy days he is more likely to "sing" at unusual times than on clear, sunny days. Once I observed he did not begin

his "concert" till about 9.30, and then kept it up until nearly noontime.

He has been known to sing in the late afternoon or early evening, when the day was dark, but rarely twice on the same day. The presence of people about the cage does not seem to interfere with his "singing."

Before the death of a female *Hylobates*, which was secured at the same time as the male, but which lived only about fourteen months, they both "sang," and she was the better "singer" of the two. In closing a note she would do so with a quaver, coming down gradually to silence, while he stopt abruptly. At her death he ceased "singing."

Gorillas are very difficult to keep alive in captivity, and Mr. Sheak says that so far as he knows only four gorillas have ever reached America alive, for many so-called gorillas exhibited have really been baboons. The fourth gorilla was called John Daniel. In speaking of him, Mr. Sheak says:

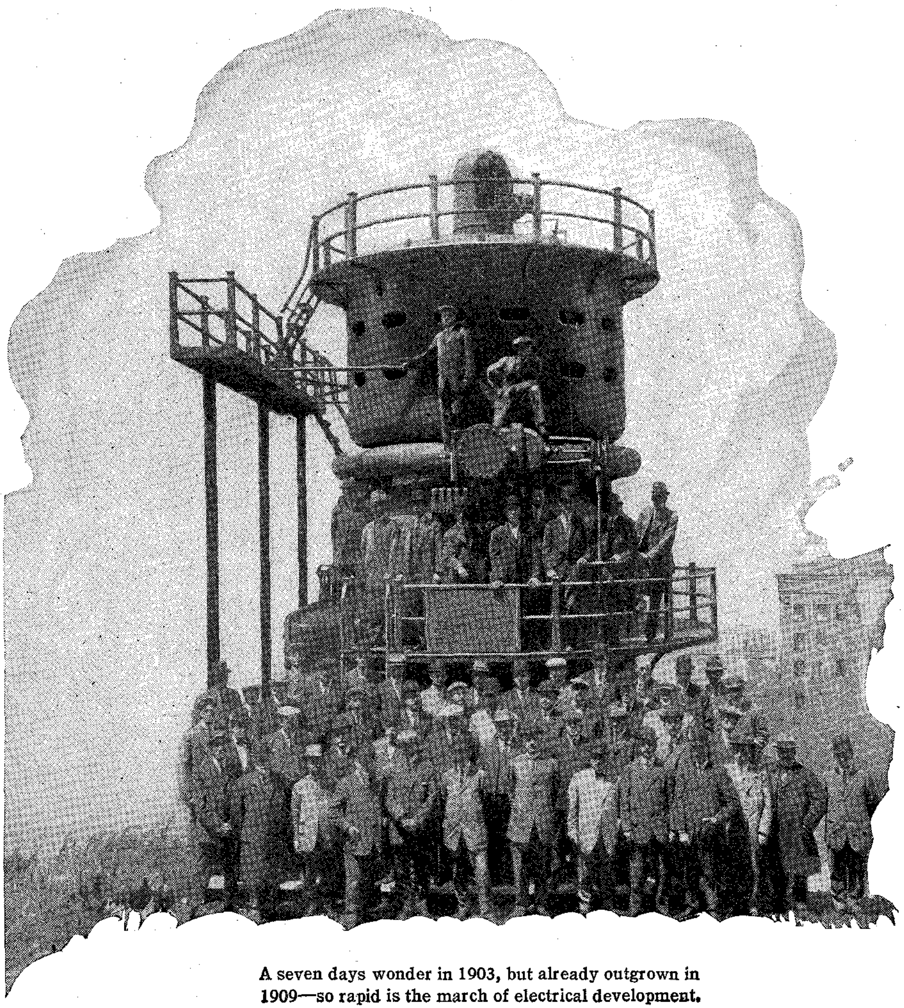
When about three years of age, this gorilla was shipped to England, and six months later came into the possession of Miss Alyse Cunningham, of London, under whose tuition he made extraordinary progress. After about two months it was possible to give him the freedom of the house. He had his place at the table, opened doors by turning the knob, and unbolted windows, raised them, lowered them again, and locked them, turned on the lights when entering a dark room, sponged himself when bathing, and adapted himself in many other ways to his urban environment. He became deeply attached to Miss Cunningham, and when later it was found necessary to sell him and he was sent to New York, he became ill from homesickness and died before Miss Cunningham, who was summoned by cable, had time to reach him.

Mr. Sheak relates the following incident to show what a keen observer the orang-utan really is:

Indeed, I have found him a very keen observer. In 1907 I was traveling with the Gus Lambrigger Animal Show, as naturalist and lecturer. Our star attraction was a young orang-utan. One afternoon when I was standing in front of his cage, he left his place in the farther corner, came over to the front, and, stretching his arm through the bars, put his hand on my shoulder. At first I could not imagine what was engaging his attention, but when he took his hand away, I discovered there was a tiny knot in the thread of the seam of my coat, and he was trying to get it. I had not noticed it before, but his sharp eyes had seen it from the back of the cage.

Table manners seem rather natural to the orang-utan, according to Sheak:

I have seen the orang-utans in the New York Zoological Park sitting at table, drinking out of cups and eating from plates, using spoons, knives and forks, but not with the same readiness and ease with which the chimpanzee learns to do these things. There is, however, one accomplishment of the orang-utan I wish to emphasize, for in this he is an adept. It is using a blanket to cover himself. I have never seen an ape so young that he was not able to take a blanket and pull it over himself, without any previous teaching. This accomplishment seems to be an inherited habit or instinct. In their



A seven days wonder in 1903, but already outgrown in 1909—so rapid is the march of electrical development.

A monument
to courage

This machine is a Curtis Steam Turbine Generator. Many called it a "piece of folly" in 1903. It was the largest turbine generator ever built up to that time.

Today General Electric Company builds steam turbine generators ten times as big as this pioneer; and the "piece of folly" is preserved as a monument to courage.

The total capacity of the steam turbine generators produced by the General Electric Company is equal to the working power of 170 million men. More and more the hard tasks of life are being transferred from human shoulders to the iron shoulders of machines.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

John Davey
needs young men

John Davey's organization, The Davey Tree Expert Co., Inc., has a limited number of openings for ambitious young men between 20 and 30 years of age, single men preferred. The opportunity is unusual, offering good pay at the start, permanent employment in the Davey organization, and thorough scientific training in the profession of Tree Surgery. Advancement rapid, according to merit. The work is fascinating, offers chance to travel extensively, and association with fine fellows. Only clean, red-blooded young Americans, lovers of the outdoors, need apply. Write, giving full information to The Davey Tree Expert Co., Inc., 2556 Elm St., Kent, Ohio.

PATENTS. INVENTORS should write for Free Guide Books and **RECORD OF INVENTION BLANK** before disclosing invention. Send model or sketch of your invention for our Free opinion of its patentable nature.
VICTOR J. EVANS & CO.
759 9th Washington D. C.

INVENTORS Who desire to secure patent should write for our guide book "HOW TO GET YOUR PATENT." Send model or sketch and description of your invention and we will give opinion of its patentable nature.
RANDOLPH & CO., Dept. 171, Washington, D. C.

COOK'S
TRAVELERS' CHEQUES
In Dollars or Pounds Sterling
SAFETY · LIQUIDITY · CONVENIENCE

Holders enjoy all the inestimable advantages inherent in our net-work of 150 offices and our world-wide banking connections

New York
Chicago Philadelphia Boston San Francisco
Los Angeles Montreal Toronto Vancouver

THOMAS COOK & SON
TRAVELERS CHEQUE FOR FIFTY DOLLARS
$50

Kills bugs wholesale — harms nothing else

Germ-laden flies! Tormenting mosquitoes! Ravenous moths! Other unmentionable insect pests! Flyosan kills them all.

Just spray Flyosan into the air of a closed room—in five minutes, all flying insects will be dead. Spray 'round cracks and crannies for the "creepers."

Pleasant odor. No stain. No muss. Most important: *absolutely non-poisonous.*

At nearby drug, grocery, hardware, and department stores. Or mail us $1 for Introductory Package—pint can and sprayer. (West of Rockies and in Canada, $1.25.)

Colonial Chemical Corporation,
Reading, Pa.

Flyosan
SAFE INSECTICIDE
kills Flies by the Roomful—Mosquitoes, too.

BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES
Continued

native country these apes probably cover themselves with large leaves.

If one is thinking of acquiring an ape as a pet, a chimpanzee will be the most friendly, for Mr. Sheak tells us that of all the anthropoids he has found the chimpanzee most lovable. The chimpanzees hug each other when they meet, very sincerely. Mr. Sheak had a little fellow which would snuggle up to him, and then take Mr. Sheak's arm and draw it around him. They are also very good-natured and obliging, we are told. Mr. Sheak continues:

In Peoria, Illinois, I had a little chimpanzee named Adam, who made his public appearance in a go-cart. As I was answering some question, my attention was withdrawn from him for a few minutes. The little fellow seized the opportunity to climb out of the cart and, when I noticed him, was stealthily making off. I said in a quiet but firm tone, "Adam, get right back in here." Without the slightest hesitation, he returned and climbed into the go-cart. A bystander exclaimed, "Well, he obeys better than my kids!"

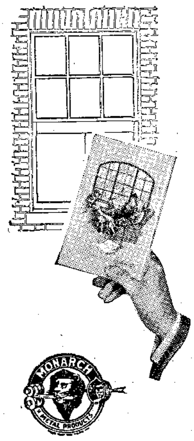
When Mr. Sheak was with the animal show of Joseph Edwards he made some very interesting friends among the chimpanzees, Sally and Jo, and while they possest a certain charm of their own, they were not the most generous characters in the world. Indeed, as Mr. Sheak tells about them, we see that a strong instinct of looking out for yourself first distinguished them. He says:

I was sitting near the chimpanzee cage writing a letter, when a large savage female began screaming in angry tones. A few minutes earlier the apes had been fed potatoes boiled with the skins on. She had swallowed hers greedily and was now reaching for little Adam's share. She was afraid to take it from him by force while I was so near; but to my utter astonishment the little fellow broke his potato in two and gave her half of it.

Most chimpanzees are, however, not so willing to divide. Sometimes Sally, when she had eaten all the rice she cared for, would feed what was left in her dish to the little monkeys in a cage near her, dipping the contents out, a spoonful at a time, and handing the spoon through the bars. One day when she was thus engaged in feeding a pair of gray spider monkeys, Mr. Edwards appeared with a bunch of grapes. Immediately she began stamping her feet, screaming, and making a frightful noise, which drove all the other simians to the farther end of the cage. On receiving the grapes she again turned toward them and gave two or three savage barks. She was perfectly willing to divide the rice, which she did not want herself, but not the grapes, which she did want. When Jo was given two apples and told to present one of them to his little sister, he would, if one was larger than the other, invariably hand her the smaller one, keeping the larger for himself.

Jo was one of the most wonderful animals I have ever known. We made no special effort to teach him anything, but he was a close observer and a persistent

Keep Your Home Cool and Free from Dust and Dirt This Summer



This free booklet tells you how

It shows you, in an interesting, graphic way, the comfort and economy of Monarch Metal Weather Strips—how they seal the cracks around windows and doors, prevent inleakage of hot, dust-laden air, protect your hangings and furniture—and, in winter, how they save coal, stop draughts, etc. Send for this booklet today. Ask for "Comfort." A post card will bring it by return mail.

Monarch Metal Products Co.
4980 Pearose St. St. Louis, Mo.
Also manufacturers of Monarch Casement Hardware

MONARCH
METAL WEATHER STRIPS

Replace Cesspool with Inexpensive Septic Tank
Kaustine Septic Tank, easily installed, provides all comforts of city sewage system. Transforms sewage into clear water. Requires no attention; no operating expense.
Will Last a Lifetime
Constructed of Armco Ingot Iron coated with Hermastic Enamel. Shipped complete; one man can handle it.
Get Expert Advice Free. Our Engineering Department furnishes complete plans without charge. Submit your problem. Send for free Booklet No. 101; plumber's name appreciated.

We equip homes, buildings, communities, villages
Several desirable openings for District Sales Representatives.
KAUSTINE CO., Inc., Sanitation Engineers
Buffalo, N. Y.
Also Manufacturers of Chemical (Waterless) Toilets for Homes, Schools, Factories, Camps, Summer Homes.

Kaustine Enameled Iron Septic Tanks
Sold and Installed by Plumbers

THE LITERARY DIGEST
WANTS SALARIED FIELD MANAGERS

Men under 35 years of age who have had successful experience in boy welfare work, also men who have good sales records in any line, may qualify. Preference will be given to men having ability to get results through boys, because our Field Managers appoint juvenile agents and coach our Junior Salesmen who serve customers with The Literary Digest.

The men selected will be given a course in training in the field under a competent Supervisor. Traveling expenses and a fair salary will be paid from the start, and there is a good opportunity for advancement to positions of greater responsibility in the field and in the Home Office.

To be considered for appointment applicant must sell his services by first letter, after which a personal interview will be arranged. Replies should contain a brief but complete record of experiences, present or previous earnings, age, nationality and the names of three individuals who will vouch for applicant's character and ability. Mail your letter to Circulation Director,

The Literary Digest
354-360 Fourth Ave., New York, N. Y.

imitator, and picked up many clever tricks. He learned to wipe his nose with a handkerchief, brush his hair with a hairbrush, clean his clothes with a whiskbroom, drink out of a cup, eat with a spoon as well as any human child, bore holes with a brace and bit, use a handsaw quite dexterously, take screws out of the guard rail with a screw-driver, drive nails with a hammer and pull them out with the claw of the hammer, and to play on a toy piano and on a mouth harp.

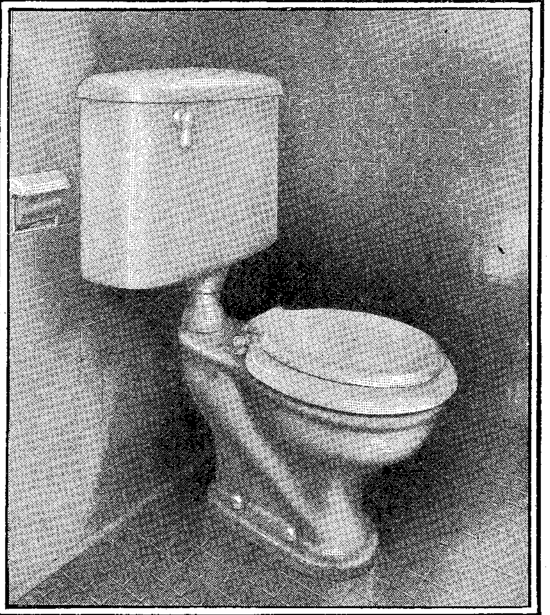
In Kansas City we kept the chimpanzees in a very large cage, almost the size of an ordinary bedroom. We had some ropes attached to the roof of the cage by bolts with a ring in the lower end. One of these bolts came out and fell to the floor. Mr. Joseph Edwards got in the cage, picked up the bolt, and said: "Now you get up there," pointing with his finger, "and put this bolt through the hole, and hold it there till I fasten it." The little ape climbed to the top of the cage, holding on by one of the other ropes, inserted the bolt in the hole, and held it till Mr. Edwards climbed on top and made it fast. The head keeper, who was standing near me, expressed the thought and feeling of all of us when he exclaimed, "By George, that's going some!"

I WANT TO GO A-FISHING

THE fishing germ is one that brings an annual attack as soon as there is a softness in the air, and the brooks begin to flow fast and deep, and hide the sportive and subtle brook trout. This poem in *Outdoor Life* (Denver), by H. M. Baker, seems to voice the feeling stirred in the breast of every veteran fisherman at this time of the year:

The breeze is warm and the sun is bright,
And spring is here, if I judge a-right,
And I want to go a-fishing.
I want to go a-fishing in a sparkling mountain stream
Where the water sings a two-step and the ripples dance and gleam;
I want to get plumb tired again and fall into a brook
And tear my hide and trousers with a feathered, pointed hook;
I want to get all black and dirt—not even want to wash,
'Cause the water's cold as Greenland, right from the snow, by gosh!
I want to boil some coffee in a big, black coffee pot
And spill it in the open fire and get scalded like as not.
The fire is hot and smoky and the smoke gets in your eyes,
But it keeps away the "skeeters" and abolishes the flies.
I want to get real hungry so that anything tastes good
That looks or smells or indicates in any way it's food.
I want to lie at nightfall on my bed-roll in my tent
And wonder where the fish I lost—that great big rainbow—went.
I want to fill a corncob pipe clear full up to the brim
And watch the curly smoke clouds as they float and wave and skim;
I want to sink to slumber with a brook's song in my ears,
When I'm all worn out a-fishing, and the dusk of night-time nears.
The breeze is warm and the sun is bright,
And spring is here, if I judge a-right,
And I want to go a-fishing!

Church Seats
sani-white



THE *highest development of decorative art and home sanitation is exemplified in the new bathroom, found in the best homes, in which every detail is immaculately white—ALLWHITE—including the toilet seat.*

It reflects your good taste—the ALL WHITE *bathroom*

THE rich, soft pure-whiteness of this modern bathroom is not only delightfully restful but is refined and enduring. The old mahogany or oak closet seat of other days, inharmonious and unsanitary, has been displaced by the Church Sani-White Toilet Seat, adding the final note of harmony and perfect sanitation.

Cannot be contaminated

THIS seat deluxe is plated with an ivory-like sheathing—without seams or joints—that cannot absorb moisture or retain dirt. Being non-porous it will not hold odors. As easy to clean as porcelain. It will not turn color, crack, craze, or chip. It is fully guaranteed.

If you are about to build a house, think of none but Church Sani-White Seats. Note specification at left.

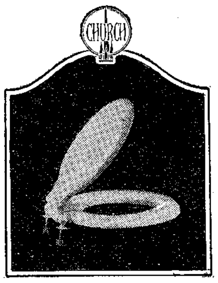
Replace your old closet seats

IT IS a simple matter for your plumber to install Church Seats in your home in place of the present ones. No matter what make of Bowls your architect specifies (or your plumber recommends), insist upon the seats being Church Sani-White.

Write for a small cross-section of a Church Toilet Seat showing the impervious ivory-white sheathing, and for the instructive booklet "Why White?"

Architects, Plumbers, Jobbers, Contractors and Dealers—write for Catalogue.

C. F. CHURCH MANUFACTURING CO.,
Established 1898
Holyoke, Mass.



THE closet shall be ......Plate No...... complete as described *excepting the seat* which shall be Church Sani-White, Plate 142, as made by C. F. Church Mfg. Co., Holyoke, Mass. (Plumbers are glad to furnish Church Seats with any make of bowl).

Copyright 1923, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc.

Light and Strong Goodyear Lawn Hose

It is a pleasure to work in the garden, on the lawn, or about the house and the garage with a hose so light and strong as Goodyear Wingfoot Lawn Hose.

Specially built to withstand many seasons of use, to hold full pressure, and to resist the abrasive contact of walks and trees, Goodyear Wingfoot Hose is tough and durable.

Yet it is very light. A woman can handle fifty to a hundred feet of it easily.

This hose is non-kinking. That makes it easier to work with, and gives it much longer life; for, as you know, kinks are one of the chief factors of hose destruction.

The Goodyear name is on every 4-foot length of this better hose. That name on hose, as on tires and other products of The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, means good wear. Tell your regular dealer you want Goodyear Wingfoot Lawn Hose.

Goodyear Means Good Wear

GOODYEAR
WINGFOOT LAWN HOSE

INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE

WHY MUSSOLINI CHARMS THE AMERICAN BUSINESS MAN

THE Mussolini spell "has settled down hardest over the minds of sober American business men," observes the New York *Evening Post*, adding that their admiration for the present ruler of Italy "at times comes perilously near to assuming that Mussolini not only created order and discipline in Italy, but before that created the Appenines and the blue Italian skies and the outlook from Sorrento over the bay of Naples." When President Lewis E. Pierson of the Merchants' Association of New York came back from Italy, he was welcomed by members of the association, and these New York business men punctuated with their applause these paragraphs of tribute to Mussolini in Mr. Pierson's speech:

> Under the superb leadership of that truly great man, Mussolini, the Fascisti have revived the flame of Italy's aspirations. As an indication of the spirit which animates the Italian people, they tell the traveler of the pledge of the Fascisti of Piacenza, where the Fascisti made and observed a solemn vow that until their country was restored they would not keep about them any gold or precious stones, but would give them to the common cause, and that for a year they would forego all amusement and contribute the money thus saved to the good of the State.
>
> Inspired with such a spirit of national devotion, the Fascisti have steadily improved the condition of their country. In place of apathy they have substituted enthusiasm. In place of despondency they have substituted hope. And in place of the false and dangerous ideas of communism they have substituted the ideals of individualism.
>
> They have pledged themselves and their country to a program which includes the inviolable rights of property and contract. They have insisted that individual and national progress can come only through thrift and hard work. They are steadily purging their government departments of the idler and the inefficient. And, what is of intense interest to every other country, they have announced their intention to abolish the deficits and the incompetence resulting from government operation of railroads, telephones and other public utilities, and are preparing to turn these over, under proper safeguards, to private enterprise.
>
> These are the public manifestations of the sound and practical policies which are assisting Italy's economic recovery. And the traveler who passes through Italy, talking to the man-in-the-street and the worker in the field, becomes certain that this tremendous uplift of Italy is not a flash in the pan, doomed to run its course and disappear, but comes from the solemn and deep-rooted conviction of a whole people to win their way back to prosperity and progress.
>
> Make no mistake, the clear indications are that the Italy of to-morrow will be better and richer than the Italy of yesterday. No matter what the exchange rates may show, no matter what the external debt may be, a nation with the will to live that animates Italy will win through all obstacles to achieve a splendid destiny.

On the same occasion Willis H. Booth, who was elected president of the International Chamber of Commerce at Rome, praised Mussolini for bringing Italy "out of the slough of despair into the bright realm of promise." Mr. Paul D. Cravath has also given high commendation to the Mussolini Administration for its fiscal policies. Mr. Julius H. Barnes, President of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, is quoted in the New York *Evening Post* as saying:

> The new leadership which places Italy beside the United States in recognizing that the injection of the State into the processes of industry is demoralizing and stifling, has created a new spirit of hopefulness in that people. The development of hydroelectric energy from the streams which for centuries have run to waste typifies the beginning of a new era in Italy.

"Most Americans will be somewhat startled," remarks the New York *Evening Post* commenting on this statement, "to hear that the Mussolini methods place Italy beside the United States, and a great many Americans will be surprized to learn that Mussolini is the man who struck the rocks of Italy and made hydroelectric energy to flow, a development which is at least half a generation old." 'It is rather odd,' concludes the New York daily, "to have Americans hail as the teacher of a new gospel the man who recently announced his intention to march forward over the decomposed body of Liberty and who found only one other living statesman to admire—Nikolai Lenin.'

But so authoritative a spokesman for American business as the New York *Journal of Commerce* finds reason for this attitude toward Mussolini "in the evident success of his attempt to reorganize the finances of Italy." When Mussolini came into power he faced a probable deficit of about 4,000,000,000 lire. Professor de Stefani, Finance Minister, has just announced a probable reduction of about 75 per cent. in the estimated deficit, to a little over 1,000,000,000 lire. The saving, we are told, has been made possible by revising both taxation and expenditures. For instance, Army estimates have been fixt at less than pre-war cost. There is a possible saving of 1,500,000,000 lire in the railroad administration. There is to be a new plan of taxation involving "a recasting of the levies upon wages and agrarian incomes." The Finance Minister also has announced that Italy insists upon the essential unity of the problems of reparations and interallied debts. *The Journal of Commerce* ends with a few words of

MEETING THE GROWING NEEDS OF THE GREAT MIDDLE WEST

Resources Ample for the Exceptional Requirement

REFLECTING the growing magnitude of the agricultural, commercial and industrial interests of the Middle West, the Illinois Merchants Banks offer to business houses, individuals and banks a service notable for its completeness, and for its adequacy to meet unusual requirements.

The resources and large number of customers of this great new house of banking afford an indication of its strength. Capital and surplus amount to $45,000,000. The commercial and savings deposits total over $300,000,000. Trust funds exceed $500,000,000. More than 20,000 commercial and 200,000 savings depositors are served—and the institution does business with bank correspondents in all parts of the world.

The service includes Commercial Banking, Savings, Trusts, Bonds, Farm Mortgages and Foreign Banking. Safety deposit facilities are provided also through the Illinois Trust Safety Deposit Company.

Correspondence relative to these services is invited.

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS · FORTY-FIVE MILLION DOLLARS

ILLINOIS MERCHANTS BANKS

ILLINOIS MERCHANTS TRUST COMPANY
A consolidation of the Illinois Trust & Savings Bank and
The Merchants Loan & Trust Company
Clark and Jackson Streets

THE CORN EXCHANGE NATIONAL BANK
Until completion of west half of Illinois Merchants Bank
Building remains at its present location
La Salle and Adams Streets

CHICAGO

One of the World's Largest Manufacturers with unlimited resources Builds Cunningham Tubes

FORTY-THREE years ago the carbon filament electric lamp came into general use. The ever-growing demand resulted in the building and expansion of mighty factories, and the improvement of factory methods, until today the tungsten filament gas-filled lamp yields eight times the candle power for the same electric input.

In recent years these same highly skilled manufacturers have been devoting a part of their factories and their engineering talent to the production of vacuum tubes.

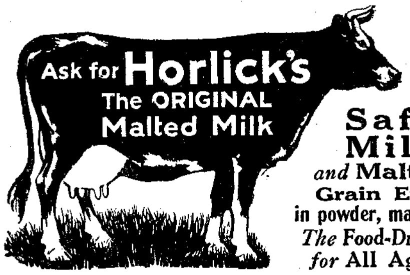
The new Cunningham type C-301-A, Amplifier and Detector represents a combination of these years of experience, and the engineering ability contributed by that great scientific organization, the Research Laboratory of the General Electric Company.

The low filament current of ¼ amp. and the extremely high mutual conductance of 700 micro-ohms, make the C-301-A the most efficient vacuum tube ever built for amateur and entertainment use in radio.

Patent Notice: *Cunningham tubes are covered by patents dated* 11-7-05, 1-15-07, 2-18-08, *and others issued and pending. Licensed for amateur, experimental and entertainment use in radio communication. Any other use will be an infringement.*

E. T. Cunningham Inc.

San Francisco California



Ask for **Horlick's**
The ORIGINAL
Malted Milk

Safe Milk *and* **Malt Grain Ext.** in powder, makes *The* Food-Drink *for* All Ages

☞ **Avoid Imitations—Substitutes**

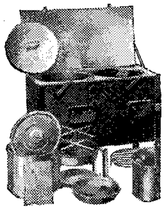
Automatic Rapid Electric FIRELESS COOKER

Gives every facility of electric range plus every advantage of fireless cooker at less cost than a good oil stove.

New Invention
Revolutionizes Cooking
Saves 50% to 75% fuel cost

Bakes, roasts, boils, stews, fries, toasts. Needs no watching. Shuts electricity off automatically. Attaches to any electric socket. **No special wiring.** Write for FREE Home Science Cook Book, 30-day FREE trial offer and direct factory prices.

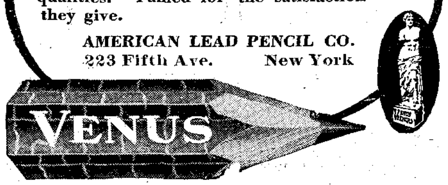
WM. CAMPBELL CO. Dept. 30
Detroit, Mich. Georgetown, Ont.



VENUS PENCILS
The largest selling Quality pencil in the world

17 Black Degrees—3 Copying
Known world-wide as the perfect pencil. Unsurpassed in smooth writing and drawing qualities. Famed for the satisfaction they give.

AMERICAN LEAD PENCIL CO.
223 Fifth Ave. New York



INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE
Continued

information about the men behind the financial policy of the Fascist régime:

> Prof. H. D. de Stefani, the Minister of Finance, is a man of only forty-three years of age, a former professor of economics at the Venice Institute of Commerce, and later at the universities of Padua and Ferrara. His assistant is Professor Fagiuoli, who recently was professor of fine arts at Verona, and, strange to note, is known as a leading authority on the Greek language and literature. Best of all, these men not only have a reputation for honesty and integrity, but also are noted for practical common sense. Undoubtedly they are showing both courage and ability, and upon their success will depend in large part the fortunes of both Mussolini and his whole Fascist movement. And this probably means the future prosperity of the Italian people as well.

THE UNIMPORTANCE OF COMMERCE AND FINANCE

DOCTORS have been known to confess that their part is very trifling, when compared with the effect of constitutional endowments, habits, environment, will-power, even luck. So the editor of the "Foreign Finance and Commerce" department of the London *Stock Exchange Gazette* pauses to reflect, rather surprizingly, that "a very exaggerated importance is attached" to finance and commerce by Englishmen. This writer's reasoning is almost as applicable in New York as in London, now that New York is challenging the British metropolis for the financial leadership of the world; and there is a direct reference to America which adds to the pertinence of these paragraphs:

> Statesmen and business men habitually proclaim that finance and commerce decide the weal or wo of the nation, and if industries are suffering, if unemployment prevails, as at present, business men, politicians and journalists recommend to set the wheels of trade revolving by tinkering with our financial and commercial organization. Some recommend the printing of unlimited bank-notes to "create credit," to "make money cheap"; others demand that the State should engage in financing commerce, etc. It seems to occur to scarcely any that production is infinitely more important than finance and commerce, that the nation lives by the creation of actual tangible values, not by swapping things.
>
> Finance and commerce acquired an exaggerated importance during the second half of the last century, when England was the workshop of the world. As there was practically no competition, foreigners had to buy English goods. Their sale could be increased only by improving our financial and commercial methods and arrangements. Thus our wonderful banking and trading organization was created. It is no doubt the finest in the world. However, the most perfect financing and trading organization will prove unavailing if the nation produces the wrong goods at the right price or the right goods at the wrong price. In such a case the trading and financing machine is like a perfect boiler

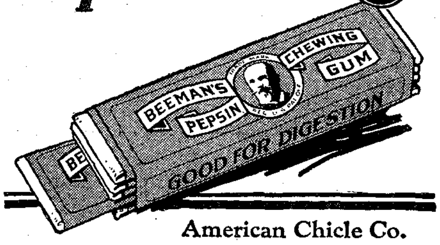
Delicious

The flavor that pleases every taste—the delightful charm of wintergreen—its use is

"a sensible habit"

Good for the teeth

BEEMAN'S
Pepsin Gum



American Chicle Co.

PATENTS Write today for free instruction book and *Record of Invention* blank. Send sketch or model for personal opinion. CLARENCE A. O'BRIEN, *Registered Patent Lawyer,* 747 Southern Building, Washington, D. C.

Skin Troubles
—— Soothed ——
With Cuticura

Soap, Ointment, Talcum, 25c. everywhere. Samples free of Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. X, Malden, Mass.

HEUDEBERT
Aleurone Bread
for Diabetes
Imported from France

The Bread Supreme for Diabetes, containing the minimum of carbohydrate. Recommended by the medical profession the world over. Nutritious and very appetizing. About 60 muffins in box. Ask your grocer for Aleurone Bread or send $2.10 for a box. Sent postpaid in U. S. DIABETIC & OBESITY booklet on request.

THERAPEUTIC FOODS COMPANY, Inc.
24 Stone Street **New York**

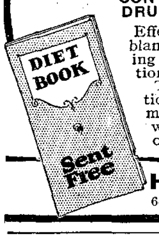
Eat and Be Well!

A condensed set of health rules—many of which may be easily followed right in your own home, or while traveling. You will find in this little book a wealth of information about food elements and their relation to physical welfare.

CONTROL YOUR WEIGHT WITHOUT DRUGS OR TIRESOME EXERCISES

Effective weight control diets, acid and bland diets, laxative and blood-building diets, and diets used in the correction of various chronic maladies.

This book is for FREE circulation. Not a mail order advertisement. Name and address on card will bring it without cost or obligation.



Health Extension Bureau
64 Good Health Bldg. **Battle Creek, Mich.**

The House-Owner's Book
By A. L. Churchill and Leonard Wickenden
A practical, non-technical, money-saving volume telling all a prospective or actual home-owner would find valuable to know about construction, repair, upkeep, etc.
12mo. Cloth. 404 pages. Illustrated. $2.00 net; by mail, $2.12.
FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY. 354 Fourth Ave., New York

without water. Under the traditional heading "Foreign Finance and Commerce" we have been pointing out for a long time that production, not exchange, determines the wealth of nations, and have shown that America is highly prosperous, that she undersells England in motor-cars, office furniture, glassware, tools, agricultural machinery and implements and many other things, altho American wages are almost three times as high as English wages, and we have shown that foreign nations are in many cases buying more cheaply elsewhere.

Not only from the national but also from the individual point of view finance and commerce are overestimated. In the olden days the greatest wealth was accumulated by successful merchants, and especially by financiers. In the present age, in the age of mass production, finance and commerce yield comparatively little. The wealth of the Rothschilds seems beggarly in comparison with that of manufacturers. Henry Ford started his motor-car business with a subscribed capital of $28,000. Now Henry Ford is the richest man in the world. Production determines the prosperity of nations and of individuals. Trade alone, as Aristotle said two thousand years ago, produces nothing. England's troubles spring from the fact that one American worker produces as much as three British workers. Deliberate underproduction, and consequent dearness, prevents the free sale of our goods. Compared with this factor the influence of finance and trade is quite unimportant. If a country produces the right goods at the right price it need not have a good commercial and banking system. Foreign nations will come and fetch the goods away and arrange their own financing. That is shown by the case of America. Until recently the United States had the worst banking system in the world. England financed much of America's foreign trade, carried American goods and bought and sold them. Notwithstanding these deficiencies, America flourished mightily because her production was right.

WHY THE RETAILER FAILS

SOME stores sell more as time goes on, and keep on growing, while competitors lose trade and quite often end either in the bankruptcy court or just go out of business. *The Michigan Manufacturer and Financial Record* (Detroit) believes there are generally very good reasons for the failures, and that is why it quotes this extract from a statement made by B. J. Munchweiler, salesmanship instructor of the Philadelphia Y. M. C. A., in *Furniture World* (New York):

> A recent questionnaire sent out to 2,000 former patrons, asking them why they stopt buying at a certain furniture store, brought out the following answers:

Indifference of sales people	470
Errors in service	180
Forcing of substitutes	180
Tricky methods	180
Delays in delivery	170
Over-insistence of sales people	160
Discourteous treatment	140
Delay in giving attention	130
Tactless handling of customers	110
Disorderly stock	90
Ignorance concerning goods	60
Unwillingness to exchange purchase	40
Dissatisfied with quality	10

What's in the mind of your home town banker when he makes a loan?

IN your home town bank one man goes up to the president—gets a loan—and a smile. Another man gets—only the smile.

An understanding of what was running through the president's mind will contribute more to a man's prosperity than all the success literature ever written.

And learning how a banker thinks comes mostly from talking with him. Make it a point to discuss things with him and get his viewpoint.

The bank's business goes deeper than just money. It goes down to fundamentals that make success.

And talk to him before you take an important business step or make an investment. Too many men go to the banker too late. Consult him *before* instead of *after* a troublesome situation has arisen.

Not the least of his services is his ability to execute your personal and commercial banking business in New York.

THE FARMERS' LOAN AND TRUST COMPANY

22 WILLIAM STREET
FIFTH AVE. OFFICE, 475 FIFTH AVE.
NEW YORK

CHARTERED IN 1822
"FOR THE PURPOSE OF ACCOMMODATING THE CITIZENS OF THE STATE"

THE SHEPARD ELECTRIC LIFT ABOUT
A Book of Illustrated Economies
An electric hoist for everybody
SHEPARD

Free this 68-page book on low cost load-lifting

FACTS, figures, and pictures aplenty made from actual photographs of this powerful little electric hoist in fifty different lines of business.

Send for a copy—see how others are making remarkable savings in moving and lifting loads of every description. Learn of the economies that a *LiftAbout* can bring to you.

You incur no obligation in writing for this book. DO IT TODAY.

SHEPARD ELECTRIC CRANE & HOIST CO.
412 Schuyler Ave., Montour Falls, N. Y.
Branches in Principal Cities
Member Electric Hoist Mfrs.' Assn.

SHEPARD ELECTRIC CRANES & HOISTS

Ward Off Disease and Old Age

Here is a subject of vital importance to YOU—to every man and woman who would be really vigorously healthy—for there is no one so well or so strong as to be able to ignore it. You can not do your best work, you can not put that "pep" and "punch" into your efforts that they should have if you are physically below par, a prey to insidious attacks from within.

Have You a Crippled Colon?

This is conceded by modern medical research to be the source of more disease and of more suffering than any other disabled organ. Indeed, it will ultimately manufacture enough infective material to put the other organs—heart, kidneys, liver, stomach, etc.—out of business as well. Do you know that by neglect of the simple hygiene of the colon, you are poisoning yourself slowly but effectually from day to day?

Unnecessary Drugging

Are you aware that the artificial conditions of modern life, concentrated foodstuffs, false modesty, ignorance, and lack of attention to bodily needs have made colon troubles almost a universal condition among civilized men and women? These troubles have made autointoxication or intestinal toxemia the most widespread of all maladies. Many do not know they have it, but are treating themselves for some other ailments.

If you would avoid the numberless evils attendant upon improper feeding, read

THE ITINERARY OF A BREAKFAST

B J. H. KELLOGG, M. D., Medical Director of the Famous Battle Creek Sanitarium

This well-known food expert gives you straight from the shoulder advice on the proper disposal of food residues, tells you frankly how to manage your bodily functions so as to keep strong and healthy, informs you how to eat and what to eat for your best good. In this great book you are taught

How to Relieve Your Physical Ills by Nature's Own Method

Its pages are replete with unusual information which will save you many doctors' and druggists' bills and packed with useful facts on such topics as:

The Five Food Laboratories
The Digestive Rhythm
Normal Bodily Functions
The "House-broken" Colon
The Danger of Laxatives
How to Change the Intestinal Flora
X-Ray Studies of the Digestive Processes
How to Cure Constipation
Putrefactive Organisms
How to Lubricate the System
Protective Bacteria
Causes of Old Age
How Animals Live in the Wild
The Fruit Regimen
The Milk Regimen
How to Make Dangerous Germs Harmless
Cheap and Wholesome Substitutes for Beefsteak

You Learn the Basic Secrets of Health

The helpful advice and information given you in this unique and arresting work are made doubly serviceable by the many splendid illustrations showing in different colors exactly how your food behaves from the time that you put it into your mouth until its final elimination. You are shown a veritable moving picture panorama of the meal route, and can follow all the processes through which the food passes, the methods by which its vital juices are absorbed into your blood as nutriment or by which its freed poisons are sucked into your veins to spread corruption and disease broadcast through your system. Study this illuminating book and follow its instructions and you will enter upon a new lease of life. SIGN AND SEND THE COUPON TODAY!

12mo, Cloth. Illustrated by numerous Colored Plates. $1.75; by mail, $1.87. All Bookstores, or use the coupon

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, New York
354-360 Fourth Avenue D6-9

I enclose $1.87, for which please send me "The Itinerary of a Breakfast," by Dr. Kellogg. If not satisfied I may return the book within 10 days and you will at once refund my money.

Name.................................
Street or R. F. D.................................
City.................................State..........

CURRENT EVENTS

FOREIGN

May 23.—A break between Soviet Russia and Great Britain is averted by a note from the Soviet Government offering definite concessions regarding contested fishing rights and compensation to British subjects affected by this controversy. It also withdraws two notes in regard to the execution of Monsignor Butchkavitch to which the British Government excepted.

Five persons are killed, and from sixty to eighty wounded, in conflicts between strikers and police at Dortmund, Germany.

May 24.—Delegates from thirty nations, including the United States, attending the Second and Second and one-half Socialist Internationals at Hamburg, Germany, consolidate their organizations into the Socialist Workers' International, designed to include all the Socialist workers in the world.

Chinese Government troops advance against the bandits who recently captured a number of foreigners in southern Shantung.

May 25.—Bands of Communists loot warehouses and overrun the market-place at Essen, in the Ruhr, and thirty iron and steel plants are reported to be closed because of the strike. An official casualty list shows that eleven persons have been killed in the recent disorders.

Representatives of the United States and the Allies sign the liquidation agreement on the cost of the American Army of Occupation on the Rhine to be paid by Germany. The debt, approximately $240,000,000, is to be paid in twelve equal annual instalments, with interest, the first due on or before December 31, 1923.

May 26.—The Turkish and Greek delegates at the Lausanne Near East Peace Conference reach an agreement under which the Greeks surrender to Turkey Karaghatch, across the Maritza River from Adrianople, and the railroad line from Lule Burgas, on the Bulgarian frontier, to Karaghatch. Captured ships are to be mutually restored.

The Communist strike in the Ruhr is reported spreading, and now extends from Dortmund into the Bochum mining district, affecting, it is estimated, 300,000 men.

Albert Schlageter, a former Prussian officer and alleged leader of a terrorist gang, is executed by a French firing-squad for sabotage on railroads in the Ruhr.

May 27.—Bulgaria protests to the Near East Peace Conference at Lausanne that the cession of Karaghatch to Turkey by Greece is likely to interfere with Bulgaria's right to an outlet to the sea.

Clashes between Communists on the one side and civilians and volunteer police on the other result in the death of seven persons and the wounding of ninety-three at Bochum, in the Ruhr.

May 28.—General Degoutte, French commander in the Ruhr, orders all German railway men to resume work under the French within forty-eight hours, or be expelled from the occupied territory.

A vote of confidence is given Prime Minister Baldwin when the House of

Commons passes the Irish deportees' indemnity bill, releasing Home Secretary Bridgeman from claims for damages resulting from the recent deportation of Irish agitators to Ireland.

In an order, captured by Irish Free State troops, Eamon de Valera advises the Republicans to lay down their arms, saying that further struggle is futile.

DOMESTIC

May 23.—The Government is reported to be arranging to send an expeditionary force to China, if necessary, to release Americans held captive by the Chinese bandits.

The claim of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation for $8,500,000 said to be due on war-time contracts is tentatively disapproved by the Shipping Board's claim committee.

May 24.—President Harding appeals before the National American Council in Washington for a rededication of the American people to the aims and purposes of their Government as set forth in the preamble of the Constitution.

The fire loss of the United States last year was $521,860,000, according to John B. Morton, retiring President of the National Board of Fire Underwriters. The loss per capita was $4.75, as compared with 72 cents for Great Britain.

May 25.—The abolition of the twelve-hour day in the steel industry is not now feasible, as it would add 15 per cent. to the cost of making steel and would require 60,000 additional workers, states Elbert H. Gary, Chairman of the United States Steel Corporation, in presenting the report of the special committee requested by President Harding to investigate the matter.

The British Embassy protests to the State Department against applying to British vessels the Supreme Court's ruling prohibiting all vessels from transporting intoxicating liquors into American ports.

The Railroad Labor Board announces that six railroads with headquarters in Chicago have voluntarily increased the wages of more than 27,000 workers from 11 to 15 cents an hour.

May 26.—Lieutenant Harrison G. Crocker completes a non-stop Gulf-to-Canada flight in a single pilot machine in 11 hours and 54 minutes. The flight of 1,400 miles was made from Houston, Texas, to Mount Clemens, Michigan.

May 27.—A petition signed by Governors, college presidents, editors, and other prominent people asks President Harding to release the fifty-two war-time political prisoners held in military confinement.

May 28.—Joseph W. Folk, former Governor of Missouri and candidate for President in the Democratic preconvention campaign of 1912, dies in New York, in his 53rd year.

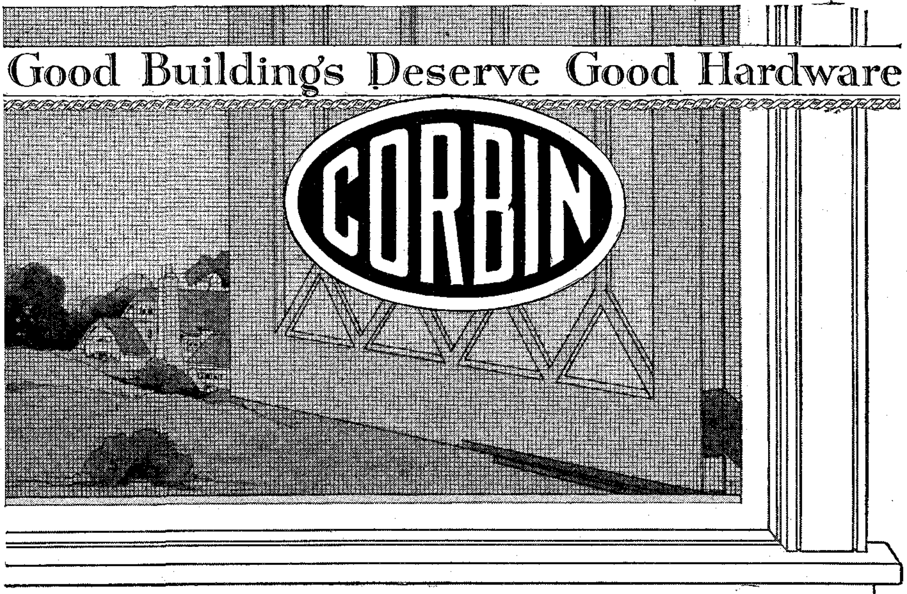
Wasted Energy.—The steamer was only a few feet from the quay when there was a sudden commotion, and a man came running madly from the dock gates, shouting to the officials to wait a moment.

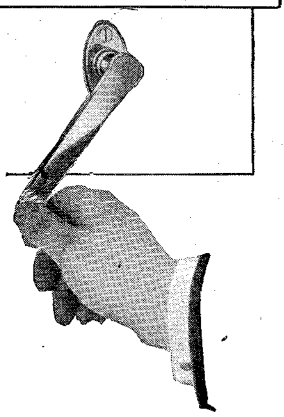
Without pausing in his stride, he flung his bag on the boat, took a desperate leap, and landed on the deck with a crash.

"Good!" he gasped. "A few seconds later I should have missed it."

"Missed it!" exclaimed the officer who helped him to his feet. "This boat is just coming in."—*The Continent.*

Good Buildings Deserve Good Hardware





Don't touch the screen—
simply turn this handle

CASEMENT windows a nuisance? No—your casement windows will open, close, lock perfectly, from the inside, *without your touching screen or curtains*, when aided by Corbin Casement Adjusters.

P. & F. CORBIN SINCE 1849 NEW BRITAIN CONNECTICUT

KIMBALL

"The Instrument of Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow"

IN your garden of delights, wherein the hours are as a chain of precious jewels, let us place for you a Kimball Grand Piano through the medium of which you may hear at their best, Josef Hofmann, Busoni, the great Paderewski, and many others, all at your own volition, and employing the matchless Welte* principle of reproduction.

And we promise you a bloom so rare that neither shall time breathe upon nor custom make stale its steadfast colors.

We have a representative near, or you can obtain particulars by sending us your address.

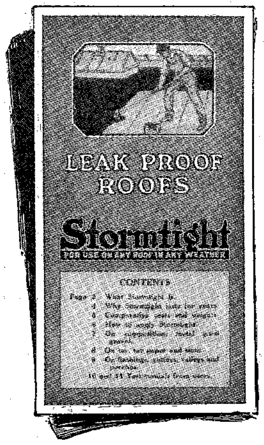
KIMBALL
Grand Pianos *Reproducing Pianos*
Upright Pianos *Phonographs*
Player Pianos *Pipe Organs* *Music Rolls*

W. W. KIMBALL CO.
(Established 1857)
Factory and Executive Offices:
CHICAGO, U. S. A.

(*Welte-Mignon, Licensee)

W. W. KIMBALL CO., Dept. KL
306 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.
Gentlemen: Please mail catalog and information on instrument marked X:
☐ KIMBALL Grand Pianos ☐ KIMBALL Phonographs
☐ KIMBALL Upright Pianos ☐ KIMBALL Player Pianos
☐ KIMBALL Reproducing Pianos
Name..........
Address..........

(SONNEBORN)



Every Owner Of A Building Should Have This Book

It tells all about Roof Troubles.
The Causes and The Cure

STORMTIGHT is the liquid material originated by expert chemists for preventing and stopping all roof leaks and used widely on all types of roofs.

It is brushed on and forms a thick, elastic covering which does not crack and leak under heat and cold, rain or snow, like thin, short-lived paints and compounds often used.

Stormtight
FOR USE ON ANY ROOF IN ANY WEATHER

Ready to apply—you can brush it on.
Black, Maroon, Light Red and Green
It decorates and protects old or new roofs. Buy of your dealer or send us this coupon. Sold in small or large lots.

L. SONNEBORN SONS, Inc.
114 Fifth Avenue New York City

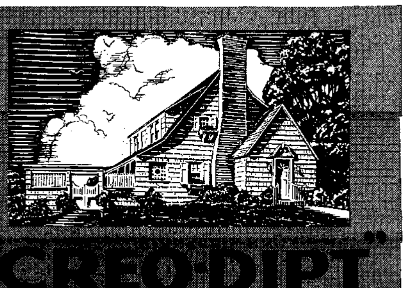
Cut out this coupon and mail to us
L. Sonneborn Sons, Inc.,
114 Fifth Ave., New York.

Send me booklet, "Leakproof Roofs," containing valuable roof information and testimonials covering years.

Signed.....................................
Address.....................................
Dealer's Name...............................

(SONNEBORN PRODUCTS)

Sell coal to your trade in car-load lots.
Earn week's pay in an hour Sideline salesmen wanted.
Washington Coal Co., Stock Yards Sta., Dept. O, Chicago



"CREO-DIPT" Stained Shingles For Roofs—For Sidewalls

If you would have a house, large or small, that is architecturally correct, for suggestions send $1.00 for fifty large photographs of houses of all sizes by noted architects.

THE SPICE OF LIFE

All Too True.—CUSTOMER—"It's tough to pay fifty cents a pound for meat."

BUTCHER—"Yes, but it's tougher when you pay twenty-five."—*Puppet.*

Such Is Fame.—"Who fiddled while Rome burned?" asked the schoolteacher. "Hector, sir." "No," said the schoolteacher. "Towser, sir." "Towser! What do you mean? It was Nero." "Well, sir, I knew it was somebody with a dog's name."—*Los Angeles Times.*

Men's Need Foreseen.—"I guess our educators are wise enough," remarked the old-timer.

"How now?"

"I visited a school last week. The girls were playing basketball."

"Well?"

"But the boys were learning to sew."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Low Visibility.—Simpkins considered himself a humorist. He sent a selection of his original jokes to the editor of a newspaper and confidently awaited a remittance. His excitement ran high when he received a letter, obviously from the newspaper office.

He opened it with feverish haste. There was no check, however, just a small note, as follows:

"Dear Sir: Your jokes received. Some we have seen before, some we have not seen yet."—*Vancouver Province.*

Sweet Charity.—A big burly man called at the rectory, and when the door was opened asked to see the rector's wife, a woman well known for her charitable impulses.

"Madam," he addrest her in a broken voice, "I wish to draw your attention to the terrible plight of a poor family in this district. The father is dead, the mother is too ill to work, and the nine children are starving. They are about to be turned into the cold, cold streets unless some one pays their arrears in rent, which amounts to fifty dollars."

"How terrible!" exclaimed the lady. "May I ask who you are?"

The sympathetic visitor applied his handkerchief to his eyes.

"I'm the landlord," he sobbed.—*American Legion Weekly.*

A Responsive Chord.—Betty Brown, the prettiest girl in the village, was blest with a father who snubbed all the young men who came to see her. One evening a bashful young man named Samuel Green called.

After the trio had sat together in silence for some time, the young man ventured to remark:

"It looks as tho it might rain, sir."

"It's not going to rain," was Father Brown's gruff reply.

For nearly half an hour there was complete silence. Finally the old man's curiosity got the better of him.

"Who are you?" he growled.

"Samuel Green," was the response.

"What? Not old Tom Green's son?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, then," exclaimed the father, thawing, "it may rain, it may rain."—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.*

Mistake Somewhere.—CARR—"Ye Martin is an indefatigable worker."

BARR—"Why, I thought he belonged the union."—*Life.*

No Bother to Him.—SINGLETON—"It such a bother deciding about vacation."

WEDMORE—"It doesn't bother me. Th boss tells me when to go and my wife tel me where."—*Boston Transcript.*

Modern Method.—PUBLISHER—"Ca you turn out another book in three weeks?

SUCCESSFUL AUTHOR—"Why so soon?

PUBLISHER—"It will never do to l the public forget you."—*Cornell Widow.*

Misplaced Economy.—"The maid I r quire must be very economical."

"My last mistress discharged me fo that very reason, ma'am."

"What! For being economical?"

"Yes'm. I used to wear her clothes."—*Boston Transcript.*

Old-Fashioned.—An old physician wa noted for his brusk manner and methods A woman called him to treat her baby, wh was slightly ailing. The doctor prescribe castor oil. "But, doctor," protested th young mother, "castor oil is such an old fashioned remedy."

"Madam," replied the doctor, "babie are old-fashioned things."—*Edinburg Scotsman.*

More Appropriate.—The artist wa proud of his latest canvas; it was a futuristic painting, supposed to represent a Dutc landscape. He made arrangements to exhibit it in the art museum, and beneath i hung a printed notice bearing the words: "Do not touch with cane or umbrella."

When he went back to secure the return of his painting, he found that an appreciative small boy had added to the sign the following postscript: "Take an ax."—*Everybody's Magazine.*

The Very One.—A certain automobile manufacturer claimed to have put a car together in seven minutes.

A few weeks after this event was heralded in the newspapers, a voice on the telephone asked:

"Is it true that your factory put a car together in seven minutes?"

"Yes. Why?"

"Oh, nothing. But I believe I have the car."—*Southern Telephone News* (*Atlanta, Ga.*).

No Accident.—A cowboy, out of work because of the slump in cattle, decided to make an easy and permanent place for himself by joining the Army. The medical examiner found him sound physically, and asked him if he had ever been ill.

"Nope," came the emphatic answer.

"Ever have an accident?" next asked the examiner.

"Nope; no, sir-ree!" came even more emphatically.

"Well, what's that rag tied round your finger for?"

"Rattlesnake bit me."

"Don't you call that an accident?" asked the doctor.

"Nope; the durn snake did it on purpose."—*Everybody's Magazine.*